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SANTA CRUZ

WILLIAM SHARP

(FIONA MACLEOD)

A MEMOIR

I too will set my face to the wind and throw my handful of seed on high,

It is loveliness I seek, not lovely things.

F. M.

WILLIAM SHARP

(FIONA MACLEOD)

A MEMOIR

COMPILED BY HIS WIFE

ELIZABETH A. SHARP

VOLUME II

NEW YORK
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1912

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VOLUME II

"FIONA MACLEOD"

CHAPTER I

THE PSEUDONYM

Pharais

The summer of 1893 was hot and sunny: and we delighted in our little garden with its miniature lawns, its espalier fruit trees framing the vegetable garden, and its juvenile but to us fascinating flower beds. Horsham, our nearest town, was seven miles distant and the village of Rudgwick lay a mile away up a steady ascent beyond the station. William Sharp was happy once more to be resident in the country, although the surroundings were not a type of scenery that appealed to him. But, as he wrote to a friend, it was not so much the place that he liked "as what is in it conducive to that keen perturbation, elation, excitement of mind, which is life worth living."

At Phenice Croft his imagination was in a perpetual ferment. Out of the projected work that he had noted in his diary, out of those subjects that lay in his mind to ger-

minate and mature, or to wither and be rejected, grew one or two achievements; and in particular after the completion of *Vistas,* a romance of the Isles, *Pharais,* about which his friend George Cotterell in acknowledging a copy of the Dramatic Interludes, wrote to the author:

"*Vistas* should mark a point in your career from which you should go forward to greater things. I am eager to see the Celtic romance."

The quiet and leisure at Phenice Croft, the peace, the "green life" around were unspeakably welcome to my husband. Once again, he saw visions and dreamed dreams; the psychic subjective side of his dual nature predominated. He was in an acutely creative condition; and, moreover he was passing from one phase of literary work to another, deeper, more intimate, more permanent. So far, he had found no adequate method for the expression of his "second self" though the way was led thereto by *Sospiri di Roma* and *Vistas.*

The *Sospiri di Roma* was the turning point. Those unrhymed poems of irregular metre are filled not only with the passionate delight in life, with the sheer joy of existence, but also with the ecstatic worship of beauty

that possessed him during those spring months we spent in Rome, when he had cut himself adrift for the time from the usual routine of our life, and touched a high point of health and exuberant spirits. There, at last, he had found the desired incentive towards a true expression of himself, in the stimulus and sympathetic understanding of the friend to whom he dedicated the first of the books published under his pseudonym. This friendship began in Rome and lasted throughout the remainder of his life.

And though this newer phase of his work was at no time the result of collaboration, as certain of his critics have suggested, he was deeply conscious of his indebtedness to this friend, for — as he stated to me in a letter of instructions, written before he went to America in 1896, concerning his wishes in the event of his death — he realised that it was "to her I owe my development as 'Fiona Macleod' though, in a sense of course, that began long before I knew her, and indeed while I was still a child," and that, as he believed, "without her there would have been no 'Fiona Macleod.'"

Because of her beauty, her strong sense of life and of the joy of life; because of her keen intuitions and mental altertness, her per-

sonality stood for him as a symbol of the heroic women of Greek and Celtic days, a symbol that, as he expressed it, unlocked new doors in his mind and put him "in touch with ancestral memories" of his race. So, for a time, he stilled the critical, intellectual mood of William Sharp to give play to the development of this new found expression of subtler emotions, towards which he had been moving with all the ardour of his nature.

From then till the end of his life there was a continual play of the two forces in him, or of the two sides of his nature: of the intellectually observant, reasoning mind — the actor, and of the intuitively observant, spiritual mind — the dreamer, which differentiated more and more one from the other, and required different conditions, different environment, different stimuli, until he seemed to be two personalities in one. It was a development which, as it proceeded, produced a tremendous strain on his physical and mental resources; and at one time between 1897-8 threatened him with a complete nervous collapse.

And there was for a time distinct opposition between these two natures which made it extremely difficult for him to adjust his life, for the two conditions were equally im-

perative in their demands upon him. His preference, naturally, was for the intimate creative work which he knew grew out of his inner self; though the exigencies of life, his dependence on his pen for his livelihood — and, moreover the keen active interest "William Sharp" took in all the movements of the day, literary and political, at home and abroad — required of him a great amount of applied study and work.

During those two years at Phenice Croft, to which he always looked back with deep thankfulness, he was the dreamer — he was testing his new powers, living his new life, and delighting in the opportunity for psychic experimentation. And for such experimentation the place seemed to him to be peculiarly suited. To me it seemed "uncanny," and to have a haunted atmosphere — created unquestionably by him — that I found difficult to live in, unless the sun was shining. This uncanny effect was felt by more than one friend; by Mr. Murray Gilchrist, for instance, whose impressions were described by his host in one of the short "Tragic Landscapes."

Pharais was the first of the books written and published under the pseudonym of "Fiona Macleod." The first reference to it is in the afore noted diary: "Have also done

the first part of a Celtic romance called *Pharais.*" The next is in a letter written to Mrs. Janvier from St. Andrews, on 12th August, 1893, before the author had decided on the use of a pseudonym:

". . . The white flowers you speak of are the moon-daisies, are they not? — what we call moonflowers in the west of Scotland and ox-eye daisies in England, and marguerites in France? . . . It is very strange that you should write about them to me just as I was working out a scene in a strange Celtic tale I am writing, called *Pharais,* wherein the weird charm and terror of a night of tragic significance is brought home to the reader (or I hope so) by a stretch of dew-wet moon-flowers glimmering white through the mirk of a dusk laden with sea mists. Though this actual scene was written a year or two ago — and one or two others of the first part of *Pharais* — I am going to re-write it, your letter having brought some subtle inspiration with it. *Pharais* is a foil to the other long story I am working at. While *it* is full of Celtic romance and dream and the glamour of the mysterious, the other is a comedy of errors — somewhat in the nautre, so far, of *A Fellowe and His Wife* (I mean as to style). In both, at least the plot, the central action,

the germinal *motif*, is original: though I for one lay little stress on extraneous originality in comparison with that inner originality of individual life. . . . I have other work on the many occupied easels in the studio of my mind: but of nothing of this need I speak at present. Of minor things, the only one of any importance is a long article on a subject wherein I am (I suppose) the only specialist among English men of letters — the Belgian literary Renaissance since 1880. It is entitled 'La Jeune Belgique,' and will appear in (I understand) the September number of *The Nineteenth Century*. . .

" . . . We must each 'gang our ain gait.' I'm singularly indifferent to what other people think in any matter where I feel strongly myself. Perhaps it is for this reason that I am rarely 'put out' by adverse criticism or opinion — except on technical shortcomings. I do a lot of my own work here lying out on the sand-dunes by the sea. Yesterday I had a strange experience. I was writing in pencil in *Pharais* of death by the sea — and almost at my feet a drowned corpse was washed in by the tide and the slackening urgency of the previous night's gale. The body proves to be that of a man from the opposite Forfar coast. It had been five days in the water, and death had played havoc with

his dignity of lifeless manhood. I learned later that his companion had been found three days ago, tide-drifted in the estuary of the Tay. It was only a bit of flotsam, in a sense, but that poor derelict so sullenly surrendered of the sea changed for me, for a time, the aspect of those blithe waters I love so well. In the evening I walked along the same sands. The sea purred like a gigantic tigress, with a whisper of peace and rest and an infinite sweet melancholy. What a sepulchral fraud. . . .

"Life seems to move, now high and serene and incredibly swift as an albatross cleaving the upper air, now as a flood hurled across rocks and chasms and quicksands. But it is all life — even the strangely still and quiet backwaters, even, indeed, the same healthful commonplace lagoons where one havens so gladly often. . . ."

Three months later, he wrote to Mr. Richard Stoddard and proposed for serial publication in *Lippincotts* a romance to be called *Nostalgia* — which was never written. In the same letter he speaks of "another story, *Pharais*," which he describes as "written deeply in the Celtic spirit and from the Celtic standpoint." Neither suggestion was ac-

cepted: and the author decided to issue *Pharais* as soon as possible in book form, and not under his own name.

When in the following year the book was published the author, forgetting that he had ever written Mrs. Janvier about it, sent a copy of it to her, and said merely that it was a book in which he was interested. Whereupon she wrote and asked if the book were not his own, and he replied:

". . . Yes, *Pharais is mine.* It is a book out of my heart, out of the core of my heart. I wrote it with the pen dipped in the very ichor of my life. It has reached people more than I dreamt of as likely. In Scotland especially it has stirred and created a new movement. Here, men like George Meredith, Grant Allen, H. D. Traill, and Theodore Watts hailed it as a 'work of genius.' Ignored in some quarters, abused in others, and unheeded by the 'general reader,' it has yet had a reception that has made me deeply glad. It is the beginning of my true work. Only one or two know I am 'Fiona Macleod.' Let you and my dear T. A. J. preserve my secret. I trust you.

"You will find more of me in *Pharais* than in anything I have written. Let me add that

you will find *The Mountain Lovers,* at which I am now writing when I can, more elemental still, while simpler. . . . By blood I am part Celt, and partly so by upbringing, by Spirit wholly so. . . . One day I will tell you of some of the strange old mysteries of earlier days I have part learned, and part divined, and other things of the spirit. You can understand how I cannot do my true work, in this accursed London."

A little later he wrote:

" . . . I resent too close indentification with the so-called Celtic renaissance. If my work is to depend solely on its Gaelic connection, then let it go, as go it must. My work must be beautiful in itself — Beauty is a Queen and must be served as a Queen.

". . . You have asked me once or twice about F. M., why I took her name: and how and when she came to write *Pharais.* It is too complex to tell you just now. . . . The name was born naturally: (of course I had associations with the name Macleod). It, Fiona, is very rare now. Most Highlanders would tell you it was extinct — even as the diminutive of Fionaghal (Flora). But it is not. It is an old Celtic name (meaning 'a

fair maid') still occasionally to be found. I know a little girl, the daughter of a Highland clergyman, who is called Fiona. *All* my work is so intimately wrought with my own experiences that I cannot tell you about *Pharais*, etc., without telling you my whole life."

As a matter of fact *Pharais* was not the first written expression of the new work. It was preceded by a short story entitled "The Last Fantasy of James Achanna" that in the autumn of 1893 was sent to *The Scots Observer*. It was declined by Mr. Henley who, however, wrote a word of genuine encouragement. He accepted Mr. Henley's decision, and the story was never reprinted in its first form. It was re-written several times; it was included in *The Dominion of Dreams* as "The Archer." During the writing of Pharais the author began to realise how much the feminine element dominated in the book, that it grew out of the subjective, or feminine side of his nature. He, therefore, decided to issue the book under the name of *Fiona Macleod*, that "flashed ready made" into his mind. Mrs. Janvier wrote later and asked why he, a man, chose to send forth good work under the signature of a woman. He answered:

". . . I can write out of my heart in a way I could not do as William Sharp, and indeed I could not do so if I were the woman Fiona Macleod is supposed to be, unless veiled in scrupulous anonymity. . . .

"This rapt sense of oneness with nature, this *cosmic ecstasy* and elation, this wayfaring along the extreme verges of the common world, all this is so wrought up with the romance of life that I could not bring myself to expression by my outer self, insistent and tyrannical as that need is. . . . My truest self, the self who is below all other selves, and my most intimate life and joys and sufferings, thoughts, emotions and dreams, *must* find expression, yet I cannot save in this hidden way."

He was wont to say "Should the secret be found out, Fiona dies." Later in the year he wrote: "Sometimes I am tempted to believe I am half a woman, and so far saved as I am by the hazard of chance from what a woman can be made to suffer if one let the light of the common day illuminate the avenues and vistas of her heart. . . ."

A copy of *Vistas* and one of *Pharais* were sent to George Meredith, who wrote in acknowledgment to the author:

Box Hill, July 5, 1894.

Dear Mr. Sharp,

"Vistas" gave me pleasure, and a high lift at times. There is the breath in it. Only beware of a hurried habit of mind that comes of addiction to Impressionist effects. They engender that mood in readers ultimately.

"Pharais" is in many respects most admirable — pure Celtic salt. I should have written to thank the writer before this: but I am at work up to an hour of the dinner bell day by day at the finish of this novel — and not too happy about it.

Will you beg Miss Macleod's excuse of me for the moment? Her book is one to fly sure to the mark. I hope you will come to me in September, when I shall be back there.

Give my warm respects to your wife.

Ever faithfully yours,

George Meredith.

The following letter to Mr. Grant Allen is one of the earliest that were signed with the pseudonym:

1894.

Dear Sir,

I have only now ascertained that you are in England. I was informed that you were in the south of France. Some short time ago

I asked Mr. Frank Murray of Derby to forward to you a copy of my just published romance *Pharais*. I now write to ask if you will accept it as a slight token of homage from the youngest and latest of Celtic writers to the most brilliant champion of the Celtic genius now living. I do not, however, send it by way of inveigling you to write about it, much as any word of yours would mean to me both in service and honour: but primarily because of your deep and vivid sympathy not only with nature but with the Celtic vision of nature — and, also, let me add, because of the many delightful hours I have enjoyed with your writings.

Faithfully yours,
FIONA MACLEOD.

Mr. Grant Allen replied:

THE CROFT, HINDHEAD.

DEAR MADAM,

I thank you for your book, and still more for your charming and too flattering letter. *Pharais* strikes me as a beautiful and poetical piece of work. It is instinct with the dreamy Celtic genius, and seems to come to us straight from the Isles of the Dead. That shadowy Ossianic spirit, as of your misty straits and your floating islands, reminds me

exactly of the outlook from the western mountains over the summer-blue belted sea as I saw it once on an August morning at Oban. Too shadowy, sometimes, and too purely poetical, I fear, for your Saxon readers. But the opening sentences are beautiful, and the nature-studies and the sense of colour throughout are charming. Now, after so much praise, will you forgive a few questions and a word of criticism? You are, I take it, a young writer, and so an older hand may give you a hint or two. Don't another time interlard your English with Gaelic. Even a confirmed Celtomoniac like myself finds it a trifle distracting. Don't say "the English," and "the Gaelic." Give a little more story to less pure poetry. Of course I recognise that your work is an idyll, not a novel, a cameo, not a woodcut; but even so, it seems to me a trifle too dreamy. Forgive this frankness, and remember that success still lies in the lap of the Saxon. Also that we Celts have our besetting sins, and that perfection in literature lies in avoiding excess in any direction, even that of one's own best qualities. Now a question or two — because you interest me. How in English letters would you write *Pharais* phonetically, or as near it as our clumsy southern lips can com-

pass? (I have not "the Gaelic," and my Celtic blood is half Irish, half Breton.) And how "Fiona?" Is it something like Feena? And are you Miss or Mrs.? And do you live in Edinburgh? If ever you come south, we hope you will let us know; for my wife read your book before I did, and interested me in it by sketching the story for me. Now see how long a letter I have written unto you, going the Apostle one better, with my own left hand: only the busiest man in England could have found time to do it.

Faithfully yours,
GRANT ALLEN.

Questions as to the identity of the author were already "in the air"; "F. M.'s" answer to Mr. Allen shows that the author felt "her" security menaced:

KILCREGGAN, ARGYLL,
1894.

DEAR MR. GRANT ALLEN,

You are very kind indeed — both to write to me, you who are so busy, and to promise to do anything you can for my book. It is very good of you. Truly, it is the busiest people who find time to do what is impossible to idle folk. . . .

I have just had a letter of deeply gratify-

ing praise and recognition from Mr. George Meredith, who says he finds my work "rare and distinctive." He writes one phrase, memorable as coming from him: "Be sure that I am among those readers of yours whom you kindle."

Permit me, dear Mr. Allen, to make a small request of you. If you are really going to be so kind as to say anything about my book I trust you will not hint playfully at any other authorship having suggested itself to you — or, indeed, at my name being a pseudonym And, sure, it will be for pleasure to me if you will be as scrupulous with Mr. Meredith or anyone else in private, as in public, if chance should ever bring my insignificant self into any chit-chat.

My name is really Fiona (i. e. Fionnaghal — of which it is the diminutive: as Maggie, Nellie, or Dair are diminutives of Margaret, Helen, or Alasdair).

I hope to have the great pleasure of seeing Mrs. Allen and yourself when (as is probable) I come south in the late autumn or sometime in November.

Sincerely and gratefully yours,

FIONA MACLEOD.

ST. ANDREWS, 1894.

DEAR MR. GRANT ALLEN,

How generous you are! If it were not for fear of what you say about my Gaelic phrases I should quote one to the effect that the wild bees that make the beautiful thoughts in your brain also leave their honey on your lips.

Your *Westminster* review has given me keen pleasure — and for everything in it, and for all the kind interest behind it, I thank you cordially.

What you say about the survival of folk-lore as a living heritage is absolutely true — *how* true perhaps few know, except those who have lived among the Gaels, of their blood. and speaking the ancient language. The Celtic paganism lies profound and potent still beneath the fugitive drift of Christianity and Civilisation, as the deep sea beneath the coming and going of the tides. No one can understand the islander and remote Alban Gael who ignores or is oblivious of the potent pagan and indeed elementally barbaric forces behind all exterior appearances. (This will be more clearly shown in my next published book, a vol. of ten Celtic tales and episodes —with, I suppose, a more wide and varied outlook on life, tho' narrow at that! — than either of its predecessors.) But excuse this

rambling. Your review is all the more welcome to me as it comes to me during a visit to friends at St. Andrews, and to me, alas, the East Coast of Scotland is as foreign and remote in all respects as though it were Jutland or Finland. . . .

Again with thanks, dear Mr. Allen,

Most sincerely yours,

FIONA MACLEOD.

P. S. In his letter Mr. Sharp says (writing to me in his delightful shaky Gaelic) that "both Grant and Nellie Allen are *clach-chreadhain.*" It took me some time to understand the compliment. *Clach-chreadh* means "stone of clay"—i. e. *a Brick!*

That Mr. Grant Allen was half persuaded as to the identity of the author is shown in the following invitation:

THE CROFT, HINDHEAD,
July 12, 1894.

MY DEAR SHARP,

Kindly excuse foolscap, I am out of note-paper, and on this remote hilltop can't easily get any. As for the type-writing, I am reduced to that together, through writer's cramp, which makes my right hand useless even for this machine, which I am compelled to work with my left hand only.—As to

Pharais, I will confess I read it with some doubt as to whether it was not your own production; and after I had written my letter to Miss Macleod, I took it to my wife and said, "Now, if this is William Sharp, what a laugh and a crow he will have over me!" Le Gallienne, who is stopping with us, was sure it was yours; but on second thoughts, I felt certain, in spite of great likeness of style, there was a feminine touch in it, and sent on my letter. All the same, however, I was not quite satisfied you were not taking us in, especially as your book with Blanche Willis Howard had shown one how womanly a tone you could adopt when it suited you; and I shan't feel absolutely at rest on the subject till I have seen the "beautiful lassie" in person. If she turns out to be W. S. in disguise, I shall owe you a bad one for it; for I felt my letter had just that nameless tinge of emotion one uses towards a woman, and a beginner, but which would be sadly out of place with an old hand like yourself, who has already won his spurs in the field of letters.

We shall be glad to make your cousin's acquaintance (supposing her to exist) in October. It will afford us the opportunity we have long desired of asking you and Mrs. Sharp to come and see us in our moorland

cottage, all up among the heather. Indeed, we have had it in our minds all summer to invite you — you are of those whom one would wish to know more intimately. I have long felt that the Children of To-morrow ought to segregate somehow from the children of to-day, and live more in a world of their own society.

With united kindest regards, and solemn threats of vengeance if you are still perpetrating an elaborate hoax against me,

I am ever
Yours very sincerely,
GRANT ALLEN.

Unfortunately, there was an imperative reason for bringing our residence at Rudgwick to a close. The damp, autumnal days in the little cottage on its clay soil, and the fatigue of constantly going up and down to town in order to do the work of the Art critic for the *Glasgow Herald* — which I for some time had undertaken — proved too severe a strain on me, and I found that in the winter months I could not remain at Phenice Croft without being seriously ill. So with great reluctauce we decided to give it up at midsummer. I was anxious that we should seek for another cottage, on a main line of railway, and on

sandy soil; but my husband feared to risk another experiment and preferred that we should make our headquarters in London once again, and that he should go into the country whenever the mood necessitated. But his regret was deep. Phenice Croft had seen the birth of "Fiona Macleod"; he had lived there with an intensity of inner life beyond anything he had previously experienced. He knew that life in town would create difficulties for him, yet it seemed the wisest compromise to make. Our difficulty of choice was mainly one of ways and means; a considerable part of the ordinary work was in my hands, and I found it difficult to do it satisfactorily away from London. He expressed his regret in a letter to Mr. Murray Gilchrist:

PHENICE CROFT,
27th March, 1894.

MY DEAR GILCHRIST,

You would have heard from me before this — but I have been too unwell. Besides, I have had extreme pressure of matters requiring every possible moment I could give. My wife's health, too, has long been troubling me: and we have just decided that (greatly to my disappointment) we must return to Hampstead to live. Personally, I regret the

return to town (or half town) more than I can say: but the matter is one of paramount importance, so there is nothing else to be done. We leave at midsummer. As for me, one of my wander-fits has come upon me: the Spring-madness has got into the blood: the sight of green hedgerows and budding leaves and the blue smoke rising here and there in the woodlands has wrought some chemic *furor* in my brain. Before the week is out I hope to be in Normandy — and after a day or two by the sea at Dieppe, and then at beautiful and romantic Rouen, to get to the green lanes and open places, and tramp "toward the sun." I'll send you a line from somewhere, if you care to hear.

And now, enough about myself. I have often meant to write to you in detail about your *Stone-Dragon*. . . .

I believe in you, camerado mio, but you must take a firm grip of the reins: in a word, be the driver, not the driven. I think you ought to be able to write a really romantic romance. I hope *The Labyrinth* may be this book: if not, then it will pave the way. But I think you should see more of actual life: and not dwell so continually in an atmosphere charged with your own imaginings — the

glamour through which you see life in the main at present.

Probably you are wise to spend the greater part of each year as you do: but part of the year should be spent otherwise — say in a town like London, or Paris, or in tramping through alien lands, France or Belgium, Scandinavia, or Germany, or Italy, or Spain: if not, in Scotland, or Ireland, or upon our Isles, or remote counties.

It is because I believe in you that I urge you to beware of your own conventions. Take your pen and paper, a satchel, and go forth with a light heart. The gods will guide *you* to strange things, and strange things to you. You ought to *see* more, to *feel* more, to *know* more, at first hand. Be not afraid of excess. "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom," says Blake, and truly. . . . Meanwhile let me send you a word of sunshine. To be alive and young and in health, is a boon so inestimable that you ought to fall on your knees among your moorland heather and thank the gods. Dejection is a demon to be ruled. We cannot always resist his tyranny, but we can always refuse to become bondagers to his usurpation. Look upon him as an Afreet to be exorcised with a cross of red-hot iron. He is a coward

weakling, after all: take him by the tail and swing him across the moor or down the valley. Swing up into your best.

Be brave, strong, self-reliant. Then you live.

Your friend
WILLIAM SHARP.

We took a small flat in South Hampstead (Rutland House. Greencroft Gardens) that stood high enough for us to see, on clear days, the line of the Surrey hills from the windows, and give us a fine stretch of sky above the chimney pots.

The night before leaving Phenice Croft, a lovely still evening, he wrote the little poem:

THE WHITE PEACE

It lies not on the sunlit hill
  Nor in the sunlit gleam
Nor ever in any falling wave
  Nor ever in running stream—

But sometimes in the soul of man
  Slow moving through his pain
The moonlight of a perfect peace
  Floods heart and brain.

and sent it to me in a letter (for I had gone to town in advance of him), and told me:

"Before I left I took up a handful of grassy turf, and kissed it three times, and then threw it to the four quarters — so that the Beauty of the Earth might be seen by me wherever I went and that no beauty I had seen or known there should be forgotten. Then I kissed the chestnut tree on the side lawn where I have seen and heard so much: from the springing of the dream flowers, to the surge of the sea in *Pharais*."

Thence he went to Scotland and wrote to me from Kilcreggan, where he was staying with his mother and sisters till I could join him:

"I told you about Whistlefield? how it, and all the moorland parts about here just now, is simply a boggy sop, to say nothing of the railway works. I hope we'll have fine weather in Iona: it will be lovely there if we go. . . .

("By the way Mr. Traill had a gratifying notice of *Pharais* in the *Graphic* a week or two ago.)

"I have made friends here with a Celtic Islesman from Iona who is settled here: and have learned some more legends and customs etc. from him — also got a copy of an ancient MS. map of Iona with all its fields, divisons, bays, capes, isles, etc. He says my pronunciation of Gaelic is not only surpris-

ingly good, but is distinctively that of the Isles.

"I have learned the rune also of the reading of the spirit. The 'influence' itself seems to me purely hypnotic. I was out with this man McC. on Saturday night last in a gale, in a small two-sailed wherry. We flew before the squalls like a wild horse, and it was glorious with the shriek of the wind, the heave and plunge of the boat, and the washing of the water over the gunwales. Twice 'the black wind' came down upon us out of the hills, and we were nearly driven under water. He kept chanting and calling a wild sea-rune, about a water-demon of the isles, till I thought I saw it leaping from wave to wave after us. Strangely, he is a different man the moment others are present. He won't speak a word of Gaelic, nor be 'Celtic' in any way, nor even give the word as to what will be doing in the isles at this time or any other. This, however, I have noticed often: and all I have ever learned has been in intimacy and privily and more or less casually. On Sunday and Monday he avoided me, and would scarce speak: having given himself away and shown his Celtic side — a thing now more than ever foreign to the Celtic nature, which has become passionately

reticent. But a few words in Gaelic, and a private talk, put all right again. Last night I got the rune of the 'Knitting of the Knots' and some information about the *Dalt* and the *Cho-Alt* about which I was not clear. He has seen the Light of the Dead, and his mother saw (before her marriage, and before she even saw the man himself) her husband crossing a dark stream followed by his four unborn children, and two in his arms whom afterwards she bore still-born. . . ."

To me the summer was memorable because of my first visit to Iona. While there he wrote part of *The Sin-Eater*, and its prefatory dedication to George Meredith, and projected some of the St. Columba tales; he renewed impressions of his earlier days on the sacred isle, and stored new experiences which he afterwards embodied in his long essay on Iona published in *The Divine Adventure* volume.

From that Isle of Dreams "Fiona" wrote to Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson:

ISLE OF IONA,
September, 1894.

DEAR MRS. HINKSON,

I am, in summer and autumn, so much of a wanderer through the Isles and Western Highlands that letters sometimes are long in

reaching me. But your kind note (and enclosure) has duly followed me from Edinburgh to Loch Goil in eastern Argyll and thence deviously here. It will be a great pleasure to me to read what you have to say in the *Illus. London News* or elsewhere, and I thank you. I wish you could be here. Familiar with your poetry as I am, I know how you would rejoice not only in the Iona that is the holy Icolmkill but also in the Iona that is Ithona, the ancient Celtic Isle of the Druids. There is a beauty here that no other place has, so unique is it. Of course it does not appeal to all. The Sound of Iona divides the Island from the wild Ross of Mull by no more than a mile of water; and it is on this eastern side that the village and the ancient Cathedral and ruined Nunnery etc. stand. Here it is as peaceful as, on the west side, it is wild and grand. I read your letter last night, at sunset, while I was lying on the Cnoc-an-Angeal, the hillock on the west where the angel appeared to St. Columba. To the north lay the dim features of the Outer Hebrides: to the west an unbroken wilderness of waves till they fall against Labrador: to the south, though invisible, the coastline of Ireland. There was no sound, save the deep hollow voice of the sea, and a

strange reverberation in a hollow cave underground. It was a very beautiful sight to see the day wane across the ocean, and then to move slowly homeward through the gloaming, and linger awhile by the Street of the Dead near the ruined Abbey of Columba. But these Isles are so dear to me that I think everyone must feel alike!

I remain

Sincerely yours,

FIONA MACLEOD.

P. S. I enclose a gillieflower from close to St. Columba's tomb.

In November came a letter from Mr. Stedman:

137 WEST 78TH ST.,
NEW YORK.

MY DEAREST FRIEND BEYOND SEAS,

For this in truth you now are. An older poet and comrade than you once held that place in my thoughts, but Time and Work have somehow laid the sword between us — and neither of us is to blame. I never so well obeyed Emerson's advice to recruit our friendship (as we grow older) as when I won, I scarcely know how or why, your unswerving and ever increasing affection. In truth, again, it has been of the greatest service to me, during the most trying portion of my

life — the period in which you have given me so much warmth and air — and never has it been of more worth than now you might well think otherwise.

My birthday began for me with the "Sharp number" of *The Chap-book*. I don't know what fact of it gave me the more pleasure (it came at a time when I had a-plenty to worry me) — the beautiful autographic tribute to myself or the honour justly paid to my dear Esquire-at-arms, whose superb portrait is the envy of our less fortunate Yankee-torydoms. The last five years have placed you so well to the front, on both sides of the Atlantic, that I can receive no more satisfying tributes than those which you have given me before the world. I feel, too, that it is only during these years that you have come to your full literary strength, there is nothing which the author of your *Ballads* and of *Vistas* cannot do.

It is a noteworthy fact which you will be glad to hear, that your letter lay by my plate, when I came down to breakfast on the morning of October the eight! The stars in their courses must be in league with you. . . .

Mrs. Stedman sends her love, and says that your portrait is that of a man grown handsomer, and, she trusts, more discreet and

ascetic! The month and this letter are now ending with midnight.

Ever affectionately yours,

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

The Chap-book was a little semi-monthly issue published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball, Chicago. No. 9, the "William Sharp" number, appeared on the 15th of September, three days after that author's birthday. It contained the reproduction of an autograph signed poem, by William Sharp "to Edmund Clarence Stedman in Birthday Greeting 8th October"; an appreciation of William Sharp's Poems by Bliss Carman; "The Birth of a Soul" one of the Dramatic Interludes afterwards included in *Vistas,* and a portrait of the Author.

Notwithstanding the paramount interest to the author of the "F. M." expression of himself as "W. S." he was not idle. After a visit to Mr. Murray Gilchrist in the latter's home on the Derbyshire moors, W. S. wrote his story "The Gypsy Christ," founded on a tradition which he had learned from his gipsy friends, and set in a weird moorland surroundings. In *Harpers'* there appeared a description of the night-wanderers on the Thames' embankment, pathetic frequenters of

"The Hotel of the Beautiful Star." The July number of *The Portfolio* consisted of a monograph by him on "Fair Women in Painting and Poetry" (afterwards published in book form by Messrs. Seeley) which he, at first, intended to dedicate to Mr. George Meredith. His "second thought" was approved of by the novelist, who wrote his acknowledgment:

"You do an elusive bit of work with skill. It seems to me, that the dedication was wisely omitted. Thousands of curdling Saxons are surly almost to the snarl at the talk about 'woman.' Next to the Anarchist, we are hated."

The month of July was saddened by the death of our intimate and valued friend Walter Pater; upon that friend and his work William Sharp wrote a long appreciation which appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Another death, at the year-end, caused him great regret, that of Christina Rossetti, whom he had held in deep regard. He felt, as he wrote to her surviving brother: "One of the rarest and sweetest of English singers is silent now. 1882 and 1894 were evil years for English poetry." Later he wrote a careful study of her verse for *The Atlantic Monthly*.

As a Christmas card that year he gave me

a little book of old wood-cut illustrations, reproduced and printed on Iona. On the inside of the cover he wrote what he held to be his creed. It is this:

CREDO

"The Universe is eternally, omnipresently and continuously filled with the breath of God.

"Every breath of God creates a new convolution in the brain of Nature: and with every moment of change in the brain of Nature, new loveliness in wrought upon the earth.

"Every breath of God creates a new convolution in the brain of the Human Spirit, and with every moment of change in the brain of the Human Spirit, new hopes, aspirations, dreams, are wrought within the Soul of the Living.

"And there is no Evil anywhere in the Light of this creative Breath: but only, everywhere, a redeeming from Evil, a winning towards Good."

CHAPTER II

THE MOUNTAIN LOVERS

The Sin-Eater

It was soon evident that the noise and confused magnetism of the great City weighed disastrously on William Sharp. At the New Year, 1895, he wrote to a friend:

"London I do not like, though I feel its magnetic charm, or sorcery. I suffer here. The gloom, the streets, the obtrusion and intrusion of people, all conspire against thought, dream, true living. It is a vast reservoir of all the evils of civilised life with a climate which makes me inclined to believe that Dante came here instead of to Hades."

The strain of the two kinds of work he was attempting to do, the immediate pressure of the imaginative work became unbearable, "the call of the sea," imperative.

As he has related in "Earth, Fire and Water": "It was all important for me not to leave in January, and in one way I was not ill-pleased for it was a wild winter. But one night I awoke hearing a rushing sound in the

street, the sound of water. I would have thought no more of it had I not recognised the troubled sound of the tide, and the sucking and lapsing of the flow in muddy hollows. I rose and looked out. It was moonlight, and there was no water. When after sleepless hours I rose in the grey morning I heard the splash of waves, I could not write or read and at last I could not rest. On the afternoon of that day the waves dashed up against the house."

An incident showed me that his malaise was curable by one method only. A telegram had come for him that morning, and I took it to his study. I could get no answer. I knocked, louder, then louder,—at last he opened the door with a curiously dazed look in his face. I explained. He answered "Ah, I could not hear you for the sound of the waves!" It was the first indication to me, in words, of what troubled him.

That evening he started for Glasgow *en route* for Arran, where I knew he would find peace. To quote his own words:

"The following morning we (for a kinswoman was with me) stood on the Greenock pier waiting for the Hebridean steamer and before long were landed on an island, almost the nearest we could reach that I loved so

well. . . . That night, with the sea breaking less than a score of yards from where I lay, I slept, though for three nights I had not been able to sleep. When I woke the trouble was gone."

There is a curious point in his telling of this episode. Although the essay is written over the signature of "Fiona Macleod" and belongs to that particular phase of work, nevertheless it is obviously "William Sharp" who *tells* the story, for the "we" who stood on the pier at Greenock is himself in his dual capacity; "his kinswoman" is his other self.

He wrote to me on reaching his destination:

CORRIE, ISLE OF ARRAN,
20:2:1895.

"You will have had my telegram of my safe arrival here. There was no snow to speak of along the road from Brodick (for no steamer comes here) — so I had neither to ride nor sail as threatened: indeed, owing to the keen frost (which has made the snow like powder) there is none on the mountains except in the hollows, though the summits and flanks are crystal white with a thin veil of frozen snow.

"It was a most glorious sail from Ardrossan. The sea was a sheet of blue and purple

washed with gold. Arran rose above all like a dream of beauty. I was the sole passenger in the steamer, for the whole island! What made the drive of six miles more beautiful than ever was the extraordinary fantastic beauty of the frozen waterfalls and burns caught as it were in the leap. Sometimes these immense icicles hung straight and long, like a Druid's beard: sometimes in wrought sheets of gold, or magic columes and spaces of crystal.

"Sweet it was to smell the pine and the heather and bracken, and the salt weed upon the shore. The touch of dream was upon everything, from the silent hills to the brooding herons by the shore.

"After a cup of tea, I wandered up the heights behind. In these vast solitudes peace and joy came hand in hand to meet me. The extreme loneliness, especially when I was out of sight of the sea at last, and could hear no more the calling of the tide, and only the sough of the wind, was like balm. Ah, those eloquent silences: the deep pain-joy of utter isolation: the shadowy glooms and darkness and mystery of night-fall among the mountains.

"In that exquisite solitude I felt a deep exaltation grow. The flowing of the air of

the hills laved the parched shores of my heart. . . .

"There is something of a strange excitement in the knowledge that two people are here: so intimate and yet so far-off. For it is with me as though Fiona were asleep in another room. I catch myself listening for her step sometimes, for the sudden opening of a door. It is unawaredly that she whispers to me. I am eager to see what she will do — particularly in *The Mountain Lovers*. It seems passing strange to be here with her alone at last. . . ."

The Mountain Lovers was published in the summer of 1895 by Mr. John Lane. A copy of it was sent to George Meredith with the following letter:

9 UPPER COLTBRIDGE TERRACE,
MURRAYFIELD.

DEAR SIR,

Will you gratify one of your most loyal readers by the acceptance of the accompanying book? Nothing helped me so much, or gave me so much enduring pleasure, as your generous message to me about my first book, *Pharais*, which you sent through my cousin, Mr. William Sharp.

Naturally, I was eager it should appeal to

you — not only because I have long taken keener delight in your writings than in those of any living author, but also because you are Prince of Celtland. . . .

I hope you will be able to read, and perhaps care for, *The Mountain Lovers.* It is not a story of the Isles, like *Pharais,* but of the remote hill-country in the far northwest. I know how busy you are: so do not consider it necessary to acknowledge either the book or this letter. Still, if some happy spirit move you, I need not say that even the briefest line from you would be a deep pleasure to

Yours, with gratitude and homage,

FIONA MACLEOD.

Acknowledgment came swiftly:

BOX HILL, July 13, 1895.

DEAR MADAM,

If I could have written on any matter out of my press of work when I received your *Pharais,* there would have been no delay with me to thank you for such a gift to our literature. This book on the "Mountains" promises as richly. Whether it touches equally deep, I cannot yet say. I find the same thrill in it, as of the bard on the three-stringed harp, and the wild western colour over sea

and isles; true spirit of the mountains. How rare this is! I do not know it elsewhere. Be sure that I am among those readers of yours whom you kindle. I could write more, but I have not recovered from the malady of the *degoût de la plume,* consequent on excess — and I pray that it may never fall on you. For though it is wisdom at my age to cease to write, it is not well to be taught to cease by distaste. That is a giving of oneself to the enemy. I have to be what I am, and I disclose it to win your pardon for my inexpressiveness when I am warmly sensible of a generous compliment.

I am, Yours most faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

It was in 1895 that the Omar Khayyam Club under the Presidentship of Mr. Edward Clodd, who was an old personal friend of Mr. Meredith, elected to hold its summer dinner at the Burford Bridge Hotel. Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Watts-Dunton, Mr. George Gissing and William Sharp were among the guests. Mr. Clodd knew that it would be difficult to persuade Mr. Meredith to be present at the dinner. Nevertheless he lured him to the Hotel, and when coffee was served (I quote from a contemporary ac-

count), " the beautiful face of the great novelist appeared within the doorway, and he was welcomed with enthusiasm by all present. The president extended to Mr. Meredith the right hand of fellowship on behalf of the Club, in a charming and eloquent speech not devoid of pathos. Mr. Meredith in his reply declared that Mr. Clodd was the most amiable of Chairmen but the most dastardly of deceivers. Never before, he added, had he been on his legs to make a speech in public, now before he knew it he was bustled over the first fence, and found himself overrunning the hounds. 'I have my hands on the fellow at this moment,' he continued laughingly, 'and I could turn on him and rend him, but I spare him.' After a few graceful and characteristic sentences concerning the Club and its object, and Omar, and expressing his appreciation of his reception, Mr. Meredith said in conclusion: 'I thank you from my heart, everyone of you.'"

Much to William Sharp's satisfaction he was elected member of the Omar Khayyam Club in the autumn of the same year. On receipt of the announcement of the fact the new member wrote to the President:

RUTLAND HOUSE,
2d Nov., 1895.

DEAR BROTHER-IN-OMAR,

On my return from Scotland the other day I found a note informing me that I had been elected an Omarian on the nomination of your distinguished self.

My thanks, cher confrère. "A drop of my special grape to you," as Omar might say, if he were now among us with a Hibernian accent! Herewith I post to you another babe, born into this ungrateful world so recently as yesterday. . . . Such as it is, I hope you may like it. "Ecce Puella" itself was written at white heat — and ran in ripples off the brain: and so is probably readable.

"Fragments from The Lost Journals of Piero di Cosimo" when they appeared (some few years ago) won the high praise of Pater — but perhaps their best distinction is that they took in the cocksure and levelled the omniscient. One critical wight complained that I was not literal (probably from the lack of knowledge of medieval Italian), which he clinched by the remark that he had compared my version with the original! I see that Silas Hocking has just published a book called "All men are liars." I would fain send a copy to that critic, even now. By the way,

my cousin, Miss Fiona Macleod, wrote to me the other day for your address. I understand she wanted to send you a copy of her new book. If you get it, you should, as a folk-lorist, read the titular story, *The Sin-Eater*.

My wife joins with me in cordial regards, and I am

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM SHARP.

The President replied:

19 CARLETON ROAD,
TUFNELL PARK,
5th Nov.

MY DEAR SHARP,

It is an addition to the pleasant memories of my year of office to know that you are of the elect. You come in with Lang and Gissing. By the way, the next dinner is fixed for the sixth proximo. And it is an addition to a burden of obligation willingly borne which your kind gift imposes. For work such as yours has unending charm for me, because while Science was my first love and is still my dear mistress, I love her more for what she suggests than what she reveals. Facts, unrelated, bore me: only in their significance does one get abiding interest. That

is why your *Vistas* and such like delicate, throbbing things attract me. Some of these were especially welcome on a recent dull Sunday by our "cold restless sea," on which in bright days you promise to come with Allen to look at it from my window. Your delicious story of the critic sent me straight to the Journal of di Cosimo. How well you produce the archaic flavour: the style has a Celtic ring about it. As for *Ecce Puella* I await the hearing of it from the voice of a "puella" who likes your work. I was at Meredith's on Sunday week: he keeps wonderfully well for him: his talk is bright as his face is beautiful. He has his fling at me over the Burford Bridge deception, and says that my duplicity cost you all a fine speech. I tell him that the speech we had was good enough for "the likes of us." So Fiona Macleod is your cousin! She is of the "elect." I take it as most kind of her to send me her new book, which I have as yet but partly read, and am about to acknowledge. She holds a weird, strong pen, and will help the Celt to make further conquest of the dullard Saxons. Meredith and I talked about her *Mountain Lovers* when I was with him in August.

Kindest regards to Mrs. Sharp and yourself. Yours sincerely,

EDWARD CLODD.

In the Autumn of 1894 we had come in touch with Professor and Mrs. Patrick Geddes of Edinburgh, and a friendship with far reaching results for "Fiona Macleod" arose between the two men. Both were idealists, keen students of life and nature; cosmopolitan in outlook and interest, they were also ardent Celts who believed in the necessity of preserving the finer subtle qualities and the spiritual heritage of their race against the encroaching predominance of materialistic ideas and aims of the day.

It was the desire and dream of such idealists and thinkers as Professor Geddes, and those associated with him, to preserve and nurture what is of value and of spiritual beauty in the race, so that it should fuse into and work with, or become part of, the great acquisitions and marvellous discoveries of modern thought. To hold to the essential beauty and thought of the past, while going forward eagerly to meet the new and ever increasing knowledge, was the desire of both men. In their aims they were in sympathy with one another; their manner of approach

and methods of work were different. Patrick Geddes — biologist — was concerned primarily with the practical and scientific expression of his ideals; William Sharp was concerned primarily with expression through the art of words. Mutually sympathetic, they were eager to find some way of collaboration.

It was the dream of Professor Geddes to restore to Scotland something of its older pre-eminence in the world of thought, to recreate in Edinburgh an active centre and so to arrest the tremendous centralising power of the metropolis of London; to replace the stereotyped methods of education by a more vital and synthetic form; and to encourage national art and literature. Towards the carrying out of these aims he had built a University Hall and Settlement for students, artists, etc. Perhaps the most important of his schemes, certainly the most important from the modern scientific point of view, was the planning of the Outlook Tower — once an observatory — now an educational museum on the Castle Rock commanding a magnificent view of the city, of the surrounding country, of sea and sky; "an institution that is designed to be a method of viewing the problems of the science of life." According

to Professor Geddes "Our little scholastic colony in the heart of Edinburgh symbolises a movement which while national to the core, is really cosmopolitan in its intellectual reach."

Grouped with this scientific effort, was the aim to revive the Celtic influence in art and literature; and the little colony contained a number of men and women who were working to that end; notably among the painters were James Cadenhead, Charles Mackie, Robert Burns, John Duncan, also Pittendrigh MacGillivray the sculptor; and among the writers Professor Arthur Thomson, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Nora Hopper, Rosa Mulholland, A. Percival Graves, S. R. Crockett, Elisée Réclus, Alexander Carmichael, Victor Branford, Professor Patrick Geddes, F. M. and W. S.

Into that eager and sympathetic atmosphere of linked thought and aim my husband and I were speedily drawn; and before long a Publishing Firm was established for the issuing of Celtic Literature and Works on Science. To Mr. and Mrs. Geddes was confided the important secret relating to the personality of "Fiona Macleod," to the thoughts and ideals that underlay "her" projected work. It was arranged that William Sharp

should be the Manager in the Firm of Patrick Geddes & Colleagues (which post he very soon relinquished for that of Literary Adviser); an arrangement which made it possible for that particular Colleague to publish three of his "F. M." books under his immediate supervision and from what was then one of the centres of the Celtic movement. This post, naturally, necessitated frequent visits to Edinburgh. For the month of August, 1895, we took a flat in the neighbourhood of the University Settlement so that we might share actively in the Summer Session.

It was an interesting experience. The students came from England, Scotland, France, Italy, and Germany; among the lecturers, in addition to Professors Geddes and Arthur Thomson, were Elisée Réclus, the geographer, and his brother Elie Réclus, Edmond Demolins and Abbé Klein.

W. S. prepared his lectures in rough outline. His inexperience in such work led him to plan them as though he were drafting out twelve books, with far more material than he could possibly use in the time at his disposal. His subject was "Art and Life" divided into ten lectures:

I. Life & Art: Art & Nature: Nature.

II. Disintegration: Degeneration: Regeneration.
III. The Return to Nature: In Art, in Literature. The Literary Outlook in England & America.
IV. The Celtic Renascence, Ossian, Matthew Arnold, The Ancient Celtic Writers.
V. The Celtic Renascence. Contemporary. The School of Celtic Ornament.
VI. The Science of Criticism: What it is, what it is not. The Critical Ideal.
VII. Ernest Hello.
VIII. The Drama of Life, and Dramatists.
IX. The Ideals of Art — pagan, Mediæval, modern.
X. The Literary Ideal — Pagan, Mediæval. The Modern Ideal.

One lecture only was delivered; for during it he was seized with a severe heart attack and all his notes fell to the ground. It was with the greatest effort that he was able to bring the lecture to a close: and he realised that he must not attempt to continue the Course; the risk was too great. Therefore, while I remained in Edinburgh to keep open

house for the entertainment of the students, he went to the little Pettycur Inn at Kinghorn, on the north side of The Firth of Forth, till I was able to join him at Tighnabruaich in the Kyles of Bute where we had taken a cottage with his mother and sisters for September.

Two volumes of short stories were published in the late Autumn. It was the writer's great desire that work should be issued by W. S. and by F. M. about the same time; in part to sustain what reputation belonged to his older literary self, and in part to help to preserve the younger literary self's incognito. *Ecce Puella,* published by Mr. Elkin Matthew for W. S., was a collection of stories, etc., that had been written at different times and issued in various magazines, and prefaced by a revised and shortened version of the Monograph on "Fair Women in Painting and Poetry." It contained among other short stories one entitled "The Sister of Compassion," dedicated "to that Sister of compassion for all suffering animals, Mrs. Mona Caird," our dear friend. The other volume contained the first series of barbaric tales and myths of old Celtic days, "recaptured in dreams," that followed in quick succession from the pen of Fiona Macleod. *The Sin-*

Eater was the first of the three "F. M." books published by the new Scoto-Celtic publishers. The Author was gratified by favourable reviews from important journals, and by letters, from which I select two:

The first is from Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie:

THE OUTLOOK,
13 ASTOR PLACE,
May 23d, 1897.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The Sin-Eater came in holiday week and was one of my most welcome remembrances. I have read it with deep pleasure, almost with envy; so full is it of the stuff which makes literature. It has the vitality and beauty of a rich and living imagination. The secrets of the spirit are in it, and that fellowship with the profounder experiences which gets at the heart of a race. I have not forgotten your kind words about my own work; words which gave me new heart and hope. For you are the very type of man to whose mind I should like to appeal. The judgment of Mrs. Sharp, which you quote, gave me sincere pleasure. To get the attention of the few for whose opinion one cares most is a piece of great good fortune; to really find one's way to their hearts is best of all. I am looking

forward to a good long talk with you. I wish you were here to-day. This is a divine May; balmy, fragrant, fresh; as if it had never been here before. There is enough *soul* in Miss Macleod's stories to set up a generation of average novelists. The work of the real writer seems to me a miracle; something from the sources of our life. I have found, however, so few among all my good literary friends who feel about literature as I do that I have felt at times as if I had no power of putting into words what lies in my heart. This does not mean that I have missed appreciation; on the contrary, I have had more than I deserve. But most of the younger men here regard literature so exclusively as a craft and so little as a revelation that I have often missed the kind of fellowship which you gave me. The deeper feeling is, however, coming back to us in the work of some of the newest men — Bliss Carman for instance. There is below such a book as *Vistas* a depth and richness of imagination which have rarely been disclosed here. I hope you will find time to send me an occasional letter. You will do me a real service. I am now at work on a book which I hope will be deeper and stronger than anything I have done yet. There is the stir of a new life here, although

it may be long in getting itself adequately expressed.

Yours fraternally,

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

The second is from Sir George Douglas, poet, scholar, and keen critic:

SPRINGWOOD PARK, KELSO,
23:12:95.

MY DEAR SHARP,

Many thanks for your interesting letter and enclosures. I am very glad to find that you think I have understood Miss Macleod's work, and I think it very good of her to have taken my out-spoken criticisms in such good part. Certainly if she thinks I can be of any use to her in reading over the proofs of *The Washer of the Ford*, it will be a great pleasure to me. I shall probably be in Italy by the time she names — the end of Feb., but in these days of swift posts I hope that need not matter. What you tell me of Fiona's admirer is very interesting, and from my recollection of the way in which books and the fancied personality of their authors possessed my mind when I was a youth, I can well enter into his infatuation. Fortunately there were no women among my "influences," or I might have been in as bad a case as he! Would

not this be a case for telling the secret, under pledges of course, if it were only to prevent mischief? By the way the whole incident seems to me to afford excellent material for literary treatment — not by you perhaps, nor yet by me (for the literary element in the material puts it outside your province, and makes it not quite the theme I like for my own use either) but say, for W.

Yours ever sincerely,

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

I do not quite agree with you as to the inception of Miss Macleod, and possibly this is a matter in which you are not the best possible judge. At any rate, without going into the matter, I fancy that I could establish the existence in works earlier than the Poems of Phantasy of a certain mystical tendency (German perhaps rather than Celtic in its colouring at that time), but none the less akin to the mysticisms of F. M.

But I may be mistaken. . . .

Our friend, Sir George Douglas, had followed the literary career of William Sharp with careful interest, and gave the same heed to the writings of "Fiona Macleod." After perusal of *The Sin-Eater* he made a careful

study of the two methods of work, and wrote to the author to tell him he was finally convinced from internal evidence that William Sharp was the author of these books under discussion. He did not ask for confirmation but wished the author to know his conclusions. The latter, who valued not only the friendship but the critical appreciation of his correspondent, made no denial, but begged that the secret might be guarded. In Sir George Douglas' answer there is a reference to a curious incident which had happened while we were at Rudgwick. A letter came from an unknown correspondent containing a proposal of marriage to Fiona Macleod. Whether it was intended as a "draw" or not we could not decide. The proposal was apparently written in all seriousness. Similarities of taste, details of position, profession, etc., were carefully given. Acceptance was urged with all appearance of seriousness; therefore the refusal was worded with gravity befitting the occasion.

CHAPTER III

THE WASHER OF THE FORD

Owing to the publication of *The Sin-Eater* by a firm identified with the Scoto-Celtic movement the book attracted immediate attention. Dr. Douglas Hyde voiced the Irish feeling when he wrote to my husband: "I think Fiona Macleod's books the most interesting thing in the new Scoto-Celtic movement, which I hope will march side by side with our own." This movement was according to William Sharp "fundamentally the outcome of Ossian, and immediately of the rising of the sap in the Irish nation." Following on the incentive given by such scholars as Windische, Whitly Stokes, Kuno Meyer, and the various Folklore societies, a Gaelic League had been formed by enthusiasts in Ireland, and in Scotland, for the preservation and teaching of the old Celtic tongue; for the study of the old literatures of which priceless treasures lay untouched in both countries, and for the encouragement of natural racial talent. Wales had succeeded in

recovering the use of her Cymric tongue; and the expression in music of racial sentiment had become widespread throughout that country. Ireland and the Highlands looked forward to attaining a similar result; and efforts to that end were set agoing in schools, in classes, by means of such organisations as the Irish Feis Ceoil Committee, the Irish Literary Society and the Irish National Theatre. Their aim was to preserve some utterance of the national life, to mould some new kind of romance, some new element of thought, out of Irish life and traditions. Among the most eager workers were Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Standish O'Grady, Mr. George Russell (A.E.), Dr. George Sigerson, and Lady Gregory.

In Scotland much valuable work had been done by such men as Campbell of Islay, Cameron of Brodick, Mr. Alexander Carmichel; by the Gaelic League and the Highland Mod and its yearly gatherings. There were writers and poets also who used the old language and were consequently known within only a small area. No conspicuous modern Celtic work had hitherto been written in the English tongue until the appearance of the writings of Fiona Macleod, and later of Mr. Neil Munro. *The Sin-Eater* was therefore warmly

welcomed on both sides of the Irish Channel. and Fiona Macleod, acclaimed as the leading representative of the Highland Gael, "our one and only Highland novelist." *The Irish Independent* pronounced her to be "the poet born," "her work is pure romance — and she strikes a strange note in modern literature, but it has the spirit of the Celt, and is another triumph for the Celtic genius."

In consequence of this reception, and of a special article in *The Bookman*, speculations began to be made concerning the unknown and unseen authoress. *The Highland News* in pursuance of its desire to awake in the Highlands of Scotland an active sympathy with the growing Scoto-Celtic movement, was anxious to give some details concerning the new writer. To that end Mr. John Macleay wrote to William Sharp to ask if "considering your relation towards Miss Macleod, you might be able to tell me where I could obtain any personal information about her." In reply, a few sparse notes were sent; the author in question was said to have passed her girlhood in the West Highlands; her tastes, her dislike of towns and her love of seclusion, were among the characteristics described.

When, early in 1896, *The Highland News* wrote to several authors to ask their views on

the subject of Literature in the Highlands, Mr. Grant Allen, Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson, Fiona Macleod and William Sharp were among those writers whose letters, expressive of interest and sympathy, were published.

The two letters contributed by my husband were written necessarily, each from a slightly different standpoint. He welcomed the opportunity of appearing in print in the two characters for he believed that it would help to shield the secret concerning Fiona Macleod.

The publication by P. Geddes & Coll. of *The Washer of the Ford* — a collection of Tales and Legendary Moralities — aroused a fresh outbreak of curiosity. For instance, a sensational article appeared in *The Highland News* on the vexed question of the identity of the Highland writer, headed: "Mystery! Mystery! All in a Celtic Haze."

According to it: "Highland Celts in Glasgow are, I hear, hot on the scent of what they imagine to be a female James Macpherson. This, of course, is Miss Fiona Macleod. The way which Miss Macleod has led our Glasgow countrymen is strange indeed, and the literary detective has been busy. In the first place, it is asserted that Miss Fiona Mac-

leod does not exist. No one seems to have seen her. One gentleman called twice at her residence in Edinburgh, and Miss Macleod was out. She has written about Iona, but again in that well watched place her name is unknown. The natural inference, you will admit, is that there is something here to be 'fahnd aht,' as the Englishman says. Seeing that the non-existence of Miss Fiona Macleod has been thus established, the next point is who wrote those books to which that name is attached. Now, Mr. William Sharp has declared himself to be Miss Fiona Macleod's uncle; he has, too, interested himself in Celtic things. Isn't it the second natural inference that he has written the books? But Mr. Sharp has specifically denied the authorship. Then, of course, it must be Mr. and Mrs. Sharp in collaboration. But again comes denial. Mr. Sharp has addressed the following note to the Glasgow *Evening News,* which has been somewhat persistent in casting doubt on the existence of Miss Macleod — 'Miss Fiona Macleod is not Mr. William Sharp, Miss Fiona Macleod is not Mrs. William Sharp, Miss Fiona Macleod is — Miss Fiona Macleod.'"

The persecuted author was much disturbed by this effort to draw Fiona Macleod into

a controversy, to force her to declare herself. Not only was he indignant at what to him was an unwarrantable interference with the privacy of the individual, and resented the traps that were laid to catch the author should "she" be "unwary," it was instrumental also in making him much more determined to guard his secret at all costs. During the months of controversy the subject of it accomplished a considerable amount of work.

He collaborated with me in the preparation of an Anthology of Celtic Poetry; prepared an edition of *Ossian* (P. Geddes & Coll.) for which he wrote a long introduction; and began to work upon a humourous novel, not, however, finished until 1898.

As F. M. he published *The Washer of the Ford* in April, wrote *Green Fire,* and also a number of Poems, which were subsequently included in *From the Hills of Dream.* His Diary for the New Year has this entry:

Jany 7th, 1896. The British Weekly has a paragraph given under all reserve that Fiona Macleod is Mrs. William Sharp. Have written — as W. S. — to Dr. R. Nicoll and to Mrs. Macdonnell of *The Bookman* to deny this authoritatively.

From the first we decided that it would

be advisable to admit that F. M. was my cousin, also, that my husband acted as her adviser and "right hand" in the matter of publishing.

The arrangements for the two first books were made by W. S. in person. No such precautions were necessary for the books brought out by P. Geddes & Coll., as the head of the firm was in the secret. But, as it was well known in Edinburgh and elsewhere that William Sharp was keenly interested in the "Celtic Movement," he thought it well to collaborate with me on an Anthology of Celtic Poetry entitled *Lyra Celtica* (and published by the firm), for which he prepared an Introduction and Notes.

On the 6th January, in a letter to Mrs. William Rossetti he wrote: "Just back from France where I went so far with my wife on her way to Central Italy. Her health has given way, alas, and she has been sent out from this killing climate for 3 to 4 months at any rate."

At the end of January he wrote to me:

"Only a brief line to thank you for your letter about *me* and *Fiona*. Every word you say is true and urgent, and even if I did not know it to be so I would pay the most search-

ing heed to any advice from you, in whose insight and judgment mentally as well as spiritually I have such deep confidence. Although in the main I had come to exactly the same standpoint I was wavering before certain alluring avenues of thought. . . . If I live to be an elderly man, time enough for one or more of my big philosophical and critical works. Meanwhile — the flame!

"The only thing of the kind I will now do — and that not this year — will be the 'Introduction to the Study of Celtic Literature': but for that I have the material to hand, and shall largely use in magazines first. . . . Well, we shall begin at once! February will be wholly given over to finishing *Wives in Exile* and *The Washer of the Ford.*"

On the 1st February he left town and settled down to work on the Pettycur Inn, Kinghorn, Fife. His Diary (1896) gives the following record of work:

Feb. 3rd. Wrote the Preface to *The Washer of the Ford.*

Feb. 7th. Dictated (1750 words) article on Modern Romantic Art, for the *Glasgow Herald* — Also *World* article.

Feb. 9th. Wrote "The Festival of the Birds."

Feb. 10th. Glasgow Herald Article (1500 words) on The Art of the Goldsmith, and wrote "The Blessing of the Fishes."

In the middle of February William had written to Mr. R. Murray Gilchrist, one of the few friends who then knew the secret of the pseudonym:

MY DEAR GILCHRIST,

Fiona Macleod has suddenly begun to attract a great deal of attention. There have been leaders as well as long and important reviews: and now the chief North of Scotland paper, *The Highland News,* is printing two long articles devoted in a most eulogistic way to F. M. and her influence "already so marked and so vital, so that we accept her as the leader of the Celtic Renaissance in Scotland." There is, also, I hear, to be a Magazine article on her. This last week there have been long and favourable reviews in the *Academy* and *The New Age.*

I am glad you like my other book, I mean W. S.'s! [*Ecce Puella*] There are things in it which are as absolutely out of my real self as it is possible to be: and I am glad that you recognise this. I have not yet seen my book of short stories published in America under the title *The Gypsy Christ,* though it

has been out some weeks: and I have heard from one or two people about it. America is more indulgent to me just now than I deserve. For a leading American critic writes of *The Gypsy Christ* that, "though it will offend some people and displease others, it is one of the most remarkable volumes I have read for long. The titular story has an extraordinary, even a dreadful impressiveness: 'Madge o' the Pool' is more realistic than 'realism': and alike in the scathing society love-episode, 'The Lady in Hosea,' and in that brilliant Algerian *conte*, 'The Coward,' the author suggests the method and power of Guy de Maupassant."

I hope to get the book soon, and to send you a copy. As I think I told you, the setting of the G/C is entirely that which I knew through you. I have made use of one or two features — exaggerated facts and half facts — which I trust will not displease you. Do you remember my feeling about those gaunt mine-chimneys: I always think of them now when I think of the G/C. Fundamentally, however, the story goes back to my own early experiences — not as to the *facts* of the story, of course. . . . Then again, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, who is by many considered the St. Beauve of American criti-

cism — in surety and insight — has given his opinion of a book i. e. of all he has seen of it (a comedy of the higher kind) for which Stone and Kimball have given me good terms — *Wives in Exile* — that it is "quite unlike anything else — at once the most brilliant, romantic and witty thing I have read for long — to judge from the opening chapters and the scheme. It will stand by itself, I think."

Personally, I think it shows the best handicraft of anything W. S. has done in fiction. It is, of course, wholly distinct in manner and method from F. M.'s work. It *ought* to be out by May. Sunshine and blithe laughter guided my pen in this book. Well, I have given you my gossip about myself: and now I would much rather hear about *you*. I wish you were here to tell me all about what you have been doing, thinking, and dreaming.

Yours,
W. S.

In Rome I received the following letter from him:

LONDON, 21st Feb.

"I am sure *The Highland News* must have delighted you. Let me know what you think of Fiona's and W. S.'s letters. . . . I am

so sorry you are leaving Siena. . . . I follow every step of your movements with keenest interest. But oh the light and the colour, how I envy you!

"I am hoping you are pleased with *Lyra Celtica*. It is published to-day only — so of course I have heard nothing yet from outsiders. Yesterday I finished my Matthew Arnold essay[1] — and in the evening wrote the first part of my F. M. story, 'Morag of the Glen' — a strong piece of work I hope and believe though not finished yet. I hope to finish it by to-night. I am so glad you and Mona liked the first of 'The Three Marvels of Hy' (pronounced *Ee* or *Hee*) so well. Pieces like 'The Festival of the Birds' seem to be born out of my brain almost in an inspirational way. I hardly understand it. Yes, you were in the right place to read it — St. Francis' country. That beautiful strange Umbria! After all, Iona and Assisi are not nearly so remote from each other as from London or Paris. I send you the second of the series, 'The Blessing of the Flies.' It, too, was written at Pettycur — as was 'The Prologue.' . . . There is a strange half glad, half morose note in this Prologue which I

[1] The essay prefaces a selection of M. A.'s poems published in the Canterbury Series (Walter Scott).

myself hardly apprehend in full significance. In it is interpolated one of the loveliest of the 'legendary moralities' which I had meant to insert in Section I — that of 'The King of the Earth.' I will send it to you before long. . . ."

To a correspondent he wrote about the "Three Marvels of Hy": "They are studies in old Religious Celtic sentiment so far as that can be recreated in a modern heart that feels the same beauty and simplicity of the Early Christian faith."

And to me again: " . . . I know you will rejoice to hear that there can be no question that F. M.'s deepest and finest work is in this *Washer of the Ford* volume. As for the spiritual lesson that nature has taught me, and that has grown within me otherwise, I have given the finest utterance to it that I can. In a sense my inner life of the spirit is concentrated in the three pieces, 'The Moon-Child,' 'The Fisher of Men,' and 'The Last Supper.' Than the last I shall never do anything better. Apart from this intense inner flame that has been burning within me so strangely and deeply of late — I think my most imaginative work will be found in the titular piece, 'The Washer of the Ford,' which still, tho' written and revised some time

ago, haunts me! and in that and the pagan and animistic 'Annir Choille.' We shall read those things in a gondola in Venice?"

He joined me in Venice on the 16th May — glad of sunshine and rest. We journeyed back to England by way of the Lakes, in a time of early roses, and returned to London to find the first copies of *The Washer of the Ford* awaiting us. Two out of many letters concerning the book that came to him from friends who were in the secret and watched the development of the "F. M." work, were a strong incentive to further effort.

The first is from Mr. Frank Rinder:

MY DEAR WILL,

From my heart I thank you for the gift of this book. It adds to the sum of the precious, heaven-sent things in life. It will kindle the fire of hope, of aspiration and of high resolve in a thousand hearts. As one of those into whose life you have brought a more poignant craving for what is beautiful in word and action, I thank you for writing it.

Your friend,

FRANK.

The second was from Thomas A. Janvier:

SAINT REMY DE PROVENCE,
June 22, 1896.

MY DEAR WILL,

If *The Washer of the Ford* were the first of Fiona's books I am confident that the sex of its author would not pass unchallenged. A great part of it is essentially masculine — all the "Seanachas," and "The Annir Choille," and the opening of "The Washer": not impossible for a woman to write, but unlikely. Nor would a woman have written "The Annir Choille," I think, as it is written here. Fiona has shown her double sex in this story more completely, it seems to me, than in any other. It is written with a man's sense of decency and a woman's sense of delicacy — and the love of both man and woman is in it to a very extraordinary degree. The fighting stories seem to me to be pure man — though I suppose that there are Highland women (like Scott's "Highland Widow") capable of their stern savagery. But on these alone, Fiona's sex scarcely could have been accepted unchallenged. But what seems to me to show plainest, in all the stories together, is not the trifle that they are by a man or by a woman but that they have come out of your inspired soul. They seem to be the result of some outside force constrain-

ing you to write them. And with their freshness they have a curious primordial flavour — that comes, I suppose, from the deep roots and full essences of life which are their substance of soul. Being basic, elementary, they are independent of time; or even race. In a literary — technically literary — way they seem to me to be quite your most perfect work. I am sensitive to word arrangement, and some of your work has made me rather disposed to swear at you for carelessness. You have not always taken the trouble to hunt for the word that you needed. But these stories are as nearly perfect in finish, I think, as literary endeavour can make them. And they have that effect of flow and ease that can only come — at least, I can imagine it only as arriving — from the most persistent and laborious care. In the detail of make-up, I am especially impressed by the insertion of the Shadow Seers just where the key is changed radically. They are at once your justifying pieces for what has gone before, and an orchestral interlude before the wholly different Seanachas begin. Of all in the book, my strongest affection is for "The Last Supper." It seems to me to be the most purely beautiful, and the profoundest thing that you have done.

I feel that some strong new current must have come into your life; or that the normal current has been in some way obstructed or diverted — for the animating spirit of these new books reflects a radical change in your own soul. The Pagan element is entirely subordinated to and controlled by the inner passions of the soul. In a word you have lifted your work from the flesh-level to the soul-level. . . .

What you say in your letter of worry and ill-health saddens me. It is unjust that your rare power of creation should be hampered in any way. But it seems to me that there must be great consolation in your certain knowledge that you have greatly created, in spite of all.

Always affectionately yours,

T. A. J.

CHAPTER IV

"RUNES OF THE SORROW OF WOMEN"

Green Fire

During the most active years of the Fiona Macleod writings, the author was usually in a highly wrought condition of mental and emotional tension, which produced great restlessness, so that he could not long remain contentedly anywhere. We spent the summer of 1896 moving about from one place to another that had special interest for him. First we went to Bamborough, for sea-bathing (he was a fine swimmer), and to visit the little Holy Isle of the Eastern Shores, Lindisfarne, Iona's daughter. Thence to the Clyde to be near his mother and sisters. From Inverness we went to the Falls of Lora, in Ossian's country, and later we moved to one of William's favourite haunts, Loch Tarbert, off Loch Fyne, where our friends Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rinder had taken a house for the summer. There I left him with his secretary-sister, Mary, and returned to London to recommence my work on *The Glasgow*

Herald. The two following letters to me told of the progress of his work:

September 23d.

"I am now well in writing trim I am glad to say. Two days ago I wrote the long-awaited 'Rune of the Passion of Woman,' the companion piece in a sense to the 'Chant of Woman' in *Pharais* — and have also done the *Savoy* story, 'The Archer' (about 4,500 words) and all but done 'Ahez the Pale.' To-day I hope to get on with the 'Lily Leven.' . . .

"I must make the most of this day of storm for writing. I had a splendid long sleep last night, and feel 'spiff.' . . . I am not built for mixed companies, and like them less and less in proportion as the imperative need of F. M. and W. S. for greater isolation grows. I realise more and more the literal truth of what George Meredith told me — that renunciation of ordinary social pleasures (namely of the ordinary kind in the ordinary way) is a necessity to any worker on the high levels: and unless I work that way I shall not work at all."

26th Sept.

". . . Yesterday turned out a splendid breezy day, despite its bad opening: one of the

most beautiful we have had, altho' too cold for bathing, and too rough for boating. I went off by myself for a long sail — and got back about 4. Later I went alone for an hour or so to revise what had stirred me so unspeakably, namely the third and concluding 'Rune of the Sorrow of Women.' This last Rune tired me in preliminary excitement and in the strange semi-conscious fever of composition more than anything of the kind since I wrote the first of the three in *Pharais* one night of storm when I was alone in Phenice Croft.

"I have given it to Mary to copy, so that I can send it to you at once. Tell me what you think and feel about it. In a vague way not only you, Mona, Edith and others swam into my brain, but I have never so absolutely felt the woman-soul within me: it was as though in some subtle way the soul of Woman breathed into my brain — and I feel vaguely as if I had given partial expression at least to the inarticulate voice of a myriad woman who suffer in one or other of the triple ways of sorrow. For work, and rebuilding energy, I am thankful I came here. You were right: I was not really fit to go off to the Hebrides alone, at the present juncture, and might well have defeated my

own end. To-morrow morning I shall be writing — probably at From the Hills of Dream."

From Tighnabruaich Hotel, a lovely little village in the Kyles of Bute, he wrote to me:

"I am glad to be here, for though the weather has changed for the worse I am so fond of the place and neighbourhood. But what I care for most is I am in a strong Fiona mood, though more of dream and reverie — creatively — than of actual writing: indeed it is likely all my work here, or nearly all, shall be done through dream and mental-cartooning. I have written 'The Snow Sleep of Angus Ogue' for the winter *Evergreen*, and am glad to know it is one of F. M.'s deepest and best utterances."

The Evergreen was a Quarterly started by Prof. Geddes, of which W. S. was Editor. Five numbers only were issued. During the autumn William had prepared for publication by P. Geddes & Coll. a re-issue of the Tales contained in *The Sin-Eater* and *The Washer of the Ford*, in the form of a paper covered edition in three volumes, *Barbaric Tales, Spiritual Tales, Tragic Romances*. Each volume contained a new tale. Mr. W.

also the same night to Mr. Arthur Symons. I remember the exchange of letters that passed between the three writers; unfortunately Fiona's letter to Mr. Symons, and the latter's answer, are not available. But I have two of the letters on the subject which, through the courtesy of Mr. Yeats, I am able to quote; both, unfortunately are undated. F. M. describes a second vision which, however, had no connection with the coincidence.

Mr. Yeats wrote:

TILLYRA CASTLE,
CO. GALWAY.

MY DEAR SHARP,

Many thanks for your letter. You must have written it the very morning I was writing to Miss Macleod. I have just returned from the Arran Islands where I had gone on a fishing boat, and where I go again at the end of this week. I am studying on the islands for the opening chapter of a story I am about to set out upon. I met two days ago an old man who hears the fairies he says every night and complains much that their singing keeps him awake. He showed me a flute which he had got thinking that if he played it they might be pleased and so cease teasing him. I have met much curious lore here and in Arran.

I have had some singular experiences myself. I invoked one night the spirits of the moon and saw between sleep and waking a beautiful woman firing an arrow among the stars. That night she appeared to Symons who is staying here, and so impressed him that he wrote a poem on her, the only one he ever wrote to a dream, calling her the fountain of all song or some such phrase. She was the symbolic Diana. I invoked a different spirit another night and it appeared in dreams to an old French Count, who was staying here, and was like Symons ignorant of my invocations. He locked his door to try to keep it out. Please give my greetings to Miss Macleod.

Yours Sincerely,
W. B. YEATS.

F. M. wrote in acknowledgment of a long critical letter from Mr. Yeats, to whom "she" had sent *The Washer of the Ford:*

TARBERT ON LOCH FYNE.

DEAR MR. YEATS,

Unforeseen circumstances have prevented my writing to you before this, and even now I must perforce be more brief than I would fain be in response to your long and deeply

interesting as well as generous letter. Alas, a long pencilled note (partly apropos of your vision of the woman shooting arrows, and of the strange coincidence of something of the same kind on my own part) has long since been devoured by a too voracious or too trustful gull — for a sudden gust of wind blew the quarto-sheet from off the deck of the small yacht wherein I and my dear friend and confrère of whom you know were sailing off Skye. . . . How good of you to write to me as you did. Believe me, I am grateful. There is no other writer whose good opinion could please me more — for I love your work, and take an endless delight in your poetry, and look to you as not only one of the rare few on whose lips is the honey of Magh Mell, but as one the dark zone of whose mind is lit with the strange stars and constellations of the spiritual life. Most cordially I thank you for your critical remarks. Even where I do not unreservedly agree, or where I venture to differ (as for example, in the matter of the repetition of the titular words in "The Washer of the Ford" poem) I have carefully pondered all you say. I am particularly glad you feel about the "Annir Choille" as you do. Some people whom I would like to please do not care for it: yet I am sure you are

right in considering it one of the most vital things I have been able to do.

With what delight I have read your lovely poem, "O'Sullivan Rue to the Secret Rose!" I have read it over and over with ever deepening delight. It is one of your finest poems, I think: though perhaps it can only be truly appreciated by those who are familiar with legendary Celtic history. We read it to each other, my friend and I, on a wonderful sundown "when evening fed the wave with quiet light," off one of the Inner Hebrides (Colonsay, to the South of Oban). . . . I cannot quite make up my mind, as you ask, about your two styles. Personally, I incline not exactly to a return to the earlier but to a marriage of the two: that is, a little less remoteness, or subtlety, with a little more of rippling clarity. After reading your Blake paper (and with vivid interest and delight) I turned to an early work of yours which I value highly, *Dhoya:* and I admit that my heart moved to *it.* Between them lies, I think, your surest and finest line of work — with the light deft craft of *The Celtic Twilight.*

I hope you are soon going to issue the promised volume of poems. When my own book of verse is ready — it is to be called

From the Hills of Dream — it will give me such sincere pleasure to send you a copy. By the bye, I must not forget to thank you for introducing my work to Mr. Arthur Symons. He wrote to me a pleasant letter, and asked me to contribute to the *Savoy*, which I have done. I dare say my friend (who sends you comradely greetings, and says he will write in a day or two) will tell you more from me when he and you meet.

I had a strange vision the other day, wherein I saw the figure of a gigantic woman sleeping on the green hills of Ireland. As I watched, the sun waned and the dark came and the stars began to fall. They fell one by one, and each fell into the woman — and lo, of a sudden, all was bare running water, and the drowned stars and the transmuted woman passed from my seeing. This was a waking dream, an open vision: but I do not know what it means, though it was so wonderfully vivid. In a vague way I realise that something of tremendous moment is being matured just now. We are on the verge of vitally important developments. And all the heart, all the brain, of the Celtic races shall be stirred. There is a shadow of mighty changes. Myself, I believe that new spirits have been embodied among us. And some

of the old have come back. We shall perish, you and I and all who fight under the "Lifting of the Sunbeam"—but we shall pioneer a wonderful marvellous new life for humanity. The other day I asked an old islesman where her son was buried. "He was not buried," she said, "for all they buried his body. For a week ago I saw him lying on the heather, and talking swift an' wild with a Shadow." *The Shadows are here.*

I must not write more just now.

My cordial greetings to you, sincerely,

FIONA MACLEOD.

No sooner had W. S. returned to London than he fell ill with nervous prostration, and rheumatism. It was soon obvious that he could not remain in town, and that for a short time at any rate he must cease from pen-work. It therefore seemed an opportune moment for him to go to New York, and attend to his publishing interests there, especially as Messrs. Stone & Kimball had recently failed.

Before starting he had read and reviewed with much interest a volume of poems by the American poet, Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard, and had received a pleased acknowledgment from her husband Richard H. Stoddard:

NEW YORK, Oct. 30, 1896.

MY DEAR SHARP,

I am greatly obliged to you for what you have written about my wife's poetry, any recognition of which touches me more nearly than anything that could be said about my own verse. . . . My wife has told you, I presume, how much I enjoyed your wife's *Women's Voices,* just before I went into the Hospital, and how I composed a bit of verse in my head when I couldn't see to feed myself. Do you ever compose in that silent way? I have taught myself to do without pens, ink, and paper, in verse; but I can't do so in prose, which would print itself in the thing I call my mind. Give my kindest regards and warmest good wishes to your Elizabeth, whose charming book is a favourite with *my* Elizabeth as well, as with

Yours sincerely,
R. H. STODDARD.

Later, Mr. Stedman wrote an account of a dinner given to Mr. Stoddard to which W. S. was invited:

BRONXVILLE, N. Y.
Feb. 17, 1897.

MY DEAR SHARP,

I have received your long letter of the 25th Jany, and also a shorter one of the 30th

written at Mr. George Cotterell's house. I will say at the outset that I feel guilty at seeing the name of that lovable man and true poet; for although a year has passed since the completion of my (Victorian) Anthology I have been positively unable to write the letter which I have in my heart for him.

. . . The most important social matter here this winter relating to our Guild will be a large important dinner to be given on March 25th by the Author's Club and his other friends, to Richard Henry Stoddard. We are going to try to make an exception to the rule that New York is not good to her own, and to render a tribute somewhat commensurate with Stoddard's life long services, and his quality as poet and man. A few invitations are going to be sent to literary men abroad, and I have been able to write about them to Besant, Dobson, Garnett and yourself. Of course I do not expect that you will come over here, and I am quite sure you will write a letter which can be read at the dinner, for I have in mind your personal friendship with Stoddard and affectionate comprehension of his genius and career. . . .

On the 13th of April Mr. Stedman wrote again to report on the proceedings:

"Your letter to the Stoddard Banquet was by far the best and most inclusive of the various ones received, and it was read out to the 150 diners and met with high favour. I mailed you the full report of the affair, but believe I have not written you since it came off. It proved to be the most notable literary occasion yet known in this city — was brilliant, magnetic, enthusiastic throughout. I felt a pride in my office as Chairman. The hall was one of the handsomest in America, the speaking of the most eloquent type, and full of laughter and tears. The Stoddards were deeply gratified by your letter.

"E. C. S."

My husband arrived in New York on All Hallow E'en and went direct to the hospitable house of Mr. Alden whence he wrote to me:

METUCHEN, N. J.,
1st Nov., 1896.

". . . Of course nothing can be done till Wednesday. All America is aflame with excitement — and New York itself is at fever-heat. I have never seen such a sight as yesterday. The whole enormous city was a mass of flags and innumerable Republican and Democratic insignia — with the streets thronged with over two million people. The

whole business quarter made a gigantic parade that took 7 hours in its passage — and the business men alone amounted to over 100,000. Everyone — as indeed not only America, but Great Britain and all Europe — is now looking eagerly for the final word on Tuesday night. The larger issues are now clearer: not merely that the Bryanite 50-cent dollar (instead of the standard 100 cent) would have far reaching disastrous effects, but that the whole struggle is one of the anarchic and destructive against the organic and constructive forces. However, this tremendous crisis will come to an end — pro tem. at any rate — on Tuesday night. . . ."

During his absence, F. M.'s romance, *Green Fire,* was published. The title was taken from a line in "Cathal of the Woods," "O green fire of life, pulse of the world, O Love!" And the deeper meaning of the expression "Green Life"— so familiar to all who knew "Fiona Macleod"— is suggested in a sentence at the close of the book: "Alan knew that strange nostalgia of the mind for impossible things. Then, wrought for a while from his vision of green life, and flamed by another green fire than that born of earth, he dreamed his dream."

To me, the author wrote from New York:

" . . . I am indeed glad you like *Green Fire* so well. And you are right in your insight: Annaik *is* the real human magnet. Ynys is an idealised type, what I mean by Ideala or Esclarmoundo, but she did not take hold of me like Annaik. Alan, too, is a variation of the Ian type. But Annaik has for me a strange and deep attraction: and I am sure the abiding personal interest must be in *her*. You are the only one who seems to have understood and perceived this — certainly the only one who has noticed it. Some day I want to tell Annaik's story in full. . . . "

The author had read much Breton lore during his study of French Literature, and as his interest had for a time been centred on the land of the kindred Celt, he determined to make it the setting of a new Romance. He had never been there, so drew on his imagination for the depiction of the places he knew of by hearsay only. The result, when later he judged the book in cool criticism, he considered to be unsatisfactory as to structure and balance. He realised, that although the Fiona impetus produced the first

chapter and the latter part, the plot and melodramatic character of the Breton story are due to W. S.; that the descriptions of nature are written by F. M. and W. S. in fusion, are in character akin to the descriptions in *The Children of To-morrow,* written by W. S. in his transition stage. Consequently, when in 1905, he discussed with me what he wished preserved of his writings, he asked my promise that I would never republish the book in its entirety.

In order to preserve what he himself cared for, he rewrote the Highland portion of the book, named it "The Herdsman" and included it in *The Dominion of Dreams.* (In the Uniform Edition, it is placed, together with a series of detached Thought-Fragments from *Green Fire,* in *The Divine Adventure,* Vol. IV.) He never carried out his intention of writing Annaik's story in full. Had he done so it would have been incorporated in a story, partly reminiscent of his early sojourn among the gipsies, and have been called *The Gipsy Trail.*

Some months later Mr. W. B. Yeats wrote to W. S.:

"I have read 'Green Fire' since I saw you. I do not think it is one of your well-built

stories, and I am certain that the writing is constantly too self-consciously picturesque; but the atmosphere, the romance of much of it, of 'The Herdsman' part in particular haunts me ever since I laid it down.

"'Fiona Macleod' has certainly discovered the romance of the remote Gaelic places as no one else has ever done. She has made the earth by so much the more beautiful."

And Mr. George Russell (A. E.) wrote to F. M. from Dublin:

DEAR FIONA MACLEOD,

My friend, Willie Yeats, has just come by me wrapt in a faery whirlwind, his mouth speaking great things. He talked much of reviving the Druidic mysteries and vaguely spoke of Scotland and you. These stirring ideas of his are in such a blaze of light that, but for the inspiration of a presence always full of enthusiasm, I would get no ideas at all from him. But when he mentioned your name and spoke of the brotherhood of the Celts and what ties ought to unite them, I remembered a very kindly letter which I had put on one side waiting for an excuse to write again. So I gladly take Yeats' theory of what ought to be and write. . . .

Thoughts inspired by what is written or said are aimed at the original thinker and from every quarter converge on his inner nature. Perhaps you have felt this. It means that these people are putting fetters on you, binding you to think in a certain way (what they expect from you); and there is a danger of the soul getting bent so that after its first battle it fights no more but repeats dream upon dream its first words in answer to their demand and it grows more voice and less soul every day. I read *Green Fire* a few weeks ago and have fallen in love with your haunted seas. Your nature spirit is a little tragic. You love the Mother as I do, but you seem for ever to expect some revelation of awe from her lips where I would hide my head in her bosom. But the breathless awe is true also — to "meet on the Hills of Dream," that would not be so difficult. I think you know that? Some time when the power falls on me I'll send a shadow of myself over seas just to get the feeling of the Highlands. I have an intuition that the "fires" are awakening somewhere in the North West. I may have met you indeed and not known you. We are so different behind the veil. Some who are mighty of the mighty there are nothing below,

and then waking life keeps no memory of their victorious deeds in sleep. And if I saw you your inner being might assume some old Druidic garb of the soul, taking that form because you are thinking the Druidic thought. The inner being is protean and has a thousand changes of apparel. I sat beside a friend and while he was meditating, the inner being started up in Egyptian splendour robed in purple and gold. He had chanced upon some mood of an ancient life. I write to you of these things judging that you know of them to some extent here: that your inner nature preserves the memory of old initiations, so I talk to you as a comrade on the same quest. You know too I think that these alluring visions and thoughts are of little import unless they link themselves unto our humanity. It means only madness in the end. I know people whose lamps are lit and they see wonderful things but they themselves will not pass from vision into action. They follow beauty only like the dwellers in Tyre whom Ezekiel denounced, "They have corrupted their wisdom by reason of their brightness." Leaving these mystic things aside what you say about art is quite true except that I cannot regard art as the "quintessential life" unless art comes to mean the art of liv-

ing more than the art of the artists. . . . Sometime, perhaps, if it is in the decrees of the gods (our true selves) we may meet and speak of these things. But don't get enslaved by your great power of expression. It ties the mind a little. There was an old Hermetist who said "The knowledge of It is a divine silence and the rest of all the senses. . . ."

You ask me to give my best. Sometimes I think silence is the best. I can feel the sadness of truth here, but not the joy, and there must always be as exquisite a joy as there is pain in any state of consciousness. . . .

A. E.

CHAPTER V

FROM THE HILLS OF DREAM

The Laughter of Peterkin

On the wanderer's return to England his volume of poems *From the Hills of Dream* was published by P. Geddes & Coll. The first edition was dedicated to our godson Arthur Allhallow, younger son of Prof. and Mrs. Patrick Geddes, who was born on that Hallow E'en the anniversary of our Wedding-day. The volume consists of poems, runes and lyrics, written by F. M. between 1893 and 1896; and a series of "prose rhythms" entitled "The Silence of Amor."

A sympathetic letter from Mr. Ernest Rhys, drew a quick response:

MURRAYFIELD, MIDLOTHIAN,
23:11:96.

DEAR MR. RHYS,

On my coming from the West to Edinburgh, for a few days, I found your very welcome and charming letter, among others forwarded to me from the Outlook Tower.

It gratifies me very much that you whose work I so much admire and with whose aims and spirit I am in so keen sympathy, care so well for the "Hills of Dream." These are hills where few inhabit, but comrade always knows comrade there — and so we are sure to meet one another, whether one carry a "London Rose" or a sheaf of half-barbaric Hill-Runes. It may interest you to know that the name which seems to puzzle so many people is (though it does exist as the name "Fiona," not only in Ossian but at the present day, though rarely) the Gaelic diminutive of "Fionaghal" (i. e. Flora). For the rest — I was born more than a thousand years ago, in the remote region of Gaeldom known as the Hills of Dream. There I have lived the better part of my life, my father's name was Romance, and that of my mother was Dream. I have no photograph of their abode, which is just under the quicken-arch immediately west of the sunset-rainbow. You will easily find it. Nor can I send you a photograph of myself. My last fell among the dew-wet heather, and is now doubtless lining the cells of the wild bees.

All this authentic information I gladly send you!

Sincerely yours,

FIONA MACLEOD.

Early in 1897 Mr. Yeats wrote from Paris to F. M. concerning aims and ideals he was endeavouring to shape into expression for the re-vivifying of Celtic Ireland, and out of which has evolved the Irish National Theatre:

MY DEAR MISS MACLEOD,

I owe you a letter for a long time, and can only promise to amend and be more prompt in future. I have had a busy autumn, always trying to make myself do more work than my disposition will permit, and at such times I am the worst of correspondents. I have just finished a certain speech in *The Shadowy Waters,* my new poem, and have gone to *The Café du Musée de Cluny* to smoke and read the Irish news in the *Times.* I should say I wrote about your book of poems as you will have seen in the *Bookman.* I have just now a plan I want to ask you about? Our Irish Literary and Political literary organisations are pretty complete (I am trying to start a Young Ireland Society, among the Irish here in Paris at the moment) and I think it would be very possible to get up Celtic plays through these Societies. They would be far more effective than lectures and might do more than anything else we can do to make the Irish, Scotch and other Celts

recognise their solidarity. My own plays are too elaborate, I think, for a start, and have also the disadvantage that I cannot urge my own work in committee. If we have one or two short direct prose plays, of (say) a mythological and folklore kind, by you and by some writer (I may be able to move O'Grady, I have already spoken to him about it urgently) I feel sure we could get the *Irish Literary Society* to make a start. They have indeed for some time talked of doing my *Land of Heart's Desire.*

My own theory of poetical or legendary drama is that it should have no realistic, or elaborate, but only a symbolic and decorative setting. A forest, for instance, should be represented by a forest pattern and not by a forest painting. One should design a scene, which would be an accompaniment, not a reflection of the text. This method would have the further advantage of being fairly cheap, and altogether novel. The acting should have an equivalent distance to that of the play from common realities. The plays might be almost, in some cases, modern mystery plays. Your "Last Supper," for instance, would make such a play; while your story in the *Savoy* would arrange as a strong play of merely human tragedy. I shall try my own hand

possibly at some short prose plays also, but not yet. I merely suggest these things because they are a good deal on my mind, and not that I wish to burden your already full hands. My "Shadowy Waters" is magical and mystical beyond anything I have done. It goes but slowly, however, and I have had to recast all I did in Ireland some years ago. Mr. Sharp heard some of it in London in its first very monotonous form. I wish to make it a kind of grave ecstasy.

I am also at the start of a novel which moves between the Islands of Aran and Paris, and shall have to go again to Aran about it. After these books I start a long cherished project — a poetical version of the great Celtic epic tale, Deirdre, Cuchullin at the Ford, and Cuchullin's death, and Dermot and Grainne. I have some hopes that Mr. Sharp will come to Paris on his way back to England. I have much to talk over with him, I am feeling more and more every day that our Celtic movement is approaching a new phase. Our instrument is sufficiently prepared as far as Ireland is concerned, but the people are less so, and they can only be stirred by the imagination of a very few acting on all.

My book *The Secret Rose* was to have

been out in December but it has been postponed till February. If I have any earlier copies you shall have one. I am specially curious to know what you think of a story called "The Adoration of the Magi" which is a half prophecy of a very veiled kind.

Yours truly,
W. B. YEATS.

The prolonged strain of the heavy dual work added to by an eager experimentation with certain psychic phenomena — with which he had long been familiar but wished further to investigate, efforts in which at times he and Mr. W. B. Yeats collaborated — began to tell heavily on him, and to produce very disquieting symptoms of nervous collapse. We decided therefore that he should pass the dead months of the year, as he called December and January, in the South of France. From St. Remy while on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Janvier he wrote to me:

"I am not going to lament that even the desire to think-out anything has left me — much less the wish to write — for I am sure that is all in the order of the day towards betterness. But I do now fully realise that I must give up everything to getting back

my old buoyancy and nervous strength — and that prolonged rest and open air are the paramount needs. . . .

"However, enough of this, henceforth I hope to have to think of and report on the up-wave only.

"I am seated in a little room close to the window — and as I look out I first see the boughs of a gigantic sycamore through which the mistral is roaring with a noise like a gale at sea. Beyond this is a line of cypresses, and apparently within a stone's throw are the extraordinary wildly fantastic mountain-peaks of St. Remy. I have never seen anything like them. No wonder they are called the Dolomites of France. They are, too, in aspect unspeakably ancient and remote.

"We are practically in the country, and in every way, with its hill-air and beauty, the change from Tarascon is most welcome.... There is a strange but singularly fascinating blend of north and south here just now. The roar of the mistral has a wild wintry sound, and the hissing of the wood fire is also suggestive of the north: and then outside there are the unmistakable signs of the south and those fantastic unreal like hills. I never so fully recognise how intensely northern I am than when I am in the south. . . . "

The following fragment of a diary — all there is for 1897 — gives a record of the work he had in progress: also shows his way of noting (or not noting!) his outgoing expenses:

January 1st, 1897.— A day of extreme beauty at Sainte-Maxime (Var). In the morning wrote letters, etc., and then walked into Sainte-Maxime and posted them, and sent a telegram to Elizabeth, to be delivered at dinner time, with New Year greetings and Fair Wishes.

Worked at "Ahez the Pale," and, having finished the revision of it from first to last, did it up with "The Archer," and then sent (with long letter of general instructions about the re-issue of F. M.'s tales in 3 vols., Spiritual Tales, Barbaric Tales, and Tragic Romances) to Lilian Rea, at the Outlook Tower.

After dinner went a long walk by the sea. Noticed a peculiarity by which tho' the sea was dead calm, and on the eastern side of the littoral of Ste. Maxime made hardly a ripple, the noise on the further side was like that of a rushing train or of a wind among pinewoods. I walked round, and found oily waves beating heavily on the shore. Tidal, possibly. Expenses to-day, :Letters, fr. 3.90.

Telegrams 5.90, Poor Man 30. Board &c., at hotel,

Total " " .

After his return to London he wrote to Mrs. Janvier:

Grosvenor Club,
March 10, 1897.

" . . . Although I have had an unpleasant mental and physical set-back the last three days, I am steadily (at least I hope so) gaining ground — but I have never yet regained the health or spirits I was in at St. Remy, tho' even there far more worn in mind and body than even *you* guessed. But with the spring I shall get well.

" I am heart and soul with Greece in this war of race and freedom — and consider the so-called 'Concert' a mockery and a sham. It is a huge Capitalist and Reactionary Bogus Company. Fortunately the tide of indignation is daily rising here — and even the Conservative papers are at one with the Liberal on the central points. Were I a younger man — or rather were I free — I would now be in Greece or on my way to join the Hellenes. As you will see by enclosed, I am one of the authors who have sent a special message to the Athenian President of the Chamber. It is a stirring time, and in many ways. . . ."

March 22d.

" . . . What a whirl of excitement life is, just now. I am all on fire about the iniquities of this Turkish-Finance triumph over honour, chivalry, and the old-time sense that the world *can* be well lost. There are many other matters, too, for deep excitement — international, national, literary, artistic, personal. It is the season of sap, of the young life, of green fire. Heart-pulses are throbbing to the full: brains are effervescing under the strong ferment of the wine of life: the spiral flames of the spirit and the red flower of the flesh are fanned and consumed and recreated and fanned anew every hour of every day. . . .

" This is going to be a strange year in many ways: a year of spiritual flames moving to and fro, of wild vicissitudes for many souls and for the forces that move through the minds of men. The West will redden in a new light — the 'west' of the forlorn peoples who congregate among our isles in Ireland — 'the West' of the dispeopled mind.

" The common Soul is open — one can see certain shadows and lights as though in a mirror. . . ." [The letter ends abruptly.]

Towards the end of April I went to Paris to write upon the two " Salons," and my hus-

band, still very unwell, went to St. Margaret's Bay, whence he wrote to me:

"*Sunday* (on the shore by the sea, and in the sunshine). I wonder what you are doing to-day? I feel very near you in spirit as I always do when I have been reading, hearing, or seeing any beautiful thing — and this forenoon I have done all three, for I am looking upon the beauty of sunlit wind-swept sea, all pale green and white, and upon the deep blue sky above the white cliffs, upon the jackdaws and gulls dense black or snowy against the azure, upon the green life along and up the cliff-face, upon the yellow-green cystus bushes below — and am listening to the sough of the wind, soft and balmy, and the rush and break of the sunlit waves among the pebbly reaches just beyond me — and have been reading Maeterlinck's two essays, 'The Deeper Life' and 'The Inner Beauty.'

"I am longing to be regularly at work again — and now feel as if at last I can do so. . . .

"More and more absolutely, in one sense, are W. S. and F. M. becoming two persons — often married in mind and one nature, but often absolutely distinct. I am filled with a passion of dream and work. . . .

"Friendship, deepening into serene and beautiful flame, is one of the most ennobling and lovely influences the world has. . . .

"WILFION.

"P. S. Again some more good tidings. Constables have accepted my giving up *The Lily Leven* indefinitely — and instead have agreed to my proposal to write a child's book (dealing with the Celtic Wonderworld) to be called *The Laughter of Peterkin. . . .*"

From Paris I went to St. Remy for a short visit to our friends the Janviers, and my birthday found me still there. My husband had been considerably perplexed how he was to celebrate the day for me from a distance. On the early morning of the 17th of May the waiter brought me my coffee and my letters to my room as usual, and told me gravely that a large packet had arrived for me during the night, with orders that it should not be delivered to me till the morning. Should it be brought up stairs? The next moment the door was pushed open and in came the radiant smiling unexpected apparition of my Poet! In a little town an event of this sort is soon known to everyone, and that evening when he and I went for a walk, and sauntered through the little

boulevards, we found we were watched for and greeted by everyone, and heads were popped out of windows just to see "les amants."

After his equally rapid return to town he wrote to me:

"It seems very strange to be here and at work again — or rather it is the interlude that seems so strange and dreamlike. This time last week it was not quite certain if I could get away, as it depended partly upon finishing the Maeterlinck Essay and partly upon the postponement of due date for the monograph on Orchardson. Then Richard Whiteing came in. Then at last I said that since fortune wouldn't hurry up it could go to the devil — and I would just go to my dear wife: and so I went. And all is well. Only a week ago to-day since I left! How dramatic it all is — that hurried journey, the long afternoon and night journey from Paris, the long afternoon and night journey to Tarascon — the drive at dawn and sunrise through beautiful Provence — the meeting you — the seeing our dear friends there again. And then that restful Sunday, that lovely birthday!"

And again a few days later:

"Herewith my typed copy of your Wilfion's last writing. Called 'The Wayfarer' though possibly, afterwards, 'Where God is, there is Light,' it is one of the three Spiritual Moralities of which you know two already, 'The Fisher of Men' and 'The Last Supper.' In another way, the same profound truth is emphasised as in the other two — that Love is the basic law of spiritual life. 'The Redeemer liveth' in these three: Compassion, Beauty, Love — the three chords on which these three harmonies of Fiona's inner life have been born. . . ."

"The Wayfarer" was published in *Cosmopolis,* and afterwards included in *The Winged Destiny.*

On the 10th of June the author went for a night to Burford Bridge, in order to have some talks with George Meredith. While there he began to write "The Glory of the King," ("Ulad of the Dreams"), and two days later he finished it on reaching home.

In the summer of 1897 he visited Ireland for the first time. In Dublin he met Mr. George Russell — whose beautiful verse was first published over the initials A. E.— Mr. Standish O'Grady and other writers with whom he had been in correspondence; and he

greatly enjoyed a visit to Mr. Edward Martin at Tillyra Castle in Galway. Among several enthusiastic letters I received the following:

". . . I find it almost impossible to attempt to tell you the varied and beautiful delights of this lovely place. . . . The country is strange and fascinating — at once so austere, so remote, so unusual, and so characteristic. . . .

"Lord Morris, and Martin and I go off to-day 'to show me the beauties of the wild coast of Clare.' It is glorious autumnal weather, with unclouded sky, and I am looking forward to the trip immensely. We leave at 11, and drive to Ardrahan, and there get a train southward into County Clare, and at Ennis catch a little loopline to the coast, Then for two hours we drive to the famous Cliffs of Moher, gigantic precipices facing the Atlantic — and then for two hours move round the wild headlands of Blackhead — and so, in the afternoon, to the beautiful Clare 'spa' of Lisdoonvarna, where we dine late and sleep. Next day we return by some famous Round Tower of antiquity, whose name I have forgotten. Another day soon we are to go into Galway, and to the Aran Isles.

"On Thursday Yeats arrives, also Dr.

Douglas Hyde, and possibly Standish O'Grady — and Lady Gregory, one of the moving spirits in this projected new Celtic Drama. She is my host's nearest neighbour, and has a lovely place (Coole Park) about five miles southwest from here, near Gort. I drove there, with Sir N. G. yesterday, in a car, through a strange, fascinating, austere country.

"The people here are distinct from any I have seen — and the women in particular are very striking with their great dark eyes, and lovely complexions and their picturesque 'snoods.'

"The accent is not very marked, and the voices are low and pleasant, and the people courteous to a high degree.

"In the evening we had music — and so ended delightfully my first delightful day in the west. . . .

"I forgot to tell you that I arrived late — and of course at Athenry only — some 14 miles from here. I had to wait some time till a car could be got — and what a drive I had! The man said that 'Plaze God, he would have me at Tull-lyra before the gintry had given me up entoirely'— and he was as good as his word! The night was dark, and the roads near Athenry awful after the recent gale and rains — and it was no joke to hold

on to the car. Whenever we came to a particularly bad bit (and I declared afterwards that he took some of the stone dykes at a leap) he cried—'Now thin yer honour, whin I cry *Whiroo!* you hould on an' trust to God'—and then came his wild *Whiroo!* and the horse seemed to spring from the car, and the jarvey and I to be flying alongside, and my rope-bound luggage to be kicking against the stars—and then we came down with a thud, and when I had a gasp of refound breath I asked if the road was as smooth and easy all the way, whereat my friend laughed genially and said, 'Be aisy at that now—shure we're coming to the bad bit soon!' . . .

"Not far from here is a fairy-doctor, I am going to see him some day. It is strange that when one day Lady Gregory took one of Russell's mystical drawings (I think of the Mōr Reega) and showed it to an old woman, she at once exclaimed that that was the 'photograph' of the fairy queen she had often seen, only that the strange girdle of fan-flame was round her waist and not on her head as in the drawing. An old man here also has often met 'the secret people,' and when asked to describe one strange 'fairy lord' he has encountered more than once, it

was so like G. R.'s drawing that that was shown him among several others, and he at once picked it out!

"It is a haunted land.

"In haste (and hunger),

"WILF.

"P. S. I have been thinking much over my long-projected consecutive work (i. e. as W. S.) — in five sequel books — on the drama of life as seen in the evolution of the dreams of youth — begun, indeed, over ten years ago in Paris — but presciently foregone till ten maturing years should pass.

"But now the time has come when I may, and should, and indeed, now, *must*, write this *Epic of Youth*. That will be its general collective name — and it will interest you to know the now definitely fixt names of these five (and all very long) books; each to be distant and complete in itself, yet all sequently connected: and organic and in the true sense dramatic evolution of some seven central types of men and women from youth to maturity and climax, along the high and low levels.

"Name: *The Epic of Youth.*

I. The Hunters of Wisdom.
II. The Tyranny of Dreams.

III. The Star of Fortune.
IV. The Daughters of Vengeance.
V. The Iron Gates.

"This will take five years to do — so it is a big task to set, before the end of 1902! — especially as I have other work to do, and F. M.'s, herself as ambitious. But method, and maturer power and thought, can accomplish with far less nervous output, what otherwise was impossible, and only at a killing or at least perilous strain.

"So wish me well!"

But the pressure of health, of the needs of daily livelihood, and of the more dominating ambitions of F. M. prevented the fulfilment of this scheme.

Many times he talked of it, drafted out portions of it — but it remained unaccomplished, and all that exists of it is the beginning chapters of the first book written in Paris ten years before, and then called *Cæsar of France*.

London proved to be impossible to him owing to the excitable condition of his brain. Therefore he took rooms in Hastings whence he wrote to me:

Nov. 21, 1897.

"I am so glad to be here, in this sunlight by the sea. Light and motion — what a joy these are. The eyes become devitalised in the pall of London gloom. . . .

"There is a glorious amplitude of light. The mind bathes in these illimitable vistas. Wind and Wave and Sun: how regenerative these elder brothers are.

"Solomon says there is no delight like wisdom, and that wisdom is the heritage of age: but there is a divine unwisdom which is the heritage of youth — and I would rather be young for a year than wise for a cycle. There are some who live without the pulse of youth in the mind: on the day, in the hour, I no longer feel that quick pulse, I will go out like a blown flame. To be young; to keep young: that is the story and despair of life. . . ."

Among the Christmas publications of 1897 appeared *The Laughter of Peterkin* by Fiona Macleod. This book, issued by Messrs. Archibald Constable and illustrated by Mr. Sunderland Rollinson, was a new departure for the author, an interlude in the midst of more strenuous original work; for it was the re-telling of three old tales of Celtic Wonder-

land: "The Four White Swans," or "The Children of Lir," "The Fate of the Sons of Turenn," and "Darthool and the Sons of Usna."

Some years later, after the publication of Lady Gregory's *Gods and Fighting Men*, Mr. Alfred Nutt wrote to F. M. and suggested that she should again turn her attention to the re-telling of some of the beautiful old Celtic tales and legends. My husband, however, realised that he had far more dreams haunting the chambers of his mind than he could have time to give expression to. Therefore, very regretfully, he felt constrained to forego what otherwise would have been a work of love.

CHAPTER VI

WIVES IN EXILE

Silence Farm

The production of the Fiona Macleod work was accomplished at a heavy cost to the author as that side of his nature deepened and became dominant. The strain upon his energies was excessive: not only from the necessity of giving expression to the two sides of his nature; but because of his desire, that, while under the cloak of secrecy F. M. should develop and grow, the reputation of William Sharp should at the same time be maintained. Moreover each of the two natures had its own needs and desires, interests and friends. The needs of each were not always harmonious one with the other, but created a complex condition that led to a severe nervous collapse. The immediate result of the illness was to cause an acute depression and restlessness that necessitated a continual change of evironment. In the early part of 1898 he went in turn to Dover, to Bournemouth, Brighton, and St. Margaret's Bay. He was much alone, except for the occasional visit of an intimate

friend; for I could go to him at the week-ends only, as I had the work in London to attend to. The sea, and solitude, however, proved his best allies.

To Mrs. Janvier he wrote:

". . . I am skirting the wood of shadows. I am filled with vague fears — and yet a clear triumphant laughter goes through it, though whether of life or death no one knows. I am also in a duel with other forces than those of human wills — and I need all my courage and strength. At the moment I have recovered my psychic control over certain media. It cannot last more than a few days, at most a few weeks at a time: but in that time *I am myself*. . . .

"Let there be peace in your heart: peace and hope transmuted into joy: in your mind, the dusking of no shadow, the menace of no gloom, but light, energy, full life: and to you in your whole being, the pulse of youth, the flame of green fire. . . ."

At the end of April he wrote to R. Murray Gilchrist from St. Margaret's Bay:

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I know you will have been sorry to hear that I have been ill — and had to leave work,

and home. The immediate cause was a severe and sudden attack of influenza which went to membranes of the head and brain, and all but resulted in brain fever. This evil was averted — but it and the possible collapse of your friend Will were at one time, and for some days, an imminent probability.

I have now been a fortnight in this quiet sea-haven, and am practically myself again. Part of my work is now too hopelessly in arrears ever to catch up. Fortunately, our friend Miss F. M. practically finished her book just before *she* got ill too — and there is a likelihood that *There is But One Love* [published in the following year under the title of *The Dominion of Dreams*] will come out this Spring. A few days will decide. . . .

Your friend and Sunlover,
(in the deep sense you know I mean — for I have suffered much, but am now again fronting life gravely and with laughing eyes), WILL.

and again after his return to London:

RUTLAND HOUSE.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

. . . After months of sickness, at one time at the gates of death, I am whirled back from

the Iron Gates and am in the maelstrom again — fighting with mind and soul and body for that inevitable losing game which we call victory. Well, the hour waits: and for good or ill I put forth that which is in me. The Utmost for the Highest. There is that motto for all faithful failures. . . .

I am busy of course. And so, too, our friend F. M.— with an elixir of too potent life. The flame is best: and the keener, the less obscured of smoke. So I believe: upon this I build. *Cosmopolis* will ere long have "The Wayfarer" of hers — *Good Words* "The Wells of Peace"— *Harpers,* something — *Literature* a spiritual ballad — and so forth. But her life thought is in another and stranger thing than she has done yet.[1] . . . Your friend W. S. is busy too, with new and deeper and stronger work. The fugitive powers impel. I look eagerly to new work of yours: above all to what you colour with yourself. I care little for anything that is not quick with that volatile part of one which is the effluence of the spirit within. Write to me soon: by return best of all. You can help me — as I, I hope, can help *you.*

It is only the fullest and richest lives that know what the *heart* of loneliness is.

[1] The Divine Adventure.

You are my comrade, and have my love,
WILL.

Two, among the many letters he wrote to me during that Spring — so full of suffering for him and anxiety for me — are, I think, very indicative of the two phases of his nature. The first relates to views we held in common; the second gives an insight into the primitive elemental soul that so often swayed him, and his work:

March 29, 1898.

" . . . Yes, in essentials, we are all at one. We have both learned and unlearned so much, and we have come to see that we are wrought mysteriously by forces beyond ourselves, but in so seeing we know that there is a great and deep love that conquers even disillusion and disappointment. . . .

" Not all the wishing, not all the dreaming, not all the will and hope and prayer we summon can alter that within us which is stronger than ourselves. This is a hard lesson to learn for all of us, and most for a woman. We are brought up within such an atmosphere of conventional untruth to life that most people never even perceive the hopeless futility in the arbitrary ideals which are

imposed upon us — and the result for the deeper natures, endless tragic miscarriage of love, peace, and hope. But, fortunately, those of us who to our own sufferng *do* see only too clearly, can still strike out a nobler ideal — one that does not shrink from the deepest responsibilities and yet can so widen and deepen the heart and spirit with love that what else would be irremediable pain can be transmuted into hope, into peace, and even into joy.

"People talk much of this and that frailty or this or that circumstance as being among the commonest disintegrants of happiness. But far more fatal for many of us is that supreme disintegrant, the Tyranny of Love — the love which is forever demanding *as its due* that which is wholly independent of bonds, which is as the wind which bloweth where it listeth or where it is impelled, by the Spirit. We are taught such hopeless lies. And so men and women start life with ideals which seem fair, but are radically consumptive: ideals that are not only bound to perish, but that could not survive. The man of fifty who could be the same as he was at twenty is simply a man whose mental and spiritual life stopped short while he was yet a youth. The woman of forty who could have the same

outlook on life as the girl of 19 or 20 would never have been other than one ignominiously deceived or hopelessly self-sophisticated. This ought not to be — but it must be as long as young men and women are fed mentally and spiritually upon the foolish and cowardly lies of a false and corrupt conventionalism.

"No wonder that so many fine natures, men and women, are wrought to lifelong suffering. They are started with impossible ideals: and while some can never learn that their unhappiness is the result, not of the falling short of others, but of the falsity of those ideals which they had so cherished — and while others learn first strength to endure the transmutations, and then power to weld these to far nobler and finer uses and ends — for both there is suffering. Yet, even of that we make too much. We have all a tendency to nurse grief. The brooding spirit craves for the sunlight, but it will not leave the shadows. Often, *Sorrow* is our best ally.

"The other night, tired, I fell asleep on my sofa. I dreamed that a beautiful spirit was standing beside me. He said: 'My Brother, I have come to give you the supreme gift that will heal you and save you.' I answered eagerly: 'Give it me — what is it?'

And the fair radiant spirit smiled with beautiful solemn eyes, and blew a breath into the tangled garden of my heart — and when I looked there I saw the tall white Flower of Sorrow growing in the Sunlight."

St. Margaret's Bay,
May, 1898.

(To E. A. S.)

"I have had a very happy and peaceful afternoon. The isolation, with sun and wind, were together like soft cream upon my nerves: and I suppose that within twenty minutes after I left the station I was not only serenely at peace with the world in general, but had not a perturbing thought. To be alone, alone 'in the open' above all, is not merely healing to me but an imperative necessity of my life — and the chief counter agent to the sap that almost every person exercises on me, unless obviated by frequent and radical interruption.

"By the time I had passed through the village I was already 'remote' in dreams and thoughts and poignant outer enjoyment of the lovely actualities of sun and wind and the green life: and when I came to my favourite coign where, sheltered from the bite of the wind, I could overlook the sea (a mass of lovely, radiant, amethyst-shadowed, foam-

swept water), I lay down for two restful happy hours *in which not once a thought of London or of any one in it, or of any one living,* came to me. This power of living absolutely in the moment is worth not only a crown and all that a crown could give, but is the secret of youth, the secret of life.

"O how weary I am of the endless recurrence of the ordinary in the lives of most people — the beloved routine, the cherished monotonies, the treasured certainties. I grudge them to none: they seem incidental to the common weal: indeed they seem even made for happiness. But I know one wild heart at least to whom life must come otherwise, or not at all.

"To-day I took a little green leaf o' thorn. I looked at the sun through it, and a dazzle came into my brain — and I wished, ah I wished I were a youth once more, and was 'sun-brother' and 'star-brother' again — to lie down at night, smelling the earth, and rise at dawn, smelling the new air out of the East, and know enough of men and cities to avoid both, and to consider little any gods ancient or modern, knowing well that there is only 'The Red God' to think of, he who lives and laughs in the red blood. . . .

"There is a fever of the 'green life' in

my veins — below all the ordinary littlenesses of conventional life and all the commonplace of exterior: a fever that makes me ill at ease with people, even those I care for, that fills me with a weariness beyond words and a nostalgia for sweet impossible things.

"This can be met in several ways — chiefly and best by the practical yoking of the imagination to the active mind — in a word, to work. If I can do this, well and good, either by forced absorption in contrary work (e. g. Cæsar of France), or by letting that go for the time and let the more creative instinct have free play: or by some radical change of environment: or again by some irresponsible and incalculable variation of work and brief day-absences.

"At the moment, I am like a man of the hills held in fee: I am willing to keep my bond, to earn my wage, to hold to the foreseen: and yet any moment a kestrel may fly overhead, mocking me with a rock-echo, where only sun and wind and bracken live — or an eddy of wind may have the sough of a pine in it — and then, in a flash — there's my swift brain-dazzle in answer, and all the rapid falling away of these stupid half-realities, and only a wild instinct to go to my own. . . ."

It was in this mood that he wrote to a friend:

". . . but then, life is just like that. It is glad only 'in the open,' and beautiful only because of its dreams. I wish I could live all my hours out of doors: I envy no one in the world so much as the red deer, the eagle, the seamew. I am sure no kings have so royal a life as the plovers and curlews have. All these have freedom, rejoice continually on the wind's wing, exalt alike in sun and shade: to them day is day, and night is night, and there is nothing else."

His sense of recovery was greatly heightened by a delightful little wander in Holland in May with Thomas A. Janvier, a jovial, breezy companion. Of all he saw the chief fascination proved to be Eiland Marken, as he wrote to me:

"We are now in the south Zuyder Zee, with marvellous sky effects, and low lines of land in the distance. Looking back at Eiland Marken one sees six clusters of houses, at wide intervals, dropped casually into the sea.

"We had a delightful time in that quaintest of old world places, where the women are grotesque, the men grotesquer, and the children grotesquest — as for the tubby, capped, gorgeous-garbed, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, im-

perturbable babies, they alone are worth coming to see. . . ."

The following is a letter from his other self:

23d July, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. RHYS,

On my coming to Edinburgh for a few days I find the book you have so kindly sent to me. It is none the less welcome because it comes as no new acquaintance: for on its appearance a friend we have in common sent it to me. Alas, that copy lies among the sea-weed in a remote Highland loch; for the book, while still reading in part, slipped overboard the small yacht in which I was sailing, and with it the MS. of a short story of mine appropriately named "Beneath the Shadow of the Wave"! The two may have comforted each other in that solitude: or the tides may have carried them southward, and tossed them now to the Pembroke Stacks, now to the cliffs of Howth. Perhaps a Welsh crab may now be squeaking (they do say that crabs make a whistling squeak!) with a Gaelic accent, or the deep-sea congers be reciting Welsh ballads to the young-lady-eels of the Hebrides. Believe me, your book has given me singular pleasure. I find in it the indescribable: and to me that is one of the tests, perhaps the

supreme test (for it involves so much) of imaginative literature. A nimble air of the hills is there: the rustle of remote woods; the morning cry, that is so ancient, and that still so thrills us.

I most eagerly hope that you will recreate in beauty the all but lost beauty of the old Cymric singers. There is a true originality in this, as in anything else. The green leaf, the grey wave, the mountain wind — after all, are they not murmurous in the old Celtic poets, whether Alban or Irish or Welsh: and to translate, and recreate anew, from these, is but to bring back into the world again a lost wandering beauty of hill-wind or green leaf or grey wave. There is, I take it, no one living who could interpret Davyth ap Gwilym and other old Welsh singers as you could. I long to have the Green Book of "the Poet of the Leaves" in English verse, and in English verse such as that into which you could transform it. . . .

The Welsh poet replied:

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
27th Dec., 1898.

DEAR "FIONA MACLEOD,"

I believe I never wrote to thank you for your story in the *Dome,* which I read even-

tually in an old Welsh tower. It was the right place to read such a fantasy of the dark and bright blindness of the Celt: and I found it, if not of your very best, yet full of imaginative stimulus.

Not many weeks ago, in very different surroundings, Mr. Sharp read me a poem — two poems — of yours. So I feel that I have the sense, at least, of your continued journeys thro' the divine and earthly regions of the Gael, and how life looks to you, and what colours it wears. What should we do were it not for that sense of the little group of simple and faithful souls, who love the clay of earth because heaven is wrapt in it, and stand by and support their lonely fellows in the struggle against the forces upon forces the world sends against them? I trust at some time it may be my great good fortune to see you and talk of these things, and hear more of your doings. ERNEST RHYS.

From the little rock-perched, sea-girt Pettycur Inn, my husband wrote to Mrs. Janvier:

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS,
20th Dec., 1898.

". . . It has been a memorable time here. I have written some of my best work — including two or three of the new things for

The Dominion of Dreams — viz. 'The Rose of Flame,' 'Honey of the Wild Bees,' and 'The Secrets of the Night.'

"What a glorious day it has been. The most beautiful I have ever seen at Pettycur I think. Cloudless blue sky, clear exquisite air tho' cold, with a marvellous golden light in the afternoon. Arthur's Seat, the Crags and the Castle and the 14 ranges of the Pentlands all clear-cut as steel, and the city itself visible in fluent golden light. The whole coast-line purple blue, down to Berwick Law and the Bass Rock, and the Isle of May 16 miles out in the north sea.

"And now I listen to the gathering of the tidal waters under the stars. There is an infinite solemnity — a hush, something sacred and wonderful. A benediction lies upon the world. Far off I hear the roaming wind. Thoughts and memories crowd in on me. Here I have lived and suffered — here I have touched the heights — here I have done my best. And now, here, I am going through a new birth.

"'*Sic itur ad astral!*'"

During the years that F. M. developed so rapidly her creator felt the necessity pressing hard on him to sustain, as far as he could,

the reputation of W. S. He valued such reputation as he had, and was anxious not to let it die away; yet there was a great difference in the method of production of the two kinds of work. The F. M. writing was the result of an inner impulsion, he wrote because he had to give expression to himself whether the impulse grew out of pain or out of pleasure. But W. S., divorced as much as could be from his twin self, wrote because he cared to, because the necessities of life demanded it. He was always deeply interested in his critical work, for he was a constant student of Literature in all its forms, and of the Literature of different countries — in particular of France, America and Italy. This form of study, this keen interest, was a necessity to W. S.; but fiction was to him a question of choice. He deliberately set himself to write the two novels, *Wives in Exile* and *Silence Farm*, because he felt W. S. ought to produce some such work as a normal procedure and development; and also he felt it imperative to show some result of the seclusion he was known to seek for purposes of work. He was deeply interested in both books. *Wives in Exile* was the easier to write, as it gave an outlet to the vein of whimsicality in him, to his love of fun. He

delighted in the weaving of any plot, or in any extravaganza. The book was a great relief and rest to him and was a real tonic to his mind.

A little later, when he realised that something more was expected of him and was too ill to attempt anything in the shape of comedy, he therefore set himself to write a tragic tale of the Lowlands, founded on a true incident. Into this he put serious interested work, but there was one consideration that throughout had a restraining effect on him — he never forgot that the book should not have obvious kinship to the work of F. M., that he should keep a considerable amount of himself in check. For there was a midway method, that was a blending of the two, a swaying from the one to the other, which he desired to avoid, since he knew that many of the critics were on the watch. Therefore, he strained the realistic treatment beyond what he otherwise would have done, in order to preserve a special method of presentment. Nevertheless, that book was the one he liked best of all the W. S. efforts, and he considered that it contained some of his most satisfactory work. *Wives in Exile* was published in June of 1896 by Mr. Grant Richards, and *Silence Farm* in 1897.

The following letter from Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton was a great pleasure. It is, I believe, the only written expression of what the author has termed the "inwardness of *Aylwin*":

THE PINES, PUTNEY HILL,
Oct. 19, 1898.

MY DEAR SHARP,

I had no idea that you were in England, and had no means of finding your address.

You read only a portion of *Aylwin* — as far, I think, as the discovery that Winifred had been the model of Wilderspin. I always intended to send you other portions, but procrastination ruined my good intentions. You and my dear friend Mrs. Sharp were very kind to it, I remember, and this encourages me to hope that when you come to read it in its entirety, you will like it better than ever. Although it is of course primarily a love-story, and, as such, will be read by the majority of readers, it is intended to be the pronouncement of something like a new gospel — the gospel of love as the great power which stands up and confronts a materialistic cosmogony and challenges it and conquers it. This gospel of course is more fully expressed in "The Coming of Love" of which I send you a copy. "The Coming of

Love" is of course a sequel to *Aylwin*, although, for certain reasons, it preceded in publication the novel. *Aylwin* appears in the last year of the present century, and I had a certain object in delaying it for a little while longer because I believe that should it have more than an ephemeral existence, as to which I am of course very doubtful, it will appeal fifty years hence to fifty people where it now only appeals to one. I cannot think that, when a man has felt the love-passion as deeply as Aylwin feels it, he will find it possible, whatever physical science may prove, to accept a materialistic theory of the universe. He must either commit suicide or become a maniac. . . . Henry Aylwin and Percy Aylwin, the Tarno Rye of "The Coming of Love," spring from the same Romany ancestors and they inherited therefore the most passionate blood in the Western World. Each of them is driven to a peculiar spiritualistic cosmogony by the love of a girl — Winifred Wynne and Rhona Boswell, though the two girls are the exact opposite of each other in temperament.

But you really must let me get a glimpse of you somehow before you leave England again. Your affectionate

"AYLWIN."

CHAPTER VII

THE DOMINION OF DREAMS

For the January number of *The Fortnightly Review* for 1899 "Fiona" wrote a long study on "A Group of Celtic Writers" and what she held to be "the real Celticism." The writers specially noted are W. B. Yeats, Dr. Douglas Hyde, George Russell (A. E.), Nora Hopper, Katherine Tynan Hinkson, and Lionel Johnson. With regard to the Celtic Revival the writer considered that "there has been of late too much looseness of phrase concerning the Celtic spirit, the Celtic movement, and that mysterious entity Celticism. The 'Celtic Renascence,' the 'Gaelic glamour,' these, for the most part, are shibboleths of the journalist who if asked what it is that is being re-born, or what differentiating qualities has the distinction of Gaelic from any other 'glamour,' or what constitutes 'glamour' itself, would as we say in the North, be fair taken aback. . . . What is called 'the Celtic Renascence' is simply a fresh development of creative energy coloured by national-

ity, and moulded by inherited forces, a development diverted from the common way by accident of race and temperament. The Celtic writer is the writer the temper of whose mind is more ancient, more primitive, and in a sense more natural than that of his compatriot in whom the Teutonic strain prevails. The Celt is always remembering; the Anglo-Saxon has little patience with that which lies far behind or far beyond his own hour. And as the Celt comes of a people who grew in spiritual outlook as they began what has been revealed to us by history as a ceaseless losing battle, so the Teuton comes of a people who has lost in the spiritual life what they have gained in the moral and the practical — and I use moral in its literal and proper sense. The difference is a far greater one than may be recognised readily. The immediate divergence is, that with the Celt ancestral memory and ancestral instinct constitute a distinguishable factor in his life and his expression of life, and that with his Teutonic compatriot vision, dream, actuality and outlook, are in the main restricted to what in the past has direct bearing upon the present, and to what in the future is also along the line of direct relation to the present. . . . All that the new generation of Celtic or Anglo-Celtic (for the

most part Anglo-Celtic) writers hold in conscious aim, is to interpret anew 'the beauty at the heart of things,' not along the line of English tradition but along that of racial instinct, coloured and informed by individual temperament."

Naturally the article was favourably commented upon in Ireland. The immediate result in the English press was the appearance in *The Daily Chronicle* of January 28th of a long unsigned article entitled "Who is Fiona Macleod: A Study in two styles," to suggest that in response to the cry of "Author!" so repeatedly made, "we may, in our search for Miss Macleod, turn to Mr. William Sharp himself and say with literal truth 'Thou are beside thyself!'"

The writer advanced many proofs in support of his contention, drawn from a close study of the writings and methods of work of W. S. and F. M.; and asked, in conclusion: "Will Mr. Sharp deny that he is identical with Miss Macleod? That Miss Macleod is Mr. Sharp, I, for one, have not a lingering doubt and I congratulate the latter on the success, the real magic and strength of the work issued under his assumed name." At first the harassed author ignored the challenge; but a few months later F. M. yielded

to the persuasion of her publishers — who had a book of hers in the press — and wrote a disclaimer which appeared in *The Literary World* and elsewhere.

In April, 1899, *The Dominion of Dreams* was published by Messrs. A. Constable & Co.

To Mr. Frank Rinder the author wrote:

MY DEAR FRANK,

To-day I got three or four copies of *The Dominion of Dreams*. I wish you to have one, for this book is at once the deepest and most intimate that F. M. has written.

Too much of it is born out of incurable heartache, "the nostalgia for impossible things." . . . My hope is that the issues of life have been woven to beauty, for its own sake, and in divers ways to reach and help or enrich other lives. . . . "The Wells of Peace" must, I think, appeal to many tired souls, spiritually athirst. That is a clue to the whole book — or all but the more impersonal part of it, such as the four opening stories and "The Herdsman"; this is at once my solace, my hope and my ideal. If ever a book (in the deeper portion of it) came out of the depths of a life it is this: and so, I suppose it shall live — for by a mysterious law, only the work of suffering, or great joy,

survives, and that in degree to its intensity. . . .

F. M.'s influence is now steadily deepening and, thank God, along the lines I have hoped and dreamed. . . . In the writings to come I hope a deeper and richer and truer note of inward joy and spiritual hope will be the living influence. In one of the stories in this book, "The Distant Country" occurs a sentence that is to be inscribed on my gravestone when my time comes:

"Love is more great than we conceive and Death is the keeper of unknown redemptions."

Lovingly,
WILL.

To another correspondent he wrote:

". . . Well, if it gains wide and sincere appreciation I shall be glad: if it should practically be ignored I shall be sorry: but, beyond that, I am indifferent. I know what I have tried to do: I know what I have done: I know the end to which I work: I believe in the sowers who will sow and the reapers who will reap, from some seed of the spirit in this book: and knowing this, I have little heed of any other considerations. Beauty,

in itself, for itself, is my dream: and in some expression of it, in the difficult and subtle art of words, I have a passionate absorption."

In a letter to Mr. Macleay W. S. explained that Fiona's new book is "the logical outcome of the others: the deeper note, the *vox humana*, of these. I think it is more than merely likely that *this* is the last book of its kind. I have had to live my books — and so must follow an inward law — that is truth to art as well as to life I think. There is, however, a miscellaneous volume (of 'appreciations,' and mystical studies) and also a poetic volume which I suppose should be classed with it. I imagine that, thereafter, her development will be on unexpected lines, both in fiction and the drama: judging both from what I know and what I have seen. In every sense I think you are right when you speak of 'surprise' as an element in what we may expect from her. . . . I suppose some of that confounded controversy about Miss M. and myself will begin again. . . ."

To Mr. W. B. Yeats the author wrote about the book, and described our plans for the summer:

Monday, 1899.

MY DEAR YEATS,

. . . As you well know, all imaginative work is truly alive only when it has died into the mind and been born again. The mystery of dissolution is the common mean of growth. Resurrection is the test of any spiritual idea — as of the spiritual life itself, of art, and of any final expression of the inward life. . . . I have been ill — and seriously — but am now better, though I have to be careful still. All our plans for Scandinavia in the autumn are now over — partly by doctor's orders, who says I must have hill and sea air native to me — Scotland or Ireland. So about the end of July my wife and I intend to go to Ireland. It will probably be to the east coast, Mourne Mountains coast. I hope you like *The Dominion of Dreams*. Miss Macleod has received two or three very strange and moving letters from strangers, as well as others. The book of course can appeal to few — that is, much of it. But, I hope, it will sink deep. We leave our flat about 20th of July. Shall you be in town before then? I doubt if I'll ever live in London again. It is not likely. I do not know that I am overwhelmingly anxious to live anywhere. I think you know enough of me to know how

profoundly I feel the strain of life — the strain of double life. Still, there is much to be done yet. But for that. . . .

Your friend,
WILLIAM SHARP.

Mr. Yeats' Review of *The Dominion of Dreams* in the *Bookman* (July, 1899) was carefully critical; it was his desire "to discover the thoughts about which her thoughts are woven. Other writers are busy with the way men and women act in joy and sorrow, but Miss Macleod has rediscovered the art of the mythmaker and gives a visible shape to joys and sorrows, and make them seem realities and men and women illusions. It was minds like hers that created Aphrodite out of love and the foam of the sea, and Prometheus out of human thought and its likeness to the leaping fire." And then he pointed out that "every inspiration has its besetting sin, and perhaps those who are at the beginning of movements have no models and no traditional restraints. She has faults enough to ruin an ordinary writer. Her search for these resemblances brings her beyond the borders of coherence. . . . The bent of nature that makes her turn from circumstance and personalities to symbols and per-

sonifications may perhaps leave her liable to an obsession for certain emotional words which have for her a kind of symbolic meaning, but her love of old tales should tell her that the old mysteries are best told in simple words."

At first this criticism caused the author much emotional perturbation; but later, when he reconsidered the statements, he admitted that there was reason for the censure.

"Fiona" then asked the Irish poet to indicate the passages he took most exception to, and Mr. Yeats sent a carefully annotated copy of the book under discussion. And I may add that a number of the revisions that differentiate the version in the Collected Edition from the original issue are the outcome of this criticism. The author's acknowledgment is dated the 16th September, 1899:

MY DEAR MR. YEATS,

I am at present like one of those equinoctial leaves which are whirling before me as I write, now this way and now that: for I am, just now, addressless, and drift between East and West, with round-the-compass eddies, including a flying visit of a day or two in a yacht from Cantyre to North Antrim coast. . . .

I am interested in what you write about *The Dominion of Dreams* and shall examine with closest attention all your suggestions. The book has already been in great part revised by my friend. In a few textual changes in "Dalua" he has in one notable instance followed your suggestion about the too literary "lamentable elder voices." The order is slightly changed too: for "The House of Sand and Foam" is to be withdrawn and "Lost" is to come after "Dalua" and precede "The Yellow Moonrock."

You will like to know what I most care for myself. From a standpoint of literary art *per se* I think the best work is that wherein the barbaric (the old Gaelic or Celto-Scandinavian) note occurs. My three favourite tales of this kind are "The Sad Queen" in *The Dominion of Dreams,* "The Laughter of Scathach" in *The Washer of the Ford,* and "The Harping of Cravetheen" in *The Sin-Eater.* In art, I think "Dalua" and "The Sad Queen" and "Enya of the Dark Eyes" the best of *The Dominion of Dreams.*

Temperamentally, those which appeal to me are those with the play of mysterious psychic forces in them. . . . as in "Alasdair the Proud," "Children of the Dark Star," "Enya of the Dark Eyes," and in the earlier tales,

"Cravetheen," "The Dan-nan-Ron," and the Iona tales.

Those others which are full of the individual note of suffering and other emotion I find it very difficult to judge. Of one thing only I am convinced, as is my friend (an opinion shared by the rare few whose judgment really means much), that there is nothing in *The Dominion of Dreams,* or elsewhere in these writings under my name to stand beside "The Distant Country" . . . as the deepest and most searching utterance on the mystery of passion. . . . It is indeed the core of all these writings . . . and will outlast them all.

Of course I am speaking for myself only. As for my friend, his heart is in the ancient world and his mind for ever questing in the domain of the spirit. I think he cares little for anything but through the remembering imagination to recall and interpret, and through the formative and penetrative imagination to discover certain mysteries of psychological and spiritual life.

Apropos — I wish very much you would read, when it appears in the *Fortnightly Review* — probably either in October or November — the spiritual "essay" called "The Divine Adventure"— an imaginative effort to

reach the same vital problems of spiritual life along the separate yet inevitably interrelated lines of the Body, the Will (Mind or Intellect) and the soul. . . .

I have no time to write about the plays. Two are typed: the third, the chief, is not yet finished. When all are revised and ready, you can see them. *The Immortal Hour* (the shortest, practically a one act play in time) is in verse.

Sincerely yours,
FIONA MACLEOD.

These two plays were finally entitled *The Immortal Hour* and *The House of Usna.* The third, *The Enchanted Valleys,* remains a fragment.

At midsummer we gave up our flat in South Hampstead and stored our furniture indefinitely. It was decreed that we were to live no more in London; so we decided to make the experiment of wintering at Chorleywood, Bucks. Meanwhile, we went to our dear West Highlands, to Loch Goil, to Corrie on Arran, and to Iona. And in August we crossed over to Belfast and stayed for a short time at Ballycastle, the northeasterly point of Ireland, to Newcastle, and then to Dublin.

From Ballycastle my husband wrote to Mrs. Janvier:

6th Aug., 1899.

" . . . We are glad to get away from Belfast, tho' very glad to be there, in a nice hotel, after our fatigues and 10 hours' exposure in the damp sea-fog. It was a lovely day in Belfast, and Elizabeth had her first experience of an Irish car.

" We are on the shore of a beautiful bay — with the great ram-shaped headland of Fair Head on the right, the Atlantic in front, and also in front but leftward the remote Gaelic island of Rathlin. It is the neighbourhood whence Deirdrê and Naois fled from Concobar, and it is from a haven in this coast that they sailed for Scotland. It is an enchanted land for those who dream the old dreams: though perhaps without magic or even appeal for those who do not. . . ."

October found us at Chorleywood, in rooms overlooking the high common. Thence he wrote to Mr. Murray Gilchrist:

My dear Robert,

It is a disappointment to us both that you are not coming south immediately. Yes; the

war-news saddens one, and in many ways. Yet, the war was inevitable: of that I am convinced, apart from political engineering or financial interests. There are strifes as recurrent and inevitable as tidal waves. To-day I am acutely saddened by the loss of a very dear friend, Grant Allen. I loved the man — and admired the brilliant writer and catholic critic and eager student. He was of a most winsome nature. The world seems shrunken a bit more. As yet, I cannot realise I am not to see him again. Our hearts ache for his wife — an ideal lovable woman — a dear friend of us both.

We are both very busy. Elizabeth has now the art-work to do for a London paper as well as for *The Glasgow Herald*. For myself, in addition to a great complication of work on hand, I have undertaken (for financial reasons) to do a big book on the Fine Arts in the Nineteenth Century. I hope to begin on it Monday next. It is to be about 125,000 words, (over 400 close-printed pp.), and if possible is to be done by December-end! . . .

You see I am not so idle as you think me. It is likely that our friend Miss Macleod will have a new book out in January or thereabouts — but not fiction. It is a volume of

"Spiritual Essays" etc.— studies in the spiritual history of the Gael.

We like this most beautiful and bracing neighbourhood greatly: and as we have pleasant artist-friends near, and are so quickly and easily reached from London, we are as little isolated as at So. Hampstead — personally, I wish we were more! It has been the loveliest October I remember for years. The equinoctial bloom is on every tree. But to-day, after long drought, the weather has broken, and a heavy rain has begun.

Yours,
WILL.

The Progress of Art in the Century was a longer piece of work than the author anticipated. It was finished in the summer of 1900, and published in *The Nineteenth Century Series* in 1902 by The Linscott Publishing Co. in America, and by Messrs. W. & R. Chambers in England. In the early winter the author wrote again to Mr. Gilchrist:

CHORLEYWOOD,
Nov., 1899.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

The reason for another note so soon is to ask if you cannot arrange to come here for

a few days about November-end, and for this reason. You know that the Omar Khayyàm Club is the "Blue Ribbon" so to speak of Literary Associations, and that its occasional meetings are more sought after than any other. As I think you know, I am one of the 49 members — and I much want you to be my guest at the forthcoming meeting on Friday, Dec. 1st, the first of the new year.

The new President is Sir George Robertson ("Robertson of Chitral") — and he has asked me to write (and recite) the poem which, annually or biennially, some one is honoured by the club request to write. The moment she heard of it, Elizabeth declared that it must be the occasion of your coming here — so don't disappoint her as well as myself! . . .

Ever affectly yours,

WILL.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DIVINE ADVENTURE

Celtic

In the early summer of 1900 the volume entitled *The Divine Adventure: Iona: By Sundown Shores,* with a dedication to me, was published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

Various titles had been discarded, among others "The Reddening of the West," also "The Sun-Treader" intended for a story, projected but never written, to form a sequel to "The Herdsman." The titular essays had previously appeared in various periodicals; the two first in *The Fortnightly.* As the author explained in a letter to Mr. Macleay, Fiona's Highland champion:

". . . There is a sudden departure from fiction ancient or modern in something of mine that is coming out in the November and December issues of *The Fortnightly Review.*

"'The Divine Adventure' it is called — though this spiritual essay is more 'remote,' i. e. unconventional, and in a sense more 'mys-

tical,' than anything I have done. But it is out of my inward life. It is an essential part of a forthcoming book of spiritual and critical essays or studies in the spiritual history of the Gael, to be called *The Reddening of the West*. . . .

"A book I look forward to with singular interest is Mr. Arthur Symons' announced *Symbolist Movement in Literature*.

"This is the longest letter I have written for — well, I know not when. But, then, you are a good friend.

"Believe me, yours most sincerely,

"FIONA MACLEOD."

To Mons. Anatole Le Braz, the Breton romance-writer and folklorist, F. M. had written previously:

DEAR M. LE BRAZ,

Your letter was a great pleasure to me. It was the more welcome as coming from one who is not only an author whose writings have a constant charm for me, but as from a Celtic comrade and spiritual brother who is also the foremost living exponent of the Breton genius. It may interest you to know that I am preparing an *étude* on Contemporary Breton (i. e. Franco-Breton) Literature;

which, however, will be largely occupied with consideration of your own high achievement in prose and verse.

It gives me sincere pleasure to send to you by this post a copy of the "popular" edition of Adamnan's *Life of St. Colum* — which please me by accepting. You will find, below these primitive and often credulous legends of Iona, a beauty of thought and a certain poignant exquisiteness of sentiment that cannot but appeal to you, a Breton of the Bretons. . . .

It seems to me that in writing the spiritual history of Iona I am writing the spiritual history of the Gael, of all our Celtic race. The lovely wonderful little island sometimes appears to me as a wistful mortal, in his eyes the pathos of infinite desires and inalienable ideals — sometimes as a woman, beautiful, wild, sacred, inviolate, clad in rags, but aureoled with the Rainbows of the west.

"Tell the story of Iona, and you go back to God, and end in God." (The first words of my "spiritual history"). . . .

But you will have already wearied of so long a letter. My excuse is . . . that you are Anatole Le Braz, and I am your far-away but true comrade,

FIONA MACLEOD.

On the 30th Dec. W. S. wrote to Mr. Frank Rinder:

"Just a line, dear Frank, both as dear friend and literary comrade, to greet you on New Year's morning, and to wish you health and prosperity in 1900. I would like you very much to read some of this new Fiona work, especially the opening pages of 'Iona,' for they contain a very deep and potent spiritual faith and hope, that has been with me ever since, as there told, as a child of seven, old Seumas Macleod (who taught me so much — was indeed the *father* of Fiona) — took me on his knees one sundown on the island of Eigg, and made me pray to 'Her.' I have never written anything mentally so spiritually autobiographical. Strange as it may seem it is almost all literal reproduction of actuality with only some dates and names altered.

"But enough about that troublesome F. M.! . . ."

And to Mr. Gilchrist, "It was written *de profundis,* partly because of a compelling spirit, partly to help others passionately eager to obtain some light on this most complex and intimate spiritual destiny."

Some months previously William had writ-

ten to an unknown correspondent, Dr. John Goodchild, poet, mystic and archeologist:

THE OUTLOOK TOWER,
EDINBURGH,
1898.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have to thank you very cordially for your book and the long and interesting letter which accompanied it. It must be to you also that I am indebted for an unrevised proof-copy of *The Light of the West.*

Everything connected with the study of the Celtic past has an especial and deep interest for me, and there are few if any periods more significant than that of the era of St. Columba. His personality has charmed me, in the old and right sense of the word "charm": but I have come to it, or it to me, not through books (though of course largely through Adamnan) so much as through a knowledge gained partly by reading, partly by legendary lore and hearsay, and mainly by much brooding on these, and on every known saying and record of Colum, in Iona itself. When I wrote certain of my writings (e. g. "Muime Chriosd" and "The Three Marvels of Iona") I felt, rightly or wrongly, as though I had in some measure

become interpretative of the spirit of "Colum the White."

Again, I have long had a conviction — partly an emotion of the imagination, and partly a belief insensibly deduced through a hundred avenues of knowledge and surmise — that out of Iona is again to come a Divine Word, that Iona, the little northern isle, will be as it were the tongue in the mouth of the South.

Believe me, sincerely yours,

FIONA MACLEOD.

The House of Usna — one of three Celtic plays, on which F. M. had been working for several months, was brought out under the auspices of The Stage Society, of which William Sharp was the first Chairman. Mr. Frederick Whelen, the founder of that Society, had met my husband at Hindhead when we were staying with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Allen, at their charming house, The Croft, built among the heather and the pines on the hill-top just by the edge of the chasm called "The Devil's Punch Bowl."

The older man was keenly interested in the project, did his utmost to help towards its realisation. *The House of Usna* was performed at the Fifth Meeting of the Society

at the Globe Theatre, April 29th, 1900, together with two short plays by Maeterlinck, *The Interior* and *The Death of Tintagiles*. The music, composed especially for the short drama in three scenes, was by Mr. Y. M. Capel, and the play was produced under the direction of Mr. Granville Barker. According to one critic: "It had beauty and it had atmosphere, two very rare things on the stage, but I did not feel that it quite made a drama, or convince, as a drama should, by the continuous action of inner or outer forces. It was, rather, passion turning upon itself, and with no language but a cry."

The author took the greatest interest in the rehearsals, and in the performance. He thoroughly enjoyed the double play that was going on, as he moved about the theatre, and chatted to his friends during the intervals, with little heed of the risks he ran of detection of authorship. The drama itself was printed three months later in *The National Review*, and eventually published in book form in America by Mr. T. B. Mosher, in 1903.

In 1900, too, the second of these dramas, *The Immortal Hour*, appeared in the November number of *The Fortnightly Review*. It was published posthumously in England

(Foulis) and in America (Mosher). The third play, *The Enchanted Valleys,* was never finished. It had been the author's intention to publish these dramas in book form under the third title, and to dedicate it to Mr. W. L. Courtney, who, as Editor of the *Fortnightly,* had been a good friend to Fiona Macleod.

To his unknown correspondent the dramatist wrote again:

Nov. 15, 1900.

DEAR DR. GOODCHILD,

I am glad that you have found pleasure in *The Immortal Hour.* I wonder if you interpret the myth of Midir and Etain quite differently, or if you, too, find in Midir the symbol of the voice of the other world; and what you think of Dalua, the Fool, here and elsewhere. Your earnest letter, written in spiritual comradeship, has been read by me again and again. I do not say that the warning in it is not justified, still less that it is not called for: but, on the other hand, I do not think I follow you aright. Is it something in *The Immortal Hour* (or in *The Divine Adventure* or more likely *The Dominion of Dreams*) that impelled you to write as you did: or something seemingly implied, or inferred by you? . . .

We seldom know how or where we really stand, or the mien and aspect we unwittingly bear to the grave eyes of the gods. Is it the lust of knowledge, of Hidden Things, of the Delight of the World, of the magic of Mother-Earth, of the Flesh — to one or all — that you allude. The matter touches me intimately.

You have (I had almost said mysteriously, but why so, for it would be more mysterious if there were no secret help in spiritual comradeship) helped me at more than one juncture in my life. . . .

Most sincerely,
FIONA MACLEOD.

Dr. Goodchild replied:

BORDIGHERA,
Nov. 29, 1900.

MY DEAR MISS MACLEOD,

I left one or two of your questions unanswered in my last. I am no Celtic scholar. It was your "Prayer of the Women" which suggested to me first how far you might feel for your sisters, and how far you might journey to find succour. . . .

A woman who gazes into Connla's Well and sees how the bubbles burst on its surface, needs all her own wisdom lest she be dizzy, and a hand held out from the opposite

side of the spring may help her to gaze more steadily. *Midir,* I believe to be the same as the oriental *Mithra,* the Recipient of Light, and its translator in the *Midhe-Myth,* A voice from the "Otherworld" as you say, but the wearer of the *Miter,* speaking not from the *Under*world, but the *Upper*world, i. e., he is a High Priest speaking in the full light of the Sun.

Etain is difficult, and my own ideas by no means formulated. I merely suggest that ere your Etain was born, her name typified the strong hope of the singer, his immortality, his knowledge that the Sun not merely creates but re-creates in renewed beauty.

If you remember Cairbre, the son of Etain, you may also remember those other Ethaim who sung before the Ark in a far country. The Father is put on one side for the Mother, by the singer, the Mother for the Bride. Even Milton, puritan though he was, must invoke a woman to the aid of "adventurous song" and is careful not to change the sex when in the Muse of Sinai and Siloa is seen the Spirit of the Creator.

As regards Dalua, I know nothing of him by name except what you yourself have written. Is there any connection between the name and Dala (the Celtic) which is some-

times found in company with Brat and Death, in your Celtic genealogies?

At the same time I have dimly guessed all my life how folly might be better than the wisdom of wise men, and remembering dimly how much wiser I was myself as a child than after I had grown up, I have incessantly desired a return to that state of childish thought, and tried to learn from children, when I had the chance, the secrets of their folly which carried them so near to divinity, if they were not hurried away from their vision by those about them.

J. A. G.

The Essay entitled "Celtic" had originally appeared in the *Contemporary Review* a few weeks before the publication of the new volume, and had aroused considerable comment. In Britain it was regarded as a clear statement of the aims and ideas of the so-called Celtic Revival — (a term which "F. M." greatly disliked). It was otherwise in Ireland, and naturally so, considering the different conditions on both sides of the Irish channel out of which the movement had grown. On this side political considerations had not touched the question; it was mainly concerned with the preservation of the old language,

with racial characteristic feelings, and their expression in literature. On the other side of the water, the workers had many more issues at heart than in the Highlands. So the Highland Celt and the Irish Celts did not quite understand one another; an animated correspondence ensued in private and in the press. The Irish press was divided in its opinion on "Celtic," because the writers were not of one mind among themselves in their methods of working towards the one end all Celts have at heart. There were those who, being ardent Nationalists, regarded the Celtic literary movement as one with the political, or as greatly coloured by it. This factor gave a special element to the Irish phase of the movement which sharply differentiated it from the movement in Scotland, Wales or Brittany. Other workers were interested in the movement as a whole, in each of the "six Celtic Nations," and "The Celtic Association" was formed, with Lord Castletown at its head, with a view of keeping each of the six branches of the movement in touch with each other: the Irish, Scots, Welsh, Manx, Breton, and Cornish or British. This Society desired to make a Federation of these working sections an actuality, and to that end decided to hold a Pan Celtic Congress every

three years. The first of these was held in Dublin, and to it my husband subscribed as W. S. and as F. M., though, as an obvious precaution against detection, he did not attend it.

Opinion in Ireland was divided as to the value of such a Federation; certain of the enthusiasts believed that working for it drew strength and work away from the central needs in Ireland. Another point of dispute was the question of language; as to what did or would constitute an Irish Literature — works written in the Erse only; or all work, either in the Erse or the English tongue that gave expression to and made vital the Celtic spirit and aspirations. "F. M." deplored the uniting of the political element to the movement — and naturally had no inclination towards any such feeling.

William Sharp's great desire was that the Celtic spirit should be kept alive, and be a moulding influence towards the expression of the racial approach to and yearning after spiritual beauty, whether expressed in Gaelic or in the English tongue. He knew that there is a tendency, with the young of those people in Scotland at least, to put aside the beautiful old thoughts, or at all events their outward expression, with the disuse of the older

language which had clothed those thoughts; he feared that to put silence upon them would be to lose them after a generation or two. Therefore it was his great hope that the genius of the race would prove strong enough to express itself in either language; and he realised that its influence would be more potent and widespread if also it found expression in the English language. Thus a misunderstanding arose; one of approach to the subject rather than in essentials.

The Irish Press was divided in opinion concerning "Celtic," especially *The Irish Independent, Freeman's Journal* and *All Ireland Review.* In the latter a correspondence began. One writer welcomed the Essay as coming from one "possessed, as no other writer of our time is possessed, with a sense of the faculty and mission of the Celt, and shows not only deep intuition but the power to see life steadily and to see it as a whole."

"A. E.," however, was of another opinion. He considered the essay to be out of place "in a book otherwise inspired by the artist's desire to shape in a beautiful way"; to be semi-political and inaccurate as an expression of the passionate aims of the Irish Celt; and he took exception to the expression of belief, "there is no racial road to beauty."

F. M. replied and endeavoured to make more clear her position; but without success, as a subsequent letter from the Irish poet proved. Another writer showed that there was obviously a confusion of two ideas between the disputants — and Mr. T. W. Rolleston closed the discussion with a letter in which he quietly pointed out the misapprehensions on both sides and concluded with the generous admission: "Fiona Macleod is most emphatically a helper, not a hinderer in this work, and one of the most potent we have. For my own part I think her essay 'Celtic' indicates the lines on which we may most successfully work." William Sharp realised that since his essay had given rise to misapprehension of his aims and ideas, it would be well to further elucidate them; that moreover, as F. M. wrote to Mr. Russell, "a truer understanding has come to me in one or two points where we have been at issue." He, therefore, revised and enlarged his essay, and, with an added Foreword of explanation, had it published separately in America by Mr. T. B. Mosher, and, finally, he included it in *The Winged Destiny*.

In the early autumn the following letter came to my husband from overseas:

BRONXVILLE, N. Y.,
Sept. 26, 1900.

MY DEAREST GUILIELMO,

In this last year of *my* Century, among my little and exceptional attempts to celebrate my coming birthday — I wish that you, the most leal and loved of our English friends, may receive for once a word from me before its sun goes down. Probably you are in some Lodge of the lake of your Northern Night, or off for the Mountains of the Moon. Still, even your restless and untamed spirit must by this time have been satisfied of wandering; at any rate, I doubt not this will in the end find you somewhere, and then you will know that my heart began to go out to you as I neared another milestone. . . . It has suffered enough and lost enough to make it yearn fondly for the frank face and dear words of a kindred, though fresher heart like yours. I have a few devoted sons, and you are one of them. . . .

My remembrances to Mrs. Sharp and to Fiona McL——, whether she be real or hypothetical. If I could have spared the means, and had had the strength, I would have completed my recovery by a voyage to you and England last summer. . . .

Ever devotedly yours,
E. C. STEDMAN.

The "restless spirit" was by no means tired of wandering. Partly owing to the insistence of circumstance, partly from choice, we began that autumn a series of wanderings that brought us back to London and to Scotland for a few weeks only each summer. The climate of England proved too severe; my husband had been seriously ill in the New Year. Despite his appearance of great vitality, his extraordinary power of recuperation after every illness — which in a measure was due to his buoyant nature, to his deliberate turning of his mind away from suffering or from failure and "looking sunwise," and to his endeavour to get the best out of whatever conditions he had to meet — we realised that a home in England was no longer a possibility, that it would be wise to make various experiments abroad rather than attempt to settle anywhere permanently. Indeed, we were both glad to have no plans, but to wander again how and where inclination and possibilities dictated. Early in October he wrote to Mr. Murray Gilchrist from London.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

A little ago, on sitting down in my club to answer some urgent notes (and whence I now write) my heart leapt with pleasure, and

an undeserving stranger received Part I of a beaming welcome — for the waiter announced that "Mr. Gilchrist would like to see you, Sir." Alas, it was no dear Peaklander, but only a confounded interviewer about the Stage Society! . . .

Elizabeth and I leave England on the morning of the 12th — and go first to the South of Provence, near Marseilles: after Yule-tide we'll go on to Italy, perhaps first to Shelley's Spezzia or to Pegli of the Orange Groves near Genoa: and there we await you, or at furthest a little later, say in Florence. We shall be away till the end of March.

Meanwhile 'tis all unpleasantness and incertitude: much to do and little pleasure in the doing: a restlessness too great to be salved short of departure, and the longed for mental and nervous rest far away.

I have just returned from a flying visit to Dorset, and saw Thomas Hardy. He is well, and at work: the two happiest boons of fortune for all our kinship — and therein I hope *you* are at one with him. I wish you could run up and see our first Stage Society production this week-end (Sunday) when we bring out a short play by Hardy and R. L. Stevenson and Henley's "Macaire." (I resigned my Chairmanship but was re-

elected: and so am extra busy before I go.)

Your loving friend,

WILL.

P. S. Miss Macleod's drama *The Immortal Hour* is in the November *Fortnightly*, also her article "The Gael and His Heritage" in the November *Nineteenth Century*.

And in addition to these a study on the Dramas of Gabriele d'Annunzio appeared in *The Fortnightly*, in September, signed "W. S."

To Mr. Macleay he sent an account of the work he had on hand:

AIX-EN-PROVENCE,
30th Nov., 1900.

DEAR MR. MACLEAY,

Your friendly note has reached me here, where I have been some time, this being my best centre in Provence at this season for my special studies in Provencal literature and history. My wife and I expect to remain here till about Christmas time, and then to go on to Italy.

Pressure of urgent work — chiefly a lengthy volume on the Evolution of the Fine Arts in the Nineteenth Century, primarily for transatlantic publication — prevented my being much in Scotland this autumn. I was a

brief while in Galloway visiting friends, and for a week or so at Portpatrick, and a few days in Edinburgh — c'est tout.

At one time there was a chance that I might be near Taynuilt, and I looked forward greatly to see Mr. Alexander Carmichael again. He is a splendid type of the true Highlander, and of a nature incomparably sweet and refined — and I have the greatest admiration of him in all ways. . . .

A remarkable family, and I would to Heaven there were more such families in the Highlands now. Yes, *what* a book *Carmina Gadelica* is! It ought to become as precious to the Scottish Gael as the Greek Anthology to all who love the Hellenic ideal, but with a more poignant, a more personal appeal. . . . I can't tell you about Miss Macleod's historical romance for the good reason that I don't know anything about its present prospects myself. Personally I regret the long postponement, as I think (judging from what I have seen) that it would be a success as a romance of history. Miss Macleod, however, became dissatisfied with what she had done, or its atmosphere, or both, and has not touched it again for some months past — though the last time she spoke of the subject she said she hoped it would be ready

by midsummer. . . . I am myself heavily engaged in work, including many commissions. I've finished an essay on "Impressionism" ("The Impressionist" I call it) for the forthcoming new monthly, *The North Liberal Review,* and am now in the throes of a long *Quarterly* article. Then I have a Provencal book on hand, and (interlusive) a Provencal romance.

You will, of course, keep all I have said of myself and doings, and still more importantly of Miss Macleod, to yourself. I don't think she wants anyone save friends and acquaintances to know that she is abroad, and for her health. And above all needing rest as she is, she dreads the slightest addition to a correspondence already beyond her capacities.

Before I left London I read with deep interest the opening instalments of Neil Munro's new book *Doom Castle.* It promises I think, to be his *chef-d'œuvre.*

Write to me again soon, with news of your doings and prospects.

Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM SHARP.

The Provencal romance that he was mentally projecting — the never written *Gypsy*

Trail — was in part to have dealt with his early gypsy experiences. One among other things which revived this strain of memory was our near vicinage to Les Sainte-Maries, in Provence, where the bones of Sarah, the gypsy servant of "les Maries," are enshrined; also he had recently read the vivid description of the gathering of the gypsy tribes at that Shrine on her Feast day, written by the Provencal novelist Jean Aicard, in his *Le Roi des Camargues.*

During my husband's first visit to Provence he had been much interested in meeting certain members of Les Félibres, the Provencal literary and linguistic Nationalists. He visited Frederick Mistral in his charming country home and noticed the similarity of physical type shared by the Provencal and himself. I, also, was struck by the likeness between the two men and thought that Mistral might easily have passed for elder brother of his Scots *confrère.* At Avignon we saw Madame Roumanille, the sister of Felix Gras, and widow of one of the founders of Les Félibres, and her poet-daughter, Térèse, who inherited her father's gift. At Aix we met Mistral's god-daughter, Madame Marie Gasquet, daughter of the poet M. Gerard, another of the original group of workers in the old

Langue d'Œuil. Madame Gasquet was the wife of the young poet, Joachim Gasquet, between whom and my husband there grew up a warm friendship.

CHAPTER IX

PROVENCE

Maniace

New Year's Day found us at Palermo where my husband was enchanted at being presented with a little pottle of freshly gathered wild strawberries; a week later we traversed the island to Taormina, whence he wrote to Mrs. Janvier:

MONTE VENERE, TAORMINA,
25th Jan., 1901.

" . . . To-day is was too warm to work contentedly indoors even upon our little terrace with its superb views over Etna and the Ionian Sea — so at 9 a. m. Elizabeth and I, with a young painter-friend, came up here to a divine spot on the slopes of the steep and grand-shouldered Hill of Venus, bringing with us our writing and sketching materials and also fruit and wine and light luncheon. It is now about 3 p. m. and we have lain here for hours in the glorious warmth and cloudless sunglow — undisturbed by any

sounds save the soft sighing of the sea far below, the fluting of a young goatherd with his black flock on a steep across a near ravine, and the occasional passing of a muleteer or of a mountaineer with his wine-panier'd donkeys. A vast sweep of sea is before us and beneath. To the left, under the almond boughs, are the broad straits which divide Sicily from Calabria — in front, the limitless reach of the Greek sea — to the right, below, the craggy heights and Monte Acropoli of Taormina — and, beyond, the vast slope of snow-clad Etna. . . .

"I have just been reading (for the hundredth time) in Theocritus. How doubly lovely he is, read on the spot. That young shepherd fluting away to his goats at this moment might be Daphnis himself. Three books are never far from me: Theocritus, the Greek Anthology, and the Homeric Hymns. I loved them before: now they are in my blood.

"Legend has it that near this very spot Pythagoras used to come and dream. How strange to think that one can thus come in touch with two of the greatest men of antiquity — for within reach from here (a pilgrimage to be made from Syracuse) is the grave of Æschylus. Perhaps it was here that

Pythagoras learned the secret of that music (for here both the sea-wind and the hill-wind can be heard in magic meeting) by which one day — as told in Iamblicus — he cured a young man of Taormina (Tauromenion) who had become mad as a wild beast, with love. Pythagoras, it is said, played an antique air upon his flute, and the madness went from the youth. . . .

"I shall never forget the journey across Sicily. I forget if I told you in my letter that it had been one of my dreams since youth to read the Homeric Hymns and Theocritus in Sicily — and it has been fulfilled: even to the unlikeliest, which was to read the great Hymn to Demeter at Enna itself. And that I did — in that wild and remote mountain-land. Enna is now called Castrogiovanni — but all else is unchanged — though the great temples to Demeter and Persephone are laid low. It was a wonderful mental experience to read that Hymn on the very spot where Demeter went seeking — torch in hand, and wind-blown blue peplos about her — her ravished daughter, the beautiful Pherephata or Persephone. However, I have already told you all about that — and the strange coincidence of the two white doves, (which Elizabeth witnessed at the moment I exclaimed)

and about our wonderful sunset-arrival in Greek Tauromenion. . . ."

To the same friend he described our visit to Syracuse:

CASA POLITI, STRADA DIONYSIO,
7th Feb., :01.

". . . I must send you at least a brief line from Syracuse — that marvellous 'Glory of Hellas' where ancient Athens fell in ruin, alas, when Nicias lost here the whole army and navy and Demosthenes surrendered by the banks of the Anapus — the Syracuse of Theocritus you love so well — the Syracuse where Pindar heard some of his noblest odes sung, where Plato discoursed with his disciples of New Hellas, where (long before) the Argonauts had passed after hearing the Sirens singing by this fatal shore, and near where Ulysses derided Polyphemus — and where Æschylus lived so long and died.

"It seems almost incredible when one is in the beautiful little Greek Theatre up on the rising ground behind modern Syracuse to believe that so many of the greatest plays of the greatest Greek tragedians (many unknown to us even by name) were given here under the direction of Æschylus himself. And now I must tell you of a piece of extraordinary good fortune. Yesterday turned out

the superbest of this year — a real late Spring day, with the fields full of purple irises and asphodels and innumerable flowers, and the swallows swooping beneath the multitudes of flowering almonds. We spent an unforgettable day — first going to the Castle of ancient Euryalos — perhaps the most wonderful I have ever known. Then, in the evening, I heard that to-day a special choral performance was to be given in the beautiful hillside Greek Theatre in honour of the visit of Prince Tommaso (Duke of Genoa, the late King's brother, and Admiral of the Fleet). Imagine our delight! And *what* a day it has been — the ancient Æschylean theatre crammed once more on all its tiers with thousands of Syracusans, so that not a spare seat was left — while three hundred young voices sang a version of one of the choral sections of 'The Suppliants' of Æschylus — with it il Principe on a scarlet dais where once the tyrant Dionysius sat! Over head the deep blue sky, and beyond, the deep blue Ionian sea. It was all too wonderful. . . ."

While we were at Taormina the news came of the death of Queen Victoria. An impressive memorial service was arranged by Mr. Albert Stopford, an English resident

there, and held in the English Chapel of Sta. Caterina.

To attend it the Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood came from the "Nelson property" of Bronte where he was wintering with his father, Viscount Bridport, Duke of Bronte, who for forty years had been personal Lord in Waiting to the Queen. To the son we were introduced by Mr. Stopford; and a day or two later we started on our first visit to that strange beautiful Duchy on Ætna, that was to mean so much to us.

Greatly we enjoyed the experience — the journey in the little Circum-Ætnean train along the great shoulder of Ætna, with its picturesque little towns and its great stretches of devastating lava; the first sight of the Castle of Maniace — in its shallow tree-clad valley of the Simeto flanked by great solemn hills — as we turned down the winding hill-road from the great lava plateau where the station of Maletto stands; the time-worn quadrangular convent-castle with its Norman chapel, and its great Iona cross carved in lava erected in the court-yard to the memory of Nelson; the many interesting relics of Nelson within the castle, such as his Will signed Nelson and Bronte on each page, medals, many fine line engravings of the battles in which

lie, and also Admiral Hood, took part; the beautiful Italian garden, and wild glen gardens beyond. No less charming was the kindly welcome given to us by the fine, hale old Courtier who — when his son one afternoon had taken my husband for a drive to see the hill-town of Bronte, and the magnificent views of and from Ætna, with its crowning cover of snow — told me, as we sat in the comfortable central hall before a blazing log fire, many reminiscences of the beloved Queen he had served so long.

In the spring we returned to England, through Italy; and from Florence where we took rooms for a month, F. M. wrote to an unknown correspondent:

18th March, 1901.

MY DEAR UNKNOWN FRIEND,

You must forgive a tardy reply to your welcome letter, but I have been ill, and am not yet strong. Your writing to me has made me happy. One gets many letters: some leave one indifferent; some interest; a few are like dear and familiar voices speaking in a new way, or as from an obscure shore. Yours is of the last. I am glad to know that something in what I have written has coloured anew your own thought, or deepened the subtle music that you yourself hear —

for no one finds the colour of life and the music of the spirit unless he or she already perceive the one and love the other. Somewhere in one of my books — I think in the latest, *The Divine Adventure,* but at the moment cannot remember — I say that I no longer ask of a book, is it clever, or striking, or is it well done, or even is it beautiful, but — out of how deep a life does it come. That is the most searching test. And that is why I am grateful when one like yourself writes to tell me that intimate thought and emotion deeply felt have reached some other and kindred spirit. . . .

I am writing to you from Florence. You know it, perhaps? The pale green Arno, the cream-white, irregular, green-blinded, time-stained houses opposite, the tall cypresses of the Palatine garden beyond, the dove-grey sky, all seem to breathe one sigh . . . *La Pace! L'Oblio!*

But then — life has made those words "Peace," "Forgetfulness," very sweet for me. Perhaps for you this vague breath of another Florence than that which Baedeker described might have some more joyous interpretation. I hope so. . . .

You are right in what you say, about the gulf between kindred natures being less wide

than it seems. But do not speak of the spiritual life as "another life": there is no "other" life: what we mean by that is with us now. The great misconception of Death is that it is the only door to another world.

Your friend,

FIONA MACLEOD.

The October number of *The Fortnightly Review* contained a series of poems by F. M. entitled "The Ivory Gate," and at the same time an American edition of *From the Hills of Dream* — altered from the original issue — was published by Mr. T. Mosher, to whom the poet wrote concerning the last section of the English Edition:

12th Nov., 1901.

DEAR MR. MOSHER:

What a lovely book *Mimes* is! It is a pleasure to look at it, to handle it. The simple beauty of the cover-design charms me. And the contents . . . yes, these are beautiful, too.

I think the translation has been finely made, but there are a few slips in interpretative translation, and (as perhaps is inevitable) a lapse ever and again from the subtle harmony, the peculiar musical undulant rhythm of the original. In a *creative* translation, the

faintest jar can destroy the illusion: and more than once I was rudely reminded that a foreigner mixt this far-carried honey and myrrh. Yet this is only "a counsel of perfection," by one who perhaps dwells overmuch upon the ideal of a flawless raiment for beautiful thought or dream. Nor would I seem ungracious to a translator who has so finely achieved a task almost as difficult as that set to Liban by Oisin in the Land of the Ever-Living, when he bade her take a wave from the shore and a green blade from the grass and a leaf from a tree and the breath of the wind and a man's sigh and a woman's thought, and out of them all make an air that would be like the single song of a bird. Do you wish to tempt me? Tempt me then with a proposal as to *The Silence of Amor,* to be brought out as Mimes is!

The short prose-poems would have to be materially added to, of course: and the additions would for the most part individually be longer than the short pieces you know. . . .

Sincerely yours,

FIONA MACLEOD.

In sending a copy of the American edition of *From the Hills of Dream* to Mr. Yeats, the author explained that, though it contained new material:

. . . there will be much in it familiar to you. But even here there are changes which are recreative — as, for example, in the instance of "The Moon-Child," where one or two touches and an added quatrain have made a poem of what was merely poetic.

The first 10 poems are those which are in the current October *Fortnightly Review.* But when these are reprinted in a forthcoming volume of new verse . . . it will also contain some of the 40 "new" poems now included in this American edition, and the chief contents will be the re-modelled and re-written poetic drama *The Immortal Hour,* and with it many of the notes to which I alluded when I wrote last to you. In the present little volume it was not found possible to include the lengthy, intimate, and somewhat esoteric notes: among which I account of most interest for you those pertinent to the occult myths embodied in *The Immortal Hour.*

You will see, however, that one or two dedicatory pages — intended for the later English new book — have here found a sectional place: and will, I hope, please you.

Believe me, Your friend truly,

F. M.

Mr. Yeats replied:

18 Woburn Buildings,
London, Saturday.

My dear Miss Macleod,

I have been a long while about thanking you for your book of poems, but I have been shifting from Dublin to London and very busy about various things — too busy for any quiet reading. I have been running hither and thither seeing people about one thing and another. But now I am back in my rooms and have got things straight enough to settle down at last to my usual routine. Yesterday I began arranging under their various heads some hitherto unsorted folk-stories on which I am about to work, and to-day I have been busy over your book. I never like your poetry as well as your prose, but here and always you are a wonderful writer of myths. They seem your natural method of expression. They are to you what mere words are to others. I think this is partly why I like you better in your prose, though now and then a bit of verse comes well, rising up out of the prose, in your simplest prose the most, the myths stand out clearly, as something objective, as something well born and independent. In your more elaborate prose they seem subjective, an inner way of looking at things assumed by a single mind.

They have little independent life and seem unique; your words bind them to you. If Balzac had written with a very personal, very highly coloured style, he would have always drowned his inventions with himself. You seem to feel this, for when you use elaborate words you invent with less conviction, with less precision, with less delicacy than when you forget everything but the myth. I will take as example, a prose tale.

That beautiful story in which the child finds the Twelve Apostles eating porridge in a cottage, is quite perfect in all the first part, for then you think of nothing but the myth, but it seems to me to fade to nothing in the latter part. For in the latter part the words rise up between you and the myth. You yourself begin to speak and we forget the apostles, and the child and the plate and the porridge. Or rather the more mortal part of you begins to speak, the mere person, not the god. You, as I think, should seek the delights of style in utter simplicity, in a self-effacing rhythm and language; in an expression that is like a tumbler of water rather than like a cup of wine. I think that the power of your work in the future will depend on your choosing this destiny. Certainly I am looking forward to "The Laughter of

the Queen." I thought your last prose, that pilgrimage of the soul and mind and body to the Hills of Dream promised this simple style. It had it indeed more than anything you have done.

To some extent I have an advantage over you in having a very fierce nation to write for. I have to make everything very hard and clear, as it were. It is like riding a wild horse. If one's hands fumble or one's knees loosen one is thrown. You have in the proper sense far more imagination than I have and that makes your work correspondingly more difficult. It is fairly easy for me, who do so much of my work by the critical, rather than the imaginative faculty, to be precise and simple, but it is hard for you in whose mind images form themselves without ceasing and are gone as quickly perhaps.

But I am sure that I am right. When you speak with the obviously personal voice in your verse, or in your essays you are not that Fiona who has invented a new thing, a new literary method. You are that Fiona when the great myths speak through you. . . .

Yours,

W. B. YEATS.

I like your verses on Murias and like them the better perhaps because of the curious co-

incidence that I did in summer verses about lovers wandering "in long forgotten Murias."

During the spring William Sharp had prepared a volume of selections from the poems of Swinburne, with an Introduction by himself, for publication in the Tauchnitz Collection of British Authors. Mr. Swinburne consented that the selection should be made in accordance with the critical taste of the Editor, with which however he was not in complete agreement. He expressed his views in a letter dated from The Pines, Putney Hill:

Oct. 6th.

DEAR MR. SHARP,

Many thanks for the early copy you have had the kindness to send on to me. I am pleased to find the Nympholept in a leading place, as I think it one of the best and most representative things I ever did. I should have preferred on all accounts that In the Bay had filled the place you have allotted to Ave atque Vale, a poem to which you are altogether too kind, in my opinion, as others have been before you. I never had really much in common with Baudelaire, tho' I retain all my early admiration for his genius at its best. I wish there were fewer of such

very juvenile crudities as you have selected from my first volume of poems: it is trying to find such boyish attempts as The Sundew, Aholibah, Madonna Mia, etc., offered as examples of the work of a man who has written so many volumes since in which there is nothing that is not at least better and riper than they. I wish too that Mater Triumphalis had not been separated from its fellow poem — a much fitter piece of work to stand by itself. On the other hand, I am very cordially obliged to you for giving the detached extract from Anactoria. I should greatly have preferred that extracts only should have been given from Atalanta in Calydon, which sorely needs compression in the earlier parts. Erectheus, which would have taken up so much less space, would also, I venture to think, have been a better and a fairer example of the author's work. Mr. Watts Dunton's objections to the book is the omission of Super Flumina Babylonis. I too am much surprised to find it excluded from a selection which includes so much that might well be spared — nay, would be better away. I would like to have seen one of what I call my topographical poems in full. The tiny scrap from Loch Torridon was hardly worth giving by itself. I do not understand what

you find obscure or melancholy in The Garden of Cymodoce. It was written simply to express my constant delight in the recollection of Sark. I hope you will not think anything in this note captious or ungracious. Candour always seems to be the best expression possible of gratitude or goodwill.

Ever sincerely yours,

A. SWINBURNE.

In December of 1901 F. M. wrote, ostensibly from Argyll, to Dr. Goodchild: "I had hoped by this time to have had some definite knowledge of what I am to do, where to go this winter. But circumstances keep me here. . . . Our friend, too (meaning himself as W. S.), is kept to England by the illness of others. My plans though turning upon different issues are to a great extent dependent, later, on his. . . .

"I have much to do, and still more to think of, and it may be bring to life through the mysterious resurrection of the imagination.

"What long months of preparation have to go to any writing that contains life within it.— Even the slightest, the most significant, as it seems! We, all of us who live this dual life of the imagination and the spirit, do in-

to spend a month with my dear friend here, in this wonderful old "Castle-Fortress-Monastery-Mansion — the Castel" Maniace itself being over 2,000 feet in the highlands beyond Etna, and Maletto, the nearest station, about 3,000.

How you and Grace would rejoice in this region. Within a day's easy ride is Enna, sacred to Demeter, and about a mile or so from Castel' Maniace, in a wild desolate region of a lava wilderness, is the lonely heron-haunted moorland-lake wherein tradition has it Persephone disappeared. . . .

W. S.

I joined him early in February at Maniace and we remained with Mr. Hood for a month of sunshine and flowers. Among other guests came Miss Maud Valerie White. She was wishful that the pleasant days spent there together should be commemorated, and proposed that W. S. should write a short poem for her to set to Sicilian airs, and that the song should be dedicated to our host. To that end Mr. Hood summoned to the Castello one of the peasant bagpipe players, who one evening walked round and round the hall, playing the airs that are played each Christmas by the pipers before the shrines to the

Madonna in the various churches. The result of that evening was a song, "Buon' Riposo," written by William Sharp, set to music by Miss Valerie White, and published by Messrs. Chappell:

BUON' RIPOSO

When, like a sleeping child
  Or a bird in the nest,
The day is gathered
  To the earth's breast . . .
Hush! . . . 'tis the dream-wind
    Breathing peace,
    Breathing rest
Out of the gardens of Sleep in the West.

O come to me . . . wandering
  Wind of the West!
Gray Doves of slumber
  Come hither to nest. . . .
Ah, sweet now the fragrance
    Below the dim trees
    Of the White Rose of Rest
That blooms in the gardens of Sleep in the West.

On leaving Maniace W. S. wrote to Dr. Goodchild:

Friday, 7th March, 1902.

To-morrow we leave here for Taormina. . . . And, not without many regrets, I am glad to leave — as, in turn, I shall be glad (tho' for other reasons) when the time comes

to leave Taormina. My wife says I am never satisfied, and that Paradise itself would be intolerable for me if I could not get out of it when I wanted. And there is some truth in what she says, though it is a partial truth, only. I think external change as essential to some natures as passivity is to others: but this may simply mean that the inward life in one person may best be hypnotised by "a still image," that of another may best be hypnotised by a wavering image or series of wavering images. It is not change of scene one needs so much as change in these wavering images. For myself, I should, now, in many ways be content to spend the most of my life in some quiet place in the country, with a garden, a line of poplars and tall elms, and a great sweep of sky. . . .

Your friend affectionately,

WILLIAM SHARP.

To Mrs. Philpot:

TAORMINA,
April 3, 1902.

DEAR FRIEND,

. . . It would take pages to describe all the flowers and other near and far objects which delight one continually. Persephone has scattered every treasure in this her birth-

island. From my room here in the Castello-a-Mare — this long terraced hotel is built on the extreme edge of a precipitous height outside the Messina Gate of Taormina — I look down first on a maze of vividly green almond trees sloping swiftly down to the deep blue sea, and over them the snowy vastness of Etna, phantom-white against the intense blue, with its hitherside 11,000 feet of gulfs of violet morning shadow. About midway this is broken to the right first by some ancient cactus-covered fragments of antiquity at the corner of a winding path, and then by the bend of Santa Caterina garden wall with fine tall plume-like cypresses filled with a living green darkness, silhouetted against the foam-white cone.

My French windows open on the terrace, it is lovely to go out early in the morning to watch sunrise (gold to rose-flame) coming over Calabria, and the purple-blue emerald straits of Messina and down by the wildly picturesque shores of these island coasts and across the Ionian sea, and lying like a bloom on the incredible vastness of Etna and its rise from distant Syracuse and Mt. Hybla to its cone far beyond the morning clouds when clouds there are — or to go out at sunrise and see a miracle of beauty being woven

anew — or at night when there is no moon, but only the flashing of the starry torches, the serpentine glitter of lights, the soft cry of the aziola, and the drowsy rhythmic cadence of the sea in the caves and crags far below. Just now the hum of bees is almost as loud as the drowsy sighing of the sea: among the almonds a boy is singing a long drowsy Greek-like chant, and on the mass of wild rock near the cypresses a goatherd is playing intermittently on a reed pipe. A few yards to the right is a long crescent-shaped terrace garden filled with roses, great shrub-like clumps of white and yellow marguerite, myrtle, lilies, narcissus, sweet-scented blossom-covered geranium, oranges hanging in yellow flame, pale-gold lemons. Below the branches a "Purple Emperor" and a snow-white "May Queen" are hovering in butterfly wooing. On an oleander above a wilderness of pink and scarlet geraniums two blue tits are singing and building, building and singing.

. . . . . .

Since I wrote the above Easter has intervened. The strange half pagan, half Christian ceremonies interested me greatly, and in one of the ceremonials of one processional part I recognized a striking survival of the

more ancient Greek rites of the Demeter and the Persephonæ-Kôrê cult.

To Mrs. Janvier:

TAORMINA.

". . . It is difficult to do anything here. I should like to come sometime without anything to do — without even a book to read, simply to come and dream, to re-live many of the scenes of this inexhaustible region of romance: to see in vision the coming and going of that innumerable company — from Ulysses and his wanderers, from Pythagoras and St. Peter, from that Pancrazio who had seen Christ in the flesh, from Æschylus, and Dionysius and Hiero and Gelon, from Pindar and Simonides and Theocritus, to Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Garibaldi and Lord Nelson — what a strange company! . . .

"As for my own work, it is mostly (what there is of it!) dealing with the literature, etc., of the south. I do not know whether my long article on Contemporary Italian Poetry is to be in the April-June issue of *The Quarterly,* or the summer issue. I am more interested in a strange Greek drama I am writing — *The Kôrê of Enna* — than in anything I have taken up for a long time. My reading just now is mostly Greek history and

Italian literature. . . . Looking on this deep blue, often violet sea, with the foam washing below that perhaps laved the opposite shores of Greece, and hearing the bees on the warm wind, it is difficult to realise the wet and cold you have apparently had recently in New York — or the fogs and cold in London. I wish you could bask in and sun yourself on this sea-terrace, and read me the last you have written of 'Captain Dionysius' while I give *you* tea!"

During our first visit to Sicily, though my husband realised the beauty of the island, he could not feel its charm or get in touch with the spirit of the place because he was overborne by the sense of battle and bloodshed that he felt pervaded it. When I described how much the fascination of the beautiful island had seized hold of me he would say: "No, I cannot feel it, for the ground is sodden and every leaf drips with blood." To his great relief, on his return there he found, as he said, that he had got beyond the surface of things, had pierced down to the great essentials of the ancient land, and had become one of her devoted lovers.

CHAPTER X

LISMORE

Taormina

Our summer was spent on Arran, Colinsay, and on "the Green Isle" of Lismore in the sea-mouth of Loch Linnhe within sight of the blue hills of Morven. We had rooms in the ferryman's cottage at the north point of the isle, where the tide race was so strong at the ebb in stormy weather that at times it was impossible to row across to the Appin shore, even to fetch a telegram whose advent was signalled to us by a little flag from the post office — a quicker way of getting it than by the long road from the Lismore post office. We spent much of our time on the water in a little rowing boat. A favourite haunt was a little Isle of Seals, in the loch, where we one day found a baby seagull, fat and fully fledged, but a prisoner by reason of a long piece of grass that had tightly wound round and atrophied one of its feet. Sometimes our friend the ferryman would come too. At first he refused to talk if I

was there, because I could not speak Gaelic, and he thought I was English. But at last when I had reassured him that I too was a Scot, when he admitted that though I had not a Highland tongue I had Highland eyes just like his mother's — his shyness wore away. And one day when we were out on the loch at sundown, and an exquisite rosy flush lay over hill and water, he stopped rowing and leant over his oars, silent for a time, and at last murmured in his slow Highland English: "'Tis — the — smile — of God — upon — the — waters."

At Lismore F. M. wrote, to quote the author's own words, "'The Four Winds of Eiré' (long); 'The Magic Kingdoms' (longer and profounder, one of the best things F. M. has ever written); 'Sea-Magic' (a narrative and strange Sea-Lore); 'The Lynn of Dreams' (a spiritual study); and 'Seumas' (a memory)."

During the summer and autumn William had, as "F. M.," written a long study on the work of W. B. Yeats for *The North American Review;* had arranged the first volume of a selection of tales for the Tauchnitz series, entitled *Wind and Wave;* and had prepared a revised and augmented edition of *The Silence of Amor* for publication in Amer-

ica by Mr. Mosher. "W. S." meanwhile had not been idle. After editing a volume of the Poems by our friend, Eugene Lee-Hamilton, with a long Introduction for *The Canterbury Poets,* he was at work on a series of articles which were intended for a projected book to be called *Literary Geography;* and of these there appeared in *Harper's* "Walter Scott's Land," "R. L. Stevenson's Country;" and a poem, "Capt'n Goldsack."

Unfortunately, his increasing delicacy not only disabled him from the continuous heavy strain of work he was under, but our imperative absence from England necessitated also the relinquishing of my journalistic work. The stress of circumstances weighed heavily on him, as he no longer had the energy and buoyancy with which to make way against it. At this juncture, however, one or two friends, who realised the seriousness of conditions, petitioned that he should be put on the Civil Pension List. The Hon. Alex. Nelson Hood and Mr. Alfred Austin were the chief movers in the matter, and were backed by Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Watts Dunton. Realising however, that the writings of William Sharp, considered alone, would not constitute a sufficient claim, Mr. Hood urged William to al-

low him to acquaint the Prime Minister with the authorship of the Fiona Macleod writings, and of the many sacrifices their production had entailed. My husband consented providing that Mr. Balfour were told "confidentially and verbally." However, it proved necessary that "a statement of entire claims to consideration should be laid upon the table of the House of Commons for the inspection of members." In writing to acquaint my husband of this regulation, Mr. Hood added:

"I do not presume to say one word to influence you in the decision you may come to. In such a matter it is for you to decide. If you will sacrifice your unwillingness to appear before the world in all the esteem and admiration which are your due, then, (I may say this) perhaps you will obtain freedom — or some freedom — from anxiety and worry that will permit you to continue your work unhampered and with a quiet mind. But advice I cannot give. I cannot recommend any one to abandon a high ideal, and your wish to remain unknown is certainly that. . . ."

To this W. S. replied:

EDINBURGH,
21st Aug., 1902.

MY DEAR ALEC,

You will have anticipated my decision. No other was possible for me. I have not made

many sacrifices just to set them aside when a temptation of need occurs. Indeed, even writing thus of "sacrifices" seems to me unworthy: these things are nothing, and have brought me far more than I lost, if not in outward fortune. It is right, though, to say that the decision is due to no form of mental obstinacy or arrogance. Rightly or wrongly, I am conscious of something to be done — to be done by one side of me, by one half of me, by the true inward self as I believe — (apart from the overwhelmingly felt mystery of a dual self, and a reminiscent life, and a woman's life and nature within, concurring with and oftenest dominating the other) — and rightly or wrongly I believe that this, and the style so strangely born of this inward life, depend upon my aloofness and spiritual isolation as F. M. To betray publicly the private life and constrained ideal of that inward self, for a reward's sake, would be a poor collapse. And if I feel all this, as I felt it from the first (and the *nominal* beginning was no literary adventure, but a deep spiritual impulse and compelling circumstances of a nature upon which I must be silent) how much more must I feel it now, when an added and great responsibility to others has come to me, through the winning of so already large and

deepening a circle of those of like ideals or at least like sympathies in our own country, and in America — and I allude as much or more to those who while caring for the outer raiment think of and need most the spirit within that raiment, which I hope will grow fairer and simpler and finer still, if such is the will of the controlling divine wills that, above the maze, watch us in our troubled wilderness.

That is why I said that I could not adopt the suggestion, despite promise of the desired pension, even were that tenfold, or any sum. As to "name and fame," well, that is not my business. I am glad and content to be a "messenger," an interpreter it may be. Probably a wide repute would be bad for the work I have to do. Friends I want to gain, to win more and more, and, in reason, "to do well": but this is always secondary to the deep compelling motive. In a word, and quite simply, I believe that a spirit has breathed to me, or entered me, or that my soul remembers or has awaked (the phraseology matters little) — and, that being so, that my concern is not to think of myself or my "name" or "reward," but to do (with what renunciation, financial and other, may be necessary) my truest and best.

And then, believing this, I have faith you see in the inward destiny. I smiled when I put down your long, affectionate, and good letter. But it was not a smile of bitterness: it was of serene acceptance and confidence. And the words that came to my mind were those in the last chorus of Oedipus at Kolônos:

"Be no more troubled, and no longer lament, for all these things will be accomplished."

Then, too, there's the finitude of all things. Why should one bother deeply when time is so brief. Even the gods passed, you know, or changed from form to form. I used to remember Renan's "Prayer on the Acropolis" by heart, and I recall those words, "Tout n'est ici-bas que symbole et que songe. Les dieux passent comme les hommes et il ne serait pas bon qu'ils fussent eternels." . . .

Elizabeth, who is on a visit to Fife, will, I know, wholeheartedly endorse my decision.

Again all my gratitude and affection, dear Alec,

Your friend,

WILL.

Early in September Mr. Hood sent the welcome information to my husband that the

Prime Minister had decided "on the strength of the assurance that Mr. Sharp is F. M." to make him a grant that would meet his pressing needs and enable him to go abroad for the winter.

A few days before this message reached W. S. he had written to his friend:

23d Aug.

DEAR JULIAN,

A little line to greet you on your arrival in Venice, and to wish you there a time of happy rest and inspiration. May the spirit of the Sea-Queen whisper to you in romance and beauty.

How I wish I could look in on you at the Casa Persico! I love Venice as you do. I hope you will not find great changes, or too many visitors: and beware of the September heats, and above all the September mosquito!

"Julian" ought to have a great lift, and not the least pleasure in looking forward to seeing you again early in October is that of hearing some more of your book of Venice and of the other Julian.

["Julian" is the name of the hero of a book, *Adria,* on which Mr. Hood was then at work.]

If all goes well — and I have been working

so hard, and done so much, that things ought to go smoothly with me again — then we hope to leave London for Sicily about the 21st Oct., and to reach Taormina *about* the 26th of that month.

I need not say how glad I am that you *knew* I could not decide otherwise than I did: and I am more than ever glad and proud of a friendship so deeply sympathetic and intuitively understanding.

Ever affectionately yours, dear Friend,

WILL.

P. S. By the way, you will be glad to know that Baron Tauchnitz is also going to bring out in 2 vols. a selection of representative tales by Fiona Macleod. The book called *The Magic Kingdoms* has been postponed till next year, but the first part of it will appear in *The Monthly Review* in December probably. Stories, articles, studies, will appear elsewhere.

Your friend W. S. has been and is not less busy, besides maturing work long in hand. So at least I can't be accused of needless indolence.

To his great relief October-end found us at Taormina once again; and on Allhallow-e'en he wrote to Mrs. Janvier:

Oct. 30th.

" . . . We reached Messina all right, and Giardini, the Station for Taormina, in fair time; then the lovely winding drive up to unique and beautiful and wildly picturesque Taormina and to the lovely winter villa and grounds of Santa Caterina where a warm welcome met us from Miss Mabel Hill, with whom we are to stay till the New Year. . . . I have for study a pleasant room on the garden terrace, at the Moorish end of the old convent-villa with opposite the always open door windows or great arch trellised with a lovely 'Japanesy' vine, looking down through a sea of roses and lemon and orange to the deep blue Ionian Sea. The divine beauty, glow, warmth, fragrance, and classic loveliness of this place would delight you. . . . Overhead there is a wilderness of deep blue, instinct with radiant heat and an almost passionate clarity. Forza, Mola, Roccafiorita, and other little mountain towns gleam in it like sunlit ivory. Over Forza (or Sforza rather) the storm-cloud of the Greco, with rainbow hanging like a scimitar over the old, pagan, tragic, savagely picturesque mountain-ridge town. The bells of the hill-chapels rise and fall on the wind, for it is the beginning of All Souls festa. It is the day when

'things' are abroad and the secret ways are more easily to be traversed.

"Beneath my Moorish arch I look down through clustering yellow roses and orange and lemon to green-blue water, and thence across the wild-dove's breast of the Ionian Sea. Far to the S. E. and S., over where Corinth and Athens lie, are great still clouds, salmon-hued on the horizon with pink domes and summits. An intense stillness and the phantasmagoria of a forgotten dreamland dwell upon the long western promontories of the Syracusan coast, with the cloud-like Hyblæan hill like a violet, and a light as of melting honey where Leontinoi and Siracusa lie. . . .

"Nov. 8: This is a week later. I have accidentally destroyed or mislaid a sheet of this letter. Nothing of importance — only an account of the nocturnal festa of All Souls, with the glittering lights and the people watching by the graves, and leaving lights and flowers on each, the one to show the wandering souls the way back to the grave, the other to disguise the odour of mortality and illude them with the old beauty of the lost world — and the offerings of handfuls of beans, to give them sustenance on this their one mortal hour in the year. We three came here yes-

terday (Elizabeth, Miss Hill and I) and enjoyed the marvellous mountain-climbing journey from the sea-level of Giarre (near Catania) up to beautiful Linguaglossa, and Castiglione 2,000 ft. high and so on to Randazzo and Maletto (3,000 ft.) where we got out, and drove thro' the wild lava-lands of this savage and brigand haunted region to Castello di Maniace where il Signor Ducino Alessandro gave us cordial and affectionate welcome.

"Sunday, 9th. The weather is doubtful, but if it keeps fine we are going to drive down to gorges of the Simalthos (the Simeto of to-day) and then up by the crags and wild town of Bronte, and back by the old Ætnean hill-road of the ancient Greeks, or by the still more ancient Sikelian tombs at a high pass curiously enough known not by its ancient fame but as the Pass of the Gipsies. As the country is in a somewhat troubled and restive state just now, especially over Bronte, all pre-arrangements have been made to ensure safety. . . .

"I hope you have received the Tauchnitz volume of *Wind and Wave*. The text of Selected Tales has been revised where advisable, sometimes considerably. The gain is very marked I think, especially in simplicity. I hope you will like the preface. The long

collective-article in the *Contemporary* for October, 'Sea-Magic and Running Water,' I have already written to you about. One can never tell beforehand, but in all probability the following F. M. articles will appear in December (if not January) issues, viz.:

"In *The Monthly Review* — The Magic Kingdoms.

"In *The Contemporary* — The Lynn of Dreams.

"In *The Fortnightly* — The Four Winds of Eirinn.

"As soon as I can possibly work free out of my terribly time-eating correspondence, and am further ahead with my necessary and commissioned pot-boiling articles, etc., I want to put together two F. M. volumes, one a vol. of Gaelic essays and Spiritual studies to be called *For The Beauty of an Idea* and the other a volume of Verse to be called probably *The Immortal Hour and Poems* or else *The Enchanted Valleys*. But I have first a great deal to get off as W. S. and F. M.

"What is dear old Tom doing now? Give him my love, and affectionate hug, bless the old reprobate! I was delighted to meet an American admirer (and two hanger-on American admiresses) of his in Florence, who spoke of his work with much admiration as well as personal delight. So I warmed to

them mightily in consequence, and had the pleasure of introducing the latest production — the delightful 'Consolate Giantess.'

"What a letter in length this is! too long for even *you*, I fear."

The following letter from Mr. Robert Hichens, another devoted lover of Sicily, reached William Sharp at Maniace:

DOVER,
Nov. 4, 1902.

MY DEAR WILL,

. . . The cold is setting in and to-day there is a fierce east wind. I scarcely dare think of what you are enjoying. I had hoped to join you at the end of this month, but the fates are unkind. When I do get away I may first have to go to the Desert, as I am meditating some work there. Then I hope to make my way there to Sicily but only late in Spring. Will you still be there? There is magic in its air — or else beauty acts on the body as powerfully as on the soul, and purifies the blood as well as the soul. . . .

Every sentence I write wrings my heart. I ought not to write about Sicily. *Felix* was begun in that delightful room at Maniace — with Webster, thoughtfully posed by Alec — on a side table within easy reach.

Thank you again for your kind, inspiring letter. I value praise from you.

Yours cordially,

ROBERT HICHENS.

Miss Hill and I returned to Sta. Caterina and left my husband at Maniace, whence a few days later he wrote to me:

CASTELLO DI MANIACE,
15th Nov., 1902.

"How you would have enjoyed to-day! . . . one of the most beautiful of its kind I've ever had. It was quite dark when we rose shortly before six, but lovely dawn by 6.15, and after a gigantic breakfast we all set off all armed with rifles and revolvers. We drove up to the cutting to the left, ¼ of a mile below Otaheite, and there diverged and went up the wild road of the Zambuco Pass, and for another five miles of ascent. Then we were met by the forest guard and Meli with great jennets (huge hill-mules as big as horses) and rode over the Serraspina (6,000 feet). To my great pleasure it was decided we could risk the further ascent of the great central Watershed of Sicily, the Serra del Rè (8,000 ft.) and I shall never forget it. All the way from about 4,000 ft. the air was

extraordinarily light and intoxicating — and the views of Central Sicily magnificent beyond words. When we had ridden to about 7,500 feet thro' wild mountain gorges, up vast slopes, across great plateaux, and at last into the beginning of the vast dense primeval beech-forests (all an indescribable glory of colour) we dismounted and did the remaining half hour on foot. Then at last we were on the summit of the great central watershed. Thence everything to the south flows to the Ionian Sea, everything to the north to the Tyrrhenian and Mediterranean.

"And oh the views and the extraordinary clarity! Even with the naked eye I saw all the inland mountains and valleys and lost forgotten towns, Troina on its two hills, Castrogiovanni and Alcara, etc., etc. And with the powerful binoculars I could see all the houses, and trace the streets and ruined temples, etc., in Castrogiovanni on its extraordinary raised altar-like mountain plateau. Then, below us, lay all the northern shores of Sicily from Capo Cefalù to Milazzo on its beautiful great bay, and Capo Milazzo, and the Lipari Islands, so close with the glass I could see the few houses on their wild precipitous shores, from 'Volcano,' the original home of Vulcan, and Lipari itself to Strom-

boli, and white ships sailing. Enna (Castrogiovanni) immensely imposing and unforgettable. And, behind us, Etna vaster, sheerer, more majestic, more terrible, than I had ever dreamed of it.

"Then we lunched, amid that extraordinary and vast panorama — seeing 2,000 feet below us the 'almost inacessible' famous Lake of Balzano, with its Demeter and Persephone associations (itself about 6,000 feet among the mountains!) All enjoyed it unspeakably, except poor old Meli, very nervous about brigands — poor old chap, a ransom of 800 francs has had to be paid to the capitano of the brigand-lot to free his nephew, who is now ill after his confinement for many days in a hole under the lava, where he was half suffocated, and would have soon died from cold and damp and malaria.

"On the way down (in the forest, at about 6,000 feet) Alec suddenly without a word dashed aside, and sprang through the sloping undergrowth, and the next moment I saw him holding his revolver at the head of a man crouching behind a mass of bramble, etc. But the latter had first managed to hide or throw away his gun, and swore he hadn't got one, and meant no harm, and that the ugly weapon he carried (a light, long axe of

a kind) was to defend himself from the wolves! His companion had successfully escaped. The man slunk away, to be arrested later by the Carabinieri."

On his return to Taormina W. S. wrote to the Author of *Adria,* who had gone to Venice for "local colour":

TAORMINA,
19th Nov., 1902.

CARO FRA GIULIANO,

To my surprise I hear from our common friend, Mr. Aurelio Da Rù, the painter of Venice, that you are at present staying at San-Francisco-in-Deserto. This seems to me a damp and cold place to choose for November, but possibly you are not to be there long: indeed, Da Rù hints at an entanglement with a lady named "Adria." Perhaps I am indiscreet in this allusion. If so, pray forgive me. The coincidence struck me as strange, for only the other day I heard our friend Alec Hood speaking of an Adria, of whom, to say the least of it, he seemed to think very highly. By the way, I wouldn't tell him (A. H.) too much of your affairs or doings —or *he may put them in a book.* (He's a "literary feller" you know!)

I have just been staying with him — and

I wish when you see him you would tell him what a happy time I had at Maniace, and how pleasantly I remember all our walks and talks and times together, and how the true affection of a deepened friendship is only the more and more enhanced and confirmed.

It is a lovely day, and very warm and delightful. Sitting by the open French-window of my study, with a bunch of narcissus on my table, there is all the illusion of Spring. I have just gone into an adjoining Enchanted Garden I often frequent, and gathered there some sprays of the Balm of Peace, the azure blossoms of Hope, and the white roses of Serenity and Happiness and sending them, by one of the wild-doves of loving thought and sympathy and affection, to Alec at Maniace.

Ever, dear Fra Giuliano, with love to Da Rù, the Graziani, the Manins, and above all to Alec,

Yours,
WILL.

And again two days later:

SHAR SHAN, BOR!

Which, being interpreted, is Romany (Gypsy) for "How d'ye do, Mate!"—I fear

you are having a bad day for your return to Maniace. Here, at any rate, 'tis evil weather. Last night the wind rose (after ominous signals of furtive lightnings in every quarter) to the extent of tempest: and between two and three a. m. became a hurricane. This lasted at intervals till dawn, and indeed since: and at times I thought a cyclone had seized Taormina and was intent on removing "Santa Caterina" on to the top of Isola Bella. Naturally sleep was broken. And in one long spell, when wind and a coarse rain (with a noise like sheep that has become sleet) kept wakefulness in suspense, my thoughts turned to Venice, to Giuliano in the lonely rain-beat wave-washed sanctuary of San-Francisco-in-Deserto; to Daniele Manin, with his dreams of the Venice that was and his hopes of the Venice to be; and to Adria, stilled at last in her grave in the lagunes after all her passionate life and heroic endeavour. And then I thought of the Venice they, and you, and I, love: — and recalled lines of Jacopo Sannazaro which I often repeat to myself when I think of the Sea-City as an abstraction —

> "O d'Italia dolente
> Eterno lumine
> Venezia!"

And that's all I have to say to-day! . . . ex-

cept to add that this very moment there has come into my mind the remembrance of some words of Montesquieu I read last year (in the *Lettres Persanes*), to the effect (in English) that "altho' one had seen all the cities of the world, there might still be a surprise in store for him in Venice,"—which would be a good motto for your book.

Your friend,

WILL.

The few entries in William Sharp's Diary for 1903 begin with New Year's Day:

TAORMINA.

Thursday, 1st Jan., 1903. Yesterday afternoon I ended literary work for the year, at p. 62 on my MS. of "The King's Ring" with the sentence: "Flora Macdonald saw clearly that the hearts of these exiles and New Englanders would follow a shepherd more potent than any kind, the shepherd called Freedom, who forever keeps his flocks of hopes and ideals on the hills of the human heart." Today, this afternoon, wrote till end of p. 70. In the evening we dined with Robert Hichens at the Hotel Timeo.

Sat., 3rd. Finished "The King's Ring." Revised; and sent off to Mary to type. We

lunched at the Timeo. After lunch we spent an hour or more in the Greek Theatre with Hichens. Then we walked to Miss Valerie White's villa and had tea with her. In evening "turned in" about 9 and read Bourget's Calabria *Ricordi*, and Lenormant on Crotone and Pythagorus.

Saturday, 9th Jan.

To the Editor of The Pall Mall Magazine:

DEAR SIR,

I have written a story somewhat distinct in kind from the work associated with my name, and think it is one that should appeal to a far larger public than most of my writings do: for it deals in a new way with a subject of unpassing interest, the personality of Flora Macdonald. "The King's Ring," however, is not concerned with the hackneyed Prince Charlie episode. It is, in a word, so far as I know, the only narrative presentment of the remarkable but almost unknown late-life experiences of Flora Macdonald: for few know that, long after her marriage, she went with her husband and some of her family and settled in South Carolina, just before the outbreak of the War of Independence: how her husband was captured and imprisoned: how two of her sons in the Navy were lost

tragically at sea: and how she herself with one daughter with difficulty evaded interference, and set sail from a southern port for Scotland again, and on that voyage was wounded in an encounter with a French frigate. True, all these things are only indicated in "The King's Ring," for fundamentally the story is a love-story, that of Flora M.'s beautiful eldest daughter Anne and Major Macleod, with the tragical rivalry of Alasdair Stuart, bearer of the King's Ring.

Practically the facts of the story are authentic: save the central episode of Alasdair Stuart, which is of my own invention. I think the story would appeal to many not only in Scotland and England but in America.

Yours very truly,

FIONA MACLEOD.

The story was accepted and the first instalment was printed in the *Pall Mall Magazine* in May, 1904; but after its appearance the author did not care sufficiently for it to republish it in book form.

The Diary continues:

Sunday, 4th. Began article on "Thro' Nelson's Duchy" commissioned for *The Pall Mall Magazine*. Received *The Monthly Re-*

view for Jany. with the Fiona Macleod article, "The Magic Kingdoms": the *Mercure de France* for January: and proofs from the *Pall Mall Magazine* of my articles on Scott and George Eliot. Among several letters one from Mrs. Gilchrist, who says (apropos of F. M.'s "By Sundown Shores") "she always can send one back to the distance which is all the future."

Later, after a walk alone I looked in at Villa Bella Rocca and had a pleasant chat with M. et Mme. Grandmont about Anatole France, Loti, and treatment of sea in *Pecheur d'Islande,* Bourget's and Lenormant's *Calabria,* etc. Wrote after dinner from 9 till 11; and read some Bacchylides, etc. At 11.15 suddenly some five or six cocks began to crow vehemently: and about five minutes later abruptly stopped.

Monday, 5th. A day of perfect beauty. Divinely warm. In morning sat out on Loggia two hours or so working at revision. After lunch Hichens came for me and we walked down to Capo San Andrea and thence took a boat with two men (Francesco and his brother) across to Capo Schiso (Naxos) and thence walked some five or six miles back. Tea at H's. A divinely lovely sunset.

Tuesday, 6th. As beautiful a day as yes-

terday. More could be said of no day. Worked at "Thro' Nelson's Duchy" material, and wrote a letter. A walk after lunch. Then again a little work. Had a charming letter from Joachim Gasquet, and to F. M. one from Stephen Gwynn (with his *To-day and To-morrow in Ireland*) — and an *Academy* with pleasant para. about F. M. saying just what I would want said (with an allusion to a special study of F. M. in the *Harvard Monthly*, by the Editor).

This afternoon, the Festa of the Epiphany, more great doings with the delayed Xmas tree treat of the School-children of Taormina. Much enjoyed it.

Thursday, 8th. Finished the P. M. Mag. commissioned article "Thro' Nelson's Duchy" — about 5,000 words — then revised: marked with directions the 8 fine Photos selected by A. N. H. (Alex. Nelson Hood) and sent off to be registered. . . .

After dinner wrote one or two letters including longish one of literary advice to Karl Walter. Read some Æschylus' "Eumenides."

This is the letter in question:

TAORMINA,
Jan., 1903.

MY DEAR WALTER,

. . . In some respects your rendering of

your sonnet is towards improvement. But it has one immediate and therefore fatal flaw. Since the days of Sophocles it has been recognised as a cardinal and imperative law, that a great emotion (or incident, or idea, or collective act) must not be linked to an ineffective image, an incongruous metaphor. Perhaps the first and last word about passion (in a certain sense only, of course, for to immortal things there is no mortal narrowing or limiting in expression) has been said more than two thousand years ago by Sappho and to-day by George Meredith. "The apple on the topmost bough" . . . all that lovely fragment of delicate imperishable beauty remains unique. And I know nothing nobler than Meredith's "Passion is noble strength on fire." . . . But turn to a poet you probably know well, and study the imagery in some of the Passion-sonnets in "The House of Life" of Rossetti — of Passion:

> . . . ."creature of poignant thirst
> And exquisite hunger" . . .

— the splendid sexual diapason in the sestet of the sonnet called "The Kiss"— or, again, to "the flame-winged harp-player,"

> . . . ."thou art Passion of Love,
> The mastering music walks the sunlit sea,"

Perhaps I have said enough to illustrate my indication as to the opening metaphor in your sonnet. Apart from the incongruity of the image, it has no logical congruity with the collateral idea of Fear. The sonnet itself turns on a fine emotion in your mind: let that emotion shape a worthy raiment of metaphor and haunting cadence of music, *not* as the metricist desires but as the poet *au fond* compels.

Yes, both in sonnet-writing and in your terza-rima narrative (cultivate elision here, also fluent terminals, or you will find the English prosody jib at the foreign reins) you will find G. useful. But the secret law of rhythm in a moving or falling wave, in the cadence of wind, in the suspiration of a distance song, in running water, in the murmur of leaves, in chord confluent upon chord, will teach you more — if you will listen long enough and know what you listen to.

I hope I have not discouraged you. I mean the reverse of that. Your friend,

WILLIAM SHARP.

I add here a letter of criticism and encouragement sent by F. M. to another young writer, in the previous summer, to the nephew of William Black, the novelist:

LONDON, June, 1902.

MY DEAR MR. BLACK,

As soon as possible after my return from Brittany I read your MS. It is full of the true sentiment, and has often charm in the expression: but I think you would do well to aim at a style simpler still, freer from mannerisims, and above all from mannerisms identified with the work of other writers. As I am speaking critically, let me say frankly that I have found your beautiful tale too reminiscent ever and again of an accent, a note, a vernacular (too reminiscent even in names), common to much that I have written. You are sympathetic enough to care for much of my work, and loyal enough to say so with generous appreciation: but just because of this you should be on guard against anything in my style savouring of affectation or mannerism. You may be sure that whatever hold my writings may have taken on the imagination of what is at most a small clan has been in despite of and not because of mannerisms, which sometimes make for atmosphere and versimilitude and sometimes are merely obvious, and therefore make for weakness and even disillusion. Be on guard, therefore, against a sympathy which would lead you to express yourself in any other way

than you yourself feel and in other terms than the terms of your own mind. Mannerism is often the colour and contour of a writer's mind: but the raiment never fits even the original wearer, and is disastrous for the borrower, when the mental habit of mannerism is translated into the mental incertitude of mannerisms. You have so natural a faculty and so eager a desire, that I have no hesitation in urging you to devote your best thought and time and effort to a worthy achievement.

But no work of the imagination has any value if it be not shaped and coloured from within. Every imaginative writer must take his offspring to the Fountain of Youth, and the only way is through the shadowy and silent avenues of one's own heart. My advice to you, then, is, not to refrain from steeping your thought and imagination in what is near to your heart and dream, but to see that your vision is always your *own* vision, that your utterance is always your own utterance, and to be content with no beauty and no charm that are dependent on another's vision of beauty and another's secret of charm.

Meanwhile, I can advise you no more surely than to say, write as simply, almost as baldly, above all as *naturally* as possible.

Sincerity, which is the last triumph of art, is also its foster-mother. You will do well, I feel sure: and among your readers you will have none more interested than

Yours Sincerely,
FIONA MACLEOD.

To another friend he wrote in answer to a question on "style":

"Rhythmic balance, fluidity, natural motion, spontaneity, controlled impetus, proportion, height and depth, shape and contour, colour and atmosphere, all these go to every *living* sentence — but there, why should I weary you with uncertain words when you can have a certainty of instance almost any time where you are: you have but to look at a wave to find your exemplar for the ideal sentence. All I have spoken of is there — and it is alive — and part of one flawless whole."

From W. S. to Mrs. Janvier:

TAORMINA,
18th Feb., 1903.

". . . In fact, letters are now my worst evil to contend against — for, with this foreign life in a place like this, with so many people I know, it is almost impossible to get anything like adequate time for essential work

— and still less for the imaginative leisure I need, and dreaming out my work — to say nothing of reading, etc. As you know, too, I have continually to put into each day the life of two persons — each with his or her own interests, preoccupations, work, thoughts, and correspondence. I have really, in a word, quite apart from my own temperament, to live at exactly double the rate in each day of the most active and preoccupied persons. No wonder, then, that I find the continuous correspondence of 'two persons' not only a growing weariness, but a terrible strain and indeed perilous handicap on time and energy for work. . . ."

A little later William Sharp started for a fortnight's trip to Greece by way of Calabria — Reggio, Crotona, Taranto, Brindisi to Corfù and Athens, with a view of gathering impressions for the working out of his projected book (by W. S.) to be called *Greek Backgrounds.*

En route he wrote to me:

23d Jan., 1903.

"Where of all unlikely places do you think this is written from? Neither Corfù nor Samothrace nor Ithaka nor Zante, nor any Greek isle betwixt this and the Peloponnesus,

but in Turkey! . . . i.e., in Turkish Albania, surrounded by turbaned Turks, fezzed Albanians, and picturesque kilted Epeirotes, amid some of the loveliest scenery in the world.

"You will have had my several cards en route and last from Târantô. The first of a series of four extraordinary pieces of almost uncanny good fortune befell me *en route*, — but it would take too long now to write in detail. Meanwhile I may say I met the first of three people to whom I already owe much — and who helped me thro' every bother at Brindisi. (He is a foreign Consul in Greece.)

("By the way, the engine from Târantô to Brindisi was called the *Agamemnon* and the steamer to Greece the *Poseidon* — significant names, eh?)

"I had a delightful night's rest in my comfortable cabin, and woke at dawn to find the *Poseidon* close to the Albanian shore, and under the superb snow-crowned Acrokeraunian Mountains. The scenery superb — with Samothrace, and the Isle of Ulysses, etc., etc., seaward, and the beautiful mountainous shores of Corfù, here called *Κερκυρα* (Kêrkyra) on the S. W. and S. There was a special Consul-Deputation on board, to land two, and also to take off a number of Turks,

Albanians, and Epeirotes for Constantinople. We put in after breakfast at Eavri Kagavri — a Greco-Albanian township of Turkey. The scattered oriental 'town' of the Forty Saints crowns a long ridge at a considerable height — the harbour-town is a cluster of Turkish houses besides an extraordinary absolutely deserted set of gaunt ruins. Hundreds of Albanians and Epeirotes, Moslem priests and two Greek *papas* (or popes) were on the shore-roads, with several caravans each of from 20 to 50 mules and horses. Costumes extraordinarily picturesque, especially the white-kilted or skirted Albanian mountaineers, and the Larissa Turks. We were 3 hours — and I the only 'privileged' person to get thro' with the consul. We took many aboard — a wonderful crew, from a wonderful place, the fairyland of my Greek resident from Paris — who is on his way to spend a month with his mother in Athens, and has asked me to visit him at his house there. . . .

"Well, the *Poseidon* swung slowly out of the bay,— a lovely, exciting, strange, unforgettable morning — and down the lovely Albanian coast — now less wild, and wooded and craggy, something like the West Highlands at Loch Fyne, etc., but higher and wilder. When off a place on the Turkish Albanian

coast called Pothlakov (Rothroukon) the shaft of the screw suddenly broke! The engineer told the captain it would be five hours at least before it could be mended — adding, a little later, that the harm could probably not be rectified here, and that we should have to ride at sea till a relief boat came from Corfù or Greece to take off the passengers, etc.

"As no one has a Turkish passport, no one can get ashore except lucky me, with my influential friend, in a Turkish steam-pinnacle! (It is so beautiful, so warm, and so comfortable on the *Poseidon*, that, in a sense, I'm indifferent — and would rather *not* be relieved in a hurry.)

"(Later.) Late afternoon on board — still no sign of getting off. No Corfù to-day, now, though about only an hour's sail from here! *Perhaps* to-night — or a relief steamer may come. I'll leave this now, as I want to see all I can in the sundown light. It is all marvellously strange and lovely. *What* a heavenly break-down! *What* luck!

"Just had a talk with another passenger stamping with impatience. I didn't soothe him by remarking I hoped we should adrift ashore and be taken prisoners by the Turks. He says he wants to get on. Absurd.

'There's more beauty here than one can take in for days to come' I said — 'Damn it, sir, what have *I* got to do with beauty,'— he asked indignantly. 'Not much, certainly,' I answered drily, looking him over. An Italian *maestro* is on board on his way to Athens — now playing delightfully in the salon. A Greek guitarist is going to play and sing at moonrise. No hills in the world more beautiful in shape and hue and endless contours — with gorgeous colours. Albania is lost Eden, I think. Just heard that a steamer is to come for us in a few hours, or less, from Corfù and tow us into Kêrkyra (the town) — and that another Austro-Lloyd from Trieste or Brindisi will take us on to-morrow sometime from Corfù to Athens. . . . The only perfectly happy person on board.

"Yours,
"WILL."

ATHENS, 29th Jan.

". . . This lovely place is wonderful. How I wish you were here to enjoy it too. I take you with me mentally wherever I go. It is a marvellous *home-coming* feeling I have here. And I know a strange stirring, a kind of spiritual rebirth."

ATHENS, Feb. 1st.

". . . Yesterday, a wonderful day at

Eleusis. Towards sundown drove through the lovely hill-valley of Daphne, with its beautifully situated isolated ruin of the Temple of Aphroditê, a little to the north of the Sacred Way of the Dionysiac and other Processions from Aonai (Athenai) to the Great Fane of Eleusis. I have never anywhere seen such a marvellous splendour of living light as the sundown light, especially at the Temple of Aphroditê and later as we approached Athens and saw it lying between Lycabettos and the Acropolis, with Hymettos to the left and the sea to the far right and snowy Pentelicos behind. The most radiant wonder of light I have ever seen."

On his return to Taormina he received the following letter from Mr. Hichens:

ST. STEPHENS,
CANTERBURY.

MY DEAR SHARP,

. . . Lately I recommended a very clever man, half Spanish and half German, to read the work of Fiona Macleod. I wondered how it would strike one who had never been in our Northern regions, and he has just written to me, and says: "I am reading with intense delight Fiona Macleod's books and

thank you very much for telling me to get them. I ordered them all from London and cannot tell you how I admire the thoughts, the style, 'toute la couleur locale.' They are books I shall keep by me and take about with me wherever I go." I suppose he feels they are fine, as I feel Tourgene's studies of Russian character are fine, although I have never lived among Russians. I shall take *Anna Karénina* to Italy with me and read it once more. At Marseilles I saw the *Resurrection* acted. It was very interesting and touching, though not really a very good play. It was too episodical. In London it is an immense success.

Well, I hope you will really come to winter in Africa. You can stay at either the Oasis or the Royal and I think we should be very happy. We must often go out on donkey-back into the dunes and spend our day there far out in the desert. I know no physical pleasure,— apart from all the accompanying mental pleasure, — to be compared with that which comes from the sun and air of the Sahara and the enormous spaces. This year I was more enchanted than ever before. Even exquisite Taormina is hum-drum in comparison. I expect to go to Italy very early in May, and back to Africa quite at the beginning of No-

vember. Do try to come then, as November is a magnificent month. Don't reply. You are too busy. I often miss the walks, and your company, which wakes up my mind and puts the bellows to my spark of imagination.

Ever yours,

ROBERT HICHENS.

I can't help being rather sorry that you won't go to Sicily again for a long while. I always feel as if we all had a sort of home there.

For, as Mr. Hichens wrote to me, "I still think Taormina the most exquisite place in Europe. On a fine morning it is ineffably lovely."

CHAPTER XI

WINTER IN ATHENS

Greek Backgrounds

During the following summer William Sharp saw George Meredith for the last time. Concerning that visit to Box Hill he wrote to a friend:

Monday, June 22, 1903.

" . . . I am so glad I went down to see George Meredith to-day. It was good-bye, I fear, though the end may not be for some time yet: not immediate, for he has recovered from his recent severe illness and painful accident, though still very weak, but able to be up, and to move about a little.

" At first I was told he could see no one, but when he heard who the caller was I was bidden enter, he gave me a sweet cordial welcome, but was frail and weak and fallen into the blind alleys that so often await the most strenuous and vivid lives. But, in himself, in his mind, there is no change. I felt it was good-bye, and when I went, I think he felt it so also. When he goes it will be

the passing of the last of the great Victorians. I could have (selfishly) wished that he had known a certain secret: but it is better not, and now is in every way as undesirable as indeed impossible. If there is in truth, as I believe, and as he believes, a life for us after this, he will know that his long-loving and admiring younger comrade has also striven towards the hard way that few can reach. What I *did* tell him before has absolutely passed from his mind: had, indeed, never taken root, and perhaps I had nurtured rather than denied what *had* taken root. If in some ways a little sad, I am glad otherwise. And I had one great reward, for at the end he spoke in a way he might not otherwise have done, and in words I shall never forget. I had risen, and was about to lean forward and take his hands in farewell, to prevent his half-rising, when suddenly he exclaimed, "Tell me something of *her* — of Fiona. I call her so always, and think of her so, to myself. Is she well? Is she at work? Is she true to her work and her ideal? No, *that* I know!'

"It was then he said the following words, which two minutes later, in the garden, I jotted down in pencil at once lest I should forget even a single word, or a single change in the sequence of words. 'She is a woman

of genius. That is rare . . . so rare anywhere, anytime, in women or, in men. Some few women "have genius," but she is more than that. Yes, she is a woman of genius: the genius too, that is rarest, that drives deep thoughts before it. Tell her I think often of her, and of the deep thought in all she has written of late. Tell her I hope great things of her yet. And now . . . we'll go, since it must be so. Good-bye, my dear fellow, and God bless you.'

"Outside, the great green slope of Box Hill rose against a cloudless sky, filled with a flowing south wind. The swifts and swallows were flying high. In the beech courts thrush and blackbird called continually, along the hedge-rows the wild-roses hung. But an infinite sadness was in it all. A prince among men had fallen into the lonely and dark way."

Good-bye it was in truth; but it was the older poet who recovered hold on life and outlived the younger by four years.

A wet spring, and a still damper autumn affected my husband seriously; and while we were visiting Mrs. Glassford Bell in Perthshire he became so ill that we went to Llandrindod Wells for him to be under special treatment. As he explained to Mr. Ernest Rhys:

LLANDRINDOD WELLS,
Sept., 1903.

MY DEAR ERNEST,

. . . I know that you will be sorry to learn that things have not gone well with me. All this summer I have been feeling vaguely unwell and, latterly, losing strength steadily. . . . However, the rigorous treatment, the potent Saline and Sulphur waters and baths, the not less potent and marvellously pure and regenerative Llandrindod air — and my own exceptional vitality and recuperative powers — have combined to work a wonderful change for the better; which may prove to be more than "a splendid rally," tho' I know I must not be too sanguine. Fortunately, the eventuality does not much trouble me, either way: I have lived, and am content, and it is only for what I don't want to leave undone that the sound of "Farewell" has anything deeply perturbing.

W. S.

And later to Mrs. Janvier:

LONDON, Sept. 30, 1903.

"Thanks for your loving note. But you are not to worry yourself about me. I'm all right, and as cheerful as a lark — let us say as a lark with a rheumatic wheeze in its little song-box, or gout in its little off-claw. . . .

Anyway, I'll laugh and be glad and take life as I find it, till the end. The best prayer for me is that I may live vividly till 'Finis,' and work up to the last hour. . . .

"My love to you both, and know me ever your irrepressible,

"BILLY."

In a letter to Mr. Alden (Aug. 25th, 1903) he describes the work he had on hand at the moment, and the book he had projected and hoped to write:

". . . in the *Pall Mall Magazine* you may have noticed a series of topographical papers (with as much or more of anecdotal and reminiscent and critical) contributed, under the title of *Literary Geography,* by myself. The first three were commissioned by the editor to see how they 'took.' They were so widely liked, and those that followed, that this summer he commissioned me to write a fresh series, one each month till next March. Of these none has been more appreciated than the double article on the Literary Geography of the Lake of Geneva. Forthcoming issues are The English Lake Country, Meredith, Thackeray, The Thames, etc. In the current issue I deal with Stevenson.

". . . About my projected Greek book, to

comprise Magna Grecia as well, i. e. Hellenic Calabria and Sicily, etc. . . . I want to make a book out of the material gathered, old and new, and to go freshly all over the ground. . . . I intend to call it *Greek Backgrounds* and to deal with the ancient (recreated) and modern backgrounds of some of the greatest of the Greeks — as they were and are — as, for example, of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Empedocles, Theocritus, etc.— and of famous ancient cities, Sybaris, Corinth, etc.; and deal with the home or chief habitat or famous association. For instance:

(1) Calabria (Crotan and Metapontum) with Pythagoras.
(2) Eleusis in Greece, Syracuse and Gela in Sicily } Æschylus. with life and death of Sophocles.
(3) Colonos with Euripides.
(4) Athens etc. } with Pindar etc. etc."
(5) Syracuse and Acragas (Girgente) }

The two following letters were acknowledgments of birthday greetings. In the first to Mr. Stedman our plans for that winter are described:

THE GROSVENOR CLUB,
Oct. 2, 1903.

MY DEAR E. C. S.,

Two days ago, on Wednesday's mail, I posted a letter to reach you, I hope, on the

morning of your birthday — and to-day, to my very real joy, I safely received your long and delightful letter. It has been a true medicine — for, as I told you, I've been gravely ill. And it came just at the right moment, and warmed my heart with its true affection.

. . . I know you'll be truly glad to hear that the tidings about myself can be more and more modified by good news from my physician,— a man in whom I have the utmost confidence and who knows every weakness as well as every resource and reserve of strength in me, and understands my temperament and nature as few doctors do understand complex personalities.

He said to me to-day, "You look as if you were well contented with the world." I answered, "Yes, of course I am. In the first place I'm every day feeling stronger, and in the next, and for this particular day, I've just had a letter of eight written pages from a friend whom I have ever dearly loved and whom I admire not less than I love." He knew you as a poet as well as the subtlest and finest interpreter of modern poetry — and indeed (tho' I had forgotten) I had given him a favourite volume and also lent your Baltimore addresses.

When I'm once more in the land of Theocritus (and oh how entrancing it is) I'll be quite strong and well again, he says. Indeed I'm already "a live miracle"! We sail by the Orient liner "Orizaba" on the 23rd; reach Naples (via Gibraltar and Marseilles) 9 to 10 days later; and leave by the local mail-boat same evening for Messina — arrive there about 8 on Monday morning — catch the Syracuse mail about 10, change at 12 at Giarre, and ascend Mt. Etna by the little circular line to Maletto about 3,000 ft. high, and thence drive to the wonderful old Castle of Maniace to stay with our dear friend there, the Duke of Bronte — our third or fourth visit now. We'll be there about a fortnight: then a week with friends at lovely and unique Taormina: and then sail once more, either from Messina or Naples direct to the Piræus, for Athens, where we hope to spend the winter and spring.

How I wish you were to companion us. In Sicily, I often thought of you, far off Brother of Theocritus. You would so delight in it all, the Present that mirrors the magical Past; the Past that penetrates like stars the purple veils of the Present.

Yes, I know well how sincere is all you say as to the loving friend awaiting me —

awaiting *us* — if ever we cross the Atlantic: but it is gladsome to hear it all the same.

All affectionate greetings to dear Mrs. Stedman, a true and dear friend,

Ever, dear Stedman,
Your loving friend,
WILLIAM SHARP.

13th Sept., 1903.

DEAR MRS. GILCHRIST,

It is at all times a great pleasure to hear from you, and that pleasure is enhanced by hearing from you on my birthday and by your kind remembrance of the occasion. . . .

We look forward to Athens greatly, though it is not (as in Elizabeth's case) my first visit to that land of entrancing associations and still ever-present beauty. But as one grows older, one the more recognises that "climate" and "country" belong to the geography of the soul rather than to that secondary physical geography of which we hear so much. The winds of heaven, the dreary blast of the wilderness, the airs of hope and peace, the tragic storms and cold inclemencies — these are not the property of our North or South or East, but are of the climes self-made or inherited or in some strange way become our "atmosphere." And the country

we dream of, that we long for, is not yet reached by Cook nor even charted by Baedeker. You and yours are often in our thought. In true friendship, distance means no more than that the sweet low music is far off: but it is there. Your friend,

WILLIAM SHARP.

We journeyed by sea to Naples. Our hopes of a chat with our friends the Janviers at Marseilles were frustrated by a violent gale we encountered. As my husband wrote to Mrs. Janvier while at sea:

R.M.S. ORIZABA,
Oct. 31, 1903.

"It seems strange to write you on the Festival of Samhain — the Celtic Summer-end, our Scottish Hallowe'en — here on these stormy waters between Sardinia and Italy. It is so strong a gale, and the air so inclement and damp that it is a little difficult to realise we are approaching the shores of Italy. But wild as the night is I want to send you a line on it, on this end of the old year, this night of powers and thoughts and spiritual dominion.

"It was a disappointment not to get ashore at Marseilles — but the fierce gale (a wild mistral) made it impossible. Indeed the

steamer couldn't approach: we lay-to for 3 or 4 hours behind a great headland some 4 or 5 miles to S. W. of the city, and passengers and mails had to be driven along the shore and embarked from a small quarry pier. . . . We had a very stormy and disagreeable passage all the way from Plymouth and through the Bay. . . . The first part of the voyage I was very unwell, partly from an annoying heart attack. You may be sure I am better again, or I could not have withstood the wild gale which met us far south in the Gulf of Lyons and became almost a hurricane near Marseilles. But I gloried in the superb magnificence of the lashed and tossed sport of the mistral, as we went before it like an arrow before a gigantic bow.

"It is now near sunset and I am writing under the shelter of a windsail on the upper deck, blowing 'great guns,' though I don't think we are in for more than a passing gale. But for every reason I shall be glad to get ashore, not that I want to be in Naples, which I like least of any place in Italy, but to get on to Maniace . . . where I so much love to be, and where I can work and dream so well. . . ."

But the gale increased and became one of

the wildest we had ever known, as William reminded me later when he showed me an unrhymed poem he had composed — exactly as it stands — in the middle of the night, and the next day, in Naples, recalled it and wrote it down. It was his way of mental escape from a physical condition which induced great nervous strain or fatigue to create imaginatively a contrary condition and environment, and so to identify himself with it, that he could become oblivious to surrounding actualities. This is the poem:

INVOCATION

Play me a lulling tune, O Flute-Player of Sleep,
Across the twilight bloom of thy purple havens.
Far off a phantom stag on the moon-yellow highlands
Ceases; and as a shadow, wavers; and passes:
So let Silence seal me and Darkness gather, Piper of Sleep.

Play me a lulling chant, O Anthem-maker,
Out of the fall of lonely seas, and the wind's sorrow:
Behind are the burning glens of the sunset-sky
Where like blown ghosts the sea-mews wail their desolate sea-dirges:
Make me of these a lulling chant, O Anthem-maker.

No — no — from nets of silence weave me, O Sigher of Sleep,
A dusky veil ash-gray as the moon-pale moth's grey wing;

Of thicket-stillness woven, and sleep of grass, and
thin evanishing air
Where the tall reed spires breathless — for I am
tired, O Sigher of Sleep,
And long for thy muffled song as of bells on the
wind, and the wind's cry
Falling, and the dim wastes that lie
Beyond the last, low, dim, oblivious sigh.

During a short visit to Maniace W. S. wrote to Mrs. Philpot:

11th Nov., 1903.

". . . At this season of the year, beautiful and unique in its appeal and singular wild fascination as it is, this place does not suit me climatically, being for one thing too high, between 2,000 and 3,000 ft., and also too much under the domination of Etna, who swings vast electric current, and tosses thunder charged cloud-masses to and fro like a Titan acolyte swinging mighty censers at the feet of the Sun. We drive to Taormina on Tuesday and the divine beauty and not less divinely balmy and regenerative climate — sitting as she does like the beautiful goddess Falcone worshipped there of old, perched on her orange and olive-clad plateau, hundreds of feet above the peacock-hued Ionian Sea, with one hand as it were reaching back to Italy (Calabria ever like opal or amethyst to the North-east), with the other embracing all

the lands of Etna to Syracuse and the Hyblæan Mount, the lands of Empedocles and Theocritus, of Æschylus and Pindar, of Stesichorus and Simonides, and so many other great names — and with her face ever turned across the Ionian Sea to that ancient Motherland of Hellas, where once your soul and mine surely sojourned.

"We shall have a delightful 'going' and one you would enjoy to the full. . . . Tomorrow if fine and radiant we start for that absolutely unsurpassable expedition to the great orange gardens a thousand feet lower at the S. W. end of the Duchy. We first drive some eight miles or so through wild mountain land till we come to the gorges of the Simeto and there we mount our horses and mules and with ample escort before and behind ride in single file for about an hour and a half. Suddenly we come upon one of the greatest orange groves in Europe — 26,000 trees in full fruit, an estimated crop of 3,000,000! stretching between the rushing Simeto and great cliffs. Then once more to the saddle and back a different way to barbaric Bronte and thence a ten mile drive back along the ancient Greek highway from Naxos to sacred Enna. And so, for the moment, à revedèrla!"

Winter in Athens

After a delightful week at Corfù we settled in Athens (at Maison Merlin) for four months, and found pleasant companionship with members of the English and American Schools of Archeology — of which Mr. Carl Bosenquet and Prof. Henry Fowler were respectively the heads — with Dr. Wilhelm head of the Austrian School,— with Mr. Bikelas the Greek poet, at whose house we met several of the rising Greek men of letters, and other residents and wanderers.

The winter was very cold and at first my husband was very ill — the double strain of his life seemed to consume him like a flame. At the New Year he wrote again to Mrs. Philpot:

MAISON MERLIN,
ATHENS.

DEAR FRIEND,

This is mainly to tell you that I've come out of my severe feverish attack with erect (if draggled) colours and hope to march "cock-a-hoopishly" into 1904 and even further if the smiling enigmatical gods permit! . . . To-day I heard a sound as of Pan piping, among the glens on Hymettos, whereon my eyes rest so often and often so long dream. To-morrow I'll take Gilbert Murray's fine new version of Hippolytus or Bacchæ as my pocket

companion to the Theatre of Dionysius on the hither side of the Acropolis; possibly my favourite Œdipus at Kolonos and read sitting on Kolonos itself and imagine I hear on the wind the rise and fall of the lonely ancient lives, serene thought-tranced in deathless music. And in the going of the old and the coming of the new year, a friend's thoughts shall fare to you from far away Athens. . . . As far as practicable I am keeping myself to the closer study of the literature and philosophy and ethical concepts and ideals of anicent Hellas and of mythology in relation thereto, but you know how fascinating and perturbing much else is, from sculpture to vase paintings, from Doric and Ionic architecture to the beauty and complex interest of the almost inexhaustible field of ancient Greek coins, and those of Græcia Magna,— And then (both Eheu and Evoe!) I have so much else to do — besides "Life" the supreme and most exciting of the arts!

A letter of New Year wishes to Dr. Garnett from W. S.; and a copy of *The House of Usna* to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rhys brought the following acknowledgments:

27 TANZA ROAD, HAMPSTEAD,
Jan. 8, 1904.

MY DEAR SHARP,

Your letter has given me infinite pleasure. . . .

Athens must be a delightful residence at this time of year, especially if there are no "cold snaps," against which I fear that the modern Athenians are no better provided than their ancestors were. There is a very amusing letter in Alciphron's epistles, describing the sufferings of a poor parasite in a hard winter. You seem to have very charming society. The name of Bikelas is well known to me, but I am not much versed in Roman literature. The history of Paparrhegopoulos has been a good deal noticed of late. It seems to be a really classical work. By producing such the Greeks will indicate their claim to a high position in the European family, until the time has come for action, which apparently has not come yet.

I quite agree in the conclusion at which they seem to have arrived that it is better to have the Turks in Constantinople than the Bulgarians, much more the Russians. If either of their victims once occupy it, the rightful possessors will be forever excluded.

I have not wanted for literary occupations

— one a little work of fancy which I am about finishing, and of which you will hear more. Then I have a story to translate from the Portuguese, published in the *Venture;* an edition of Browning's preface to Shelley's forged letters, with an introduction by me, and the second volume of English literature in conjunction with Gosse, which has been these six weeks ready for issue but delayed from time to time to suit the Americans. It is now positively announced for the 31st.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Sharp, who I hope finds Attica entirely to her taste,

I am, dear Sharp,
Very sincerely yours,
R. GARNETT.

DERWEN,
HERMITAGE LANE, N. W.,
Jan. 28, 1904.

DEAR MISS FIONA MACLEOD,

Most delightful of all New Year's gifts is a really beautiful book; and we thank you, — both of us, — for sending us your most characteristic heroic-lyric tragedy, *The House of Usna.* We were fortunate in being allowed to see it performed — how long ago can it have been? — at the Stage Society's instance. . . . The "Psychic Drama," as you conceive it, opens the door to a lost world

of Nature and the emotions of Nature in the imagination. No doubt it is a frightfully difficult thing to attire these emotions in fair and credible human dress, one that seemed impossible even, but *The House of Usna* may serve as a test of how far those who have the key to these emotions can hope to fit it to old or new-old dramatic forms. Your "Foreword" is suggestive enough to be treated separately; but we write from a sick house, and in such states, it is harder to think of critical things than of pure imaginative ones. For these last, as they rise out of your magic "House," and haunt the ear, we owe you very whole and ample thanks.

With many wishes for health and spirit in this year of 1904,

We are, yours most truly,

G. AND E. RHYS.

With spring sunshine and warmth my husband regained a degree of strength, and it was his chief pleasure to take long rambles on the neighbouring hills alone, or with a young American friend, Mrs. Roselle L. Shields, a tireless walker. We made some interesting expeditions to Tyryns, Mycenæ, Corinth, Delphi, etc., and from "Olympia in Elis" he wrote to a friend:

"How you would love this radiant heat, this vast solitude of ruins, the millions of flowers and dense daisied grass. This fragment of vast Olympia is the most ancient Greek temple extant. It lies at the base of the Hill of Kronos, of which the lowest pines are seen to the right and overlooks the whole valley of the Alpheios. . . .

"And the millions of flowers. They are almost incredible in number and density. The ground is often white with thick snow of daisies. Wild plums, pears, cherries, etc. The radiant and glowing heat is a joy. I am sad to think that this day week beautiful Greece will be out of sight."

Later he wrote to Mr. Ernest Rhys:

MAISON MERLIN, ATHENS,
Friday, 26th Feb., 1904.

MY DEAR ERNEST,

. . . Yesterday I had a lovely break from work, high up on the beautiful bracing dwarf-pine clad slopes of Pentelicos, above Kephisia, the ancient deme of Menander — and then across the country behind Hymettos, the country of Demosthenes, and so back by the High Convent of St. John the Hunter, on the north spur of the Hymettian range, and

the site of ancient Gargettos, the place of Epicurus' birth and boyhood. At sundown I was at Heracleion, some three or four miles from Athens — and the city was like pale gold out of which peaked Lycabettos rose like a purple sapphire. The sky beyond, above Salamis, was all grass-green and mauve. A thunder-cloud lay on extreme Hymettos, rising from Marathon: and three rainbows lay along the violet dusk of the great hill-range. . . .

We intend to spend April in France, mostly in Southern Provence, which we love so well, and where we have dear French friends.

I am apparently well and strong again, hard at work, hard at pleasure, hard at life, as before, and generally once more full of hope and energy.

Love to you both, dear friends, and a sunbeam to little Stella.

Ever yours,

WILL.

On leaving Greece we loitered at Hyères in the month of cherry-blossoms, and moved slowly northwards through Nîmes to the fantastic neighbourhood of Le Puy, with its curious hill-set town and churches perched on pinnacles of conical rock.

From Le Puy W. S. wrote to Mrs. Janvier:

"18th April, 1904. . . . What has most impressed my imagination in this region is what I saw to-day outside of fantastic Le Puy — namely at the magnificent old feudal rock-Chateau fortress of Polignac, erected on the site of the famous Temple of Apollo (raised here by the Romans on the still earlier site of a Druidic Temple to the Celtic Sun God). I looked down the mysterious hollow of the ancient oracle of Apollo, and realised how deep a hold even in the France of to-day is maintained by the Ancient Pagan faith. . . ."

CHAPTER XII

THE WINGED DESTINY

Literary Geography

Two important events of 1904 to William Sharp were the publication of *The Winged Destiny,* at midsummer, by Messrs. Chapman & Hall; and of his *Literary Geography* in October.

In the Dedication to Dr. John Goodchild of *The Winged Destiny* (the title of *The Magic Kingdoms* was discarded), the author set forth "her" intention:

"In this book I have dealt — as I hope in all I write — only with things among which my thought has moved, searching, remembering examining, sometimes dreaming. . . .

"It is not the night-winds in sad hearts only that I hear, or the sighing of vain fatalities: but, often rather, of an Emotion akin to that mysterious Sorrow of Eternity in love with tears, of which Blake speaks in *Vala.* It is at times, at least I feel it so, because Beauty is more beautiful there. It is the twilight hour in the heart, as Joy is the heart's morning.

"Perhaps I love best the music that leads one into the moonlit coverts of dreams, and old silence, and unawakening peace. But Music, like the rose of the Greeks, is 'the thirty petalled one' and every leaf is the gate of an equal excellence. The fragrance of all is Joy, the beauty of all is Sorrow: but the Rose is one — *Rosa Sempiterna,* the Rose of Life. As to the past, it is because of what is there, that I look back: not because I do not see what is here to-day, or may be here to-morrow. It is because of what is to be gained that I look back: of what is supremely worth knowing there, of knowing intimately: of what is supremely worth remembering, of remembering constantly: not only as an exile dreaming of the land left behind, but as one travelling in narrow defiles who looks back for familiar fires on the hills, or upward to the familiar stars where is surety. In truth is not all creative art remembrance: is not the spirit of ideal art the recapture of what has gone away from the world, that by an imperious spiritual law is forever withdrawing to come again newly."

To a friend W. S. wrote:

"It is a happiness to me to know that you feel so deeply the beauty that has been so humbly and eagerly and often despairingly

sought, and that in some dim measure, at least, is held here as a shaken image in troubled waters. It is a long long road, the road of art . . . and those who serve with passion and longing and unceasing labour of inward thought and outward craft are the only votaries who truly know what long and devious roads must be taken, how many pitfalls have to be avoided or escaped from, how many desires have to be foregone, how many hopes have to be crucified in slow death or more mercifully be lost by the way, before one can stand at last on "the yellow banks where the west wind blows," and see, beyond, the imperishable flowers, and hear the immortal voices.

"A thousand perils guard the long road. And when the secret gardens are reached, there is that other deadly peril of which Fiona has written in 'The Lynn of Dreams.' And, yet again, there is that mysterious destiny, that may never come, or may come to men but once, or may come and not go, of which I wrote to you some days ago, quoting from Fiona's latest writing: that destiny which puts dust upon dreams, and silence upon sweet airs, and stills songs, and makes the hand idle, and the spirit as foam upon the sea.

"For the gods are jealous, O jealous and

remorseless beyond all words to tell. And there is so little time at the best . . . and the little gain, the little frail crown, is so apt to be gained too late for the tired votary to care, or to do more than lie down saying, 'I have striven, and I am glad, and now it is over, and I am glad!'"

A letter of appreciation to the author from an unknown Gaelic correspondent contained this beautiful wish:

"May you walk by the waters of Life, and may you rest by Still Waters, and may you know the mystery of God."

To Mrs. Helen Bartlett Bridgman, "Fiona" wrote in acknowledgment of a letter, and of a sympathetic, printed appreciation of *The Winged Destiny:*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

(For if deep sympathy and understanding do not constitute friendship, what does?) It would be strange indeed if I did not wish to write to you after what Mr. Mosher has told me, and after perusal of what you have written concerning what I have tried to do with my pen. There are few things so helpful, perhaps none so pleasant to a writer in love with his or her work and the ideals which are its source, than the swift understanding

and sympathy of strangers. So much of my work is aside from the general temper and taste, and not only in its ideals but in its "atmosphere," indeed even in its writer's methods and manner, that I have to be content (as I gladly am content) to let the wind that blows through minds and hearts carry the seed whithersoever it may perchance take root, and this with the knowledge that the resting places must almost of necessity, as things are, be few and far between. But it is not number that counts, and, as I say, I am well content — would be content were my readers far fewer than they are. It seems enough to me that one should do one's best in a careful beauty and in the things of the spirit. It is enough to be a torch-bearer, whether the flame be a small and brief light or a beacon — it is to take over and to tend and to hand on the fire that matters. As I say in my very shortly forthcoming new book, *The Winged Destiny,* I desire to be of the horizon-makers; if I can be that, however humbly, I am glad indeed. This would be so with anyone, I think, feeling thus. To me outside sympathy means perhaps more; for I stand more isolated than most writers do, partly by my will, partly by circumstances as potent and sometimes

more potent. It is not only that I am devoid of the desire of publicity, of personal repute, and that nothing of advantage therefrom has the slightest appeal to me (though, alas, both health and private circumstances make my well-being to a large extent dependent on what my work brings me), but that I am mentally so constituted that I should be silenced by what so many are naturally and often rightly eager for and that so many seek foolishly or unworthily. In this respect I am like the mavis of the woods, that sings full-heartedly in the morning shadow or evening twilight in secret places, but will be dumb and lost in the general air of noon and where many are gathered in the frequented open to see and hear.

It is for these, and other imperative private reasons, why I am known personally to so very few of my fellow-writers: and why in private circles the subject is not one that occurs. I cannot explain, though not from reluctance or perversity or any foolish and needless mystery. The few who do not know me, as you know me, but with added intimacy, are loyal in safe-guarding my wishes and my privacy. That explains why I refuse all editorial and other requests of "interviews," "photographs," "personal articles" and the like. In a word, I am blind to all

the obvious advantages that would accrue from my "entering the arena" as others do. I have all that frequently borne in upon me. But still less so do I ignore what would happen to my work, to its quality and spirit, to myself, if I yielded. I may be wrong, but I do not think I am. I am content to do my best, as the spirit moves me, and as my sense of beauty compels me; and if, with that, I can also make some often much-needed money, enough for the need as it arises; and, further, can win the sympathy and deep appreciation of the few intimate and the now many unknown friends whom, to my great gladness and pride, I have gained, then, indeed, I can surely contentedly let wider "fame" (of all idle things the idlest, when it is, as it commonly is, the mere lip-repute of the curious and the shallow) go by, and be indifferent to the lapse of possible but superfluous greater material gain. . . .

Dr. Goodchild, after a first acknowledgment of the dedication, again wrote to F. M.:

AUTHOR'S CLUB,
July, 1904.

DEAR FRIEND,

. . . Yesterday I read your Preface to a friend of mine, and afterwards a lady (a

clever woman I believe) came into the room. I had never met her before, and she had never read anything of yours, but she picked up the book and asked what it was. "Just read the introduction" said my friend. The reader had an expressive face, and I wish you had seen it. "But this is something quite new. I never read anything like it before" she said as she finished: and I fancy that many will do likewise.

A woman said in my hearing not long ago, of one of your poems, "*I* could not put out my heart for daws to peck at," and I said, "only the Eagle could do that, and not only daws, but blackbirds of all kinds will come to peck, and when the Eagles hear the call of their mates, there will be such slaughter of carrion crows as the World has not seen yet."

J. A. G.

A few days later William described to a friend the events of

". . . one of the loveliest days of the year, with the most luminous atmosphere I have seen in England — the afternon and evening divinely serene and beautiful.

"I had a pleasant visit to Bath, and particularly enjoyed the long day spent yesterday at Glastonbury and neighbourhood, and the

glowing warmth and wonderful radiance.

"As usual one or two strange things happened in connection with Dr. G. We went across the ancient 'Salmon' of St. Bride, which stretches below the hill known as 'Weary-All' (a corruption of Uriel, the Angel of the Sun), and about a mile or less westward came upon the narrow water of the ancient 'Burgh.' Near here is a very old Thorn held in great respect. . . .

"He put me (unknowing) to a singular test. He had hoped with especial and deep hope that in some significant way I would write or utter the word 'Joy' on this 1st day of August (the first three weeks of vital import to many, and apparently for myself too) — and also to see if a certain spiritual influence would reach me. Well, later in the day (for he could not prompt or suggest, and had to await occurrence) we went into the lovely grounds of the ancient ruined Abbey, one of the loveliest things in England I think. I became restless and left him, and went and lay down behind an angle of the East end, under the tree. I smoked, and then rested idly, and then began thinking of some correspondence I had forgotten. Suddenly I turned on my right side, stared at the broken stone of the angle, and felt vaguely

moved in some way. Abruptly and unpremeditatedly I wrote down three enigmatic and disconnected lines. I was looking curiously at the third when I saw Dr. G. approach.

"'Can you make anything out of that,' I said—'I've just written it, I don't know why.' This is the triad:

'From the Silence of Time, Time's Silence borrow.
In the heart of To-day is the word of To-morrow.
The Builders of Joy are the Children of Sorrow.'"

To Mr. Stedman W. S. announced our plans for the coming winter:

Aug. 29, 1904.

DEAR POET,

This is not an advance birthday letter, as you may think! It is to convey tidings of much import to my wife and myself, and I hope of pleasure to you and other friends over-sea — namely that this late autumn we are going to pay a brief visit to New York.

It is our intention to spend January, February, and March in Rome — which for me is the City of Cities. But we are going to it via New York. In a word, we intend to leave England somewhere between 23rd and 26th October, according as steamers and our needs fit it. Then after six weeks or so in New

York, we intend to sail direct to the Mediterranean by one of the Hamburg-American or North-German Lloyd Special Mediterranean line, sailing to Genoa and Naples. . . .

I have been very busy of late, and for one thing have been occupied with collecting and revising the literary studies of some years past — and much else of which I'll tell you when we meet. My *Literary Geography*, which has been running serially in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for the last 14 to 15 months will be out in book-form in October. My wife's recently published little book on Rembrandt has had a good reception, I am very glad to say.

With all affectionate greetings to you both, ever, Dear Stedman,

Affectionately your friend,

WILLIAM SHARP.

Before we started for New York *Literary Geography* (by W. S.) was published. According to the critic in *The World*:

"It was a characteristically original idea of the author to combine descriptions of certain localities with criticisms and appreciations of those famous writers who had identified themselves therewith. It gives one a

fresher and keener insight, for instance, into Mr. George Meredith's poems to know how much they reveal of the lovely country in which he lives, and how many of his exquisite similes are drawn from observation of the birds and beasts and plants which he sees daily around his home under the shadow of Box Hill. 'The Country of Stevenson,' 'Dickens-Land,' 'Scott-Land,' 'The Country of George Eliot,' 'Thackeray-Land,' 'The Brontë Country,' 'The Carlyle Country,' and 'Aylwin-Land' are all both delightful and instructive, full of poetic description, sound criticism, and brilliant flashes of wit; and not less so are the chapters on the 'literary geography' of the Thames from Oxford to the Nore, the English Lakes, with all their associations with Wordsworth and his brother poets, and the Lake of Geneva, which might have been called Voltaire-Land were it not that so many other famous personalities and authors are identified with Geneva and its surroundings that the solitary distinction might seem invidious."

The book was dedicated to the author's friend of early days, Mr. George Halkett (then Editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*) with the reminder that

"More years ago now than either of us cares to recall, we were both, in the same dismal autumn for us, sent wandering from our native lands in Scotland to the end of the earth. I remember that each commiserated the other because of that doctor's doom in which we both, being young and foolish, believed. Since then we have sailed many seas and traversed many lands, and I, at least, have the wayfaring fever too strong upon me ever to be cured now."

The critic in the *Daily Chronicle* explained that the "book is all an affair of temperament, and the only thing which really matters is that Mr. Sharp has made excellent stuff out of his impressions. . . . For instance, the first time he saw Robert Louis Stevenson was not as it should have been, in the land of Alan Breck; it was at Waterloo Station. Is the literary geographer abashed by this conjunction of two sympathetic Scots in a dismal London shed? Not a bit of it:

"'He was tall, thin, spare — indeed, he struck me as almost fantastically spare. I remember thinking that the station draught caught him like a torn leaf blowing at the end of a branch.'

"Mind you, at that moment Mr. Sharp did not know who the stranger was, but knew

by instinct that the station draught ought to make poetical use of him. More than that, Mr. Sharp saw that Stevenson had the air of a man just picked out of a watery grave. Anybody could see this:

"'That it was not merely an expression of my own was proved by the exclamation of a cabman, who was standing beside me expectant of a "fare" who had gone to look after his luggage: "Looks like a sooercide, don't he, sir? One o' them chaps as takes their down-on-their-luck 'eaders into the Thames!"'

"When Stevenson could inflame a cabman with this picturesque fantasy, no wonder he turned Waterloo Station into the home of romance. But this was not all. The 'sooercide' had still more magic about him. Stevenson was waiting for a friend to arrive by train, and when the friend appeared, the drowned *revenant* became another being.

"'The dark locks apparently receded, like weedy tangle in the ebb; the long sallow oval grew rounder and less wan; the sombre melancholy vanished like cloud-scud on a day of wind and sun, and the dark eyes lightened to a violet-blue and were filled with sunshine and laughter.'

"This extraordinary man was carrying a book and dropped it. Then happened some-

thing which expanded Waterloo Station into the infinite:

"'I lifted and restored it, noticing as I did that it was the *Tragic Comedians*. . . .'"

In 1902 W. S. had been greatly gratified by a request from the musical composer, Mr. MacDowell, couched in generous terms of appreciation:

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
NEW YORK, May 25th.

MISS FIONA MACLEOD,
MY DEAR MADAM,

Your work has so grown into my life that I venture to ask you to permit my placing your name on some music of mine. Your poems have been an inspiration to me and I trust you will accept a dedication of music that is yours already by right of suggestion. By this I do not mean that my music in any way echoes your words, but that your words have been a most powerful incentive to me in my music and I crave your sympathy for it.

Sincerely yours,
EDWARD MACDOWELL.

At the end of 1904, F. M. wrote to Mr. Lawrence Gilman, the American Musical Critic:

22 Ormidale Terrace,
Murrayfield, 31st Dec.

Dear Mr. Gilman,

Some time ago a friend played to me one or two lovely airs by Mr. Loeffler, and I was so much impressed by their unique quality and their atmosphere of subtle beauty that I wrote to find out what I could about this composer, and also about another, Mr. MacDowell, whose beautiful Keltic Sonata I have heard. And now I have been sent a copy of your winsome and deeply interesting and informing little book, *Phases of Modern Music*. There I not only find much of deep interest to me about Mr. Loeffler and Mr. MacDowell, but find your whole book at once informing and fascinating. In addition I had the great pleasure of coming unexpectedly upon allusions to myself and my writings: and I would like you to know how truly I appreciate these, and how glad I am that a critic touched to such fine issues in the great art of Music, and with so keen a sense for the new ideals of beauty, the new conceptions of style and distinction, should care for what I am trying to do in my own art.

I hope you are writing another book. Whether on musical subjects only, or on literary and musical subjects in conjunction

(which of course would appeal to a wider section of the reading public), any such book would I am sure, be welcomed by all who know *Phases of Modern Music.*

I wish I knew more of the music of these two composers. There is a spirit abroad just now, full of a new poignancy of emotion, uplifted on a secret wave of passion and ecstasy, and these men seem to me of that small but radiant company who have slept and dreamed in the other world and drank moon-dew.

Let me thank you again for all the pleasure you have given me, and

Believe me

Most truly yours,

FIONA MACLEOD.

Mr. Lawrence Gilman replied:

NEW YORK,
Jan. 14, 1905.

MY DEAR MISS MACLEOD,

It would not be easy for me to tell you, without seeming extravagance, of the keen pleasure I have had in your cordial letter concerning my book, *Phases of Modern Music.* The deep impression which your own work has made upon me must already have become evident to you through even the most

cursory reading of my book — an impression the extent and definiteness of which I myself had scarcely realised. You will know, then, how great a satisfaction it is for me to hear that you have been interested in my thoughts on musical subjects, and that they have seemed to you worthy of the friendly praise which you have spoken in your letter.

So you know and like the music of Loeffler and MacDowell! That is good to hear; for few, even in this country, where they have been active in their art for so long, are sensible of the beauty and power of their work. Do you know Loeffler's latest production — "Quatre Poëmes," settings of verses by Verlaine and Baudelaire? They are written for voice, piano, and viola: a singular and admirable combination. Mr. MacDowell will be glad to hear of your pleasure in his "Keltic Sonata," for he is one of your most sensitive admirers: it was he, indeed, who first made me acquainted with your work. Have you heard his earliest sonatas — the "Norse," "Eroica," and "Tragica"? They are not very far behind the "Keltic" in distinction and force, though lacking the import and exaltation of the latter.

You would be surprised, I think, to know how the Celtic impulse is seizing the imagin-

ations of some of the younger and more warmly-tempered of American composers. I am enclosing a programme of a concert given recently in Boston, consisting entirely of music written on Celtic themes.

Thank you again.

Very faithfully yours,

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

When in New York William Sharp had written to Mr. Alden "on behalf of Miss Macleod" concerning her later nature-essay work, and explained that "Some months ago, by special request from the Editor of *Country Life,* Miss M. began contributing one or two of these papers. From the first they attracted notice, and then the Editor asked her if she would contribute a series to appear as frequently as practicable — averaging two a month — till next May when they would be issued in book-form. As Miss M. enjoys writing them, she agreed."

In the same letter he spoke of a subject on which he had long meditated. He proposed it for *Harper's Magazine:* — "I have long been thinking over the material of an article on the Fundamental Science of Criticism, to be headed, say 'A New Degree: D. Crit.'" This project among many others

was never worked out. But the "nature-papers" were a great pleasure to him, and in 1904 and 1905 he wrote on many subjects for *Country Life*, over the signature of F. M., also several poems that were afterwards included in the second edition of *From the Hills of Dream*.

As month by month the number of nature essays grew, he planned to issue them in two, and later in three volumes. To the second volume he thought to give the title *Blue Days and Green Days* (from a line of R. L. Stevenson's), and to call the third, which was to deal with the stars and the skies at night, "Beyond the Blue Septentrion." Not all the projected essays for each book, however, were written; but those which appeared serially were published posthumously in 1906, by *Country Life* under the title of *Where the Forest Murmurs*. Concerning the titular essay, Mr. Alfred Noyes wrote: "It is one of those pieces of nature-study which, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, have that rarest of all modern qualities — 'Healing Power.'"

And according to *The Contemporary Review*:

"Fiona Macleod's prose baffles description. It is perhaps hardly prose at all. It is melody in words suggesting scenes as much

by sound as by the passage of ideas. The ideas conveyed by the actual words are supplemented by the rhythm or melody conveyed by the sequence of words. But it is, when all analysis is ended, something quite alone: pure music of a strange and curious quality that is neither prose nor poetry, but thrilling with the pain and passion of a Gaelic chant. It conveys to the mind and heart the scenes and sounds of nature with almost magical accuracy."

The immediate object of our short visit to New York and Boston was that I should know in person some of the many friends my husband valued there, and I was specially interested to make the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Stedman, who gave me a warm welcome, of Mr. and Mrs. Alden, Mr. and Mrs. R. Watson Gilder, Mr. John Lafarge, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and Miss Caroline Hazard whom we visited at Wellesley College. But winter set in with December. The cold proved so severe that we sailed for and reached Naples in time to spend Xmas Day with friends at Bordighera whence W. S. wrote to Mr. Murray Gilchrist: " We are back from America (thank God) and are in Italy (thank Him more). . . . For myself I am crawling out of the suck of a wave whose

sweep will I hope be a big one of some months and carry me far."

In Rome we took rooms at the top of Fischer's Park Hotel, whence from the balconies we had a superb view over Rome. There we saw a few friends — in particular Mr. Hichens who was also wintering there; but my husband did not feel strong enough for any social effort. As he wrote to Mr. Mosher:

11th Feb., 1905.

"Dubious and ever varying health, with much going to and fro in quest of what is perhaps not to be found (for mere change of climate will not give health unless other conditions combine to bring about the miracle) have, among other causes, prevented my writing to you as I had intended, or, indeed, from doing much writing of any kind. I have written a few articles for *Country Life* — and little else, published or unpublished. The days go by and I say 'at night' — and every night I am too tired or listless, and say 'tomorrow': and so both the nights and the morrows go to become thistles in the Valley of Oblivion. But with the advancing Spring I am regathering somewhat of lost energy, and if only I were back in Scotland I believe I should be hard at work! Well, I shall be

there soon, though I may be away again, in the remote isles or in Scandinavia for the late spring and summer. . . .

"F. M."

CHAPTER XIII

1905

There is a great serenity in the thought of death, when it is known to be the Gate of Life.

FIONA MACLEOD.

April my husband spent in the West of Scotland, for which he pined; and on his way North broke his journey in Edinburgh whence he wrote to Mr. W. J. Robertson, the translator into English verse of *A Century of the French poets of the XIX Century*:

April, 1905.

DEAR MR. ROBERTSON,

After our most pleasant evening à deux I had a comfortable journey north: and last night luxuriated in getting to bed early (a rare thing for me) with the sure and certain knowledge there would be no glorious resurrection therefrom at any untimely hour. So after sleeping the sleep of the true Gael — who is said to put 85 to the poor Sassenach 40 winks — I woke in peace. I was thereafter having a cigarette over the *Scotsman*

when my youngest (and secretary) sister brought me my letters, papers, etc., and with them a long narrow box which I soon discovered to be your generous gift of 100 of these delectable Indian cigars. It is very good of you indeed, and I am grateful, and may the ancient Gaelic God Dia-Cheo, God of Smoke, grant you remission of all your philological sins and derivative "howlers" — and the more so as there is no authority for any such god, and the name would signify hill-mist instead of pipe-smoke! And may I have a hundred "rèves de Notre Dame de Nicotine!" I couldn't resist trying one. Wholly excellent. And in the meditative fumes I arrived through intuition at the following derivation which I hope will find a place in your book:

Roab ancient Celtic for a Good Fellow
H'Errt " " " Smoker-Maker or Smoke-Bestower
's contraction for *Agus* "and,"
Onn ancient Celtic for "May Heaven Bless"
W. J. ancient Celtic Tribal tattoo ——

which, assisted in dreams by the spirits of Windisch, D'Arbois de Jubainville, Loth, Whitely Stokes and Kuno Meyer, I take to be *W. J. Roab-H'Errt-S-onn* — i. e., *Bill-Jack,* or in mod. English "William John" of

the Clan of Heaven-Blessed Friendly Smokers — i. e., William John of the Roaberrtsson, or Roberston Clan. This of course disposes of Donnachie once and for all.

Ever sincerely yours

WILLIAM SHARP.

From Edinburgh he and his secretary-sister Mary went to Lismore, so that he might "feel the dear West once more." From Oban he reported to Mr. W. J. Robertson on a post card addressed to "Ri Willeam Iain MacRiobeart mhic Donnach aidh"——

"Awful accident in a lonely Isle of the West.

"A distinguished stranger was observing the vasty deep, and had laid a flask-filled cup on a rock beside him when a tamned gull upset it and at same time carried off a valuable Indian cheroot. Deep sympathy is everywhere expressed, for the distinguished stranger, the lost cheroot, and above all for the spilt cup and abruptly emptied flash. A gloom has been cast over the whole island.

"Verb: Sap:"

From Lismore he wrote to me:

"April 19. It was sweet to fall asleep last night to the sound of the hill-wind and

the swift troubled waters. We had a lovely walk in the late afternoon, and again in the sombre moonlit night. It came on too stormy for me to go round to the Cavern later, however. I'll try again. I was there about first dusk, with Mary. To my chagrin there was neither sound nor sight of the sea-woman, but she must be there, for MacC. has *twice* heard her sobbing and crying out at him when he passed close in the black darkness. There was only a lapwing wailing near by, but both Mary and I heard a singular furtive sound like something in a trailing silk dress whispering to itself as it slid past in the dusk — but this, I *think*, was a curious echo of what's called 'a sobbing wave' in some narrow columnar hidden hollow opening from the sea. Mary got the creeps, and loathed a story I told her about a *midianmara* that sang lovely songs but only so as to drown the listener and suck the white warm marrow out of his spine.

"Later I joined MacC. for a bit over the flickering fire-flaucht. I got him to tell me all over again and more fully about the Maighdeann Mhara. The first time he heard 'something' was before his fright last November. 'There was *cèol* then,' he said. . . .

"I asked in Gaelic, 'Were songs sung?'

He said, 'Yes, at times.' Mrs. MacC. was angry at him, he said, and said he hadn't the common-sense of a jenny-cluckett (a clucking hen) — *but* (and there's a world of difference in that) *she hadn't heard what he had heard.* So to cheer him up I told him a story about a crab that fed on the brains of a drowned man, and grew with such awful and horrible wisdom that it climbed up the stairway of the seaweed and on to a big rock and waved its claws at the moon and cursed God and the world, and then died raving mad. Seeing how it worked upon him, I said I would tell him another, and worse, about a lobster — but he was just as bad as Mary, and said he would wait for the lobster till the morning, and seemed so absurdly eager to get safely to bed that the pleasant chat had to be abruptly broken off. . . .

"P. S. The cold is very great, and it is a damp cold, you couldn't stand it. When I got up my breath *swarmed* about the room like a clutch of phantom peewits. No wonder I had a dream I was a seal with my feet clemmed on to an iceberg. A duck went past a little ago seemingly with one feather and that blown athwart its beak, so strong was the north-wind blowing from that snowy mass that Ben Nevis wears like a delicate

veil. Cruachan has covered herself with a pall of snow mist.

"*April 20.* . . . Fiona Macleod has just been made an honorary member of a French League of writers devoted to the rarer and subtler use of Prose and Verse, a charming letter from Paul Fort acting for his colleagues Maeterlinck, Henri de Roquier, Jean Moréas, Emile Verhacren, Comte Antoine de la Rochefoucault, Duchesse de la Roche-Guyon, Richeguin, Sully Prudhomme, Henri Le Sidaner, Jules Claretie, etc., etc.

"We're glad, aren't we, you and I? She's our daughter, isn't she?

"*23rd April.* . . . You will have got my note of yesterday telling you that I have reluctantly had to relinquish Iona. The primary reason is its isolation at present. . . .

"But from something I heard from old Mr. C. I fancy it's as well for me not to visit there just now, where I'd be the only stranger, and every one would know of it — and where a look out for F. M. or W. S. is kept! And, too, anything heard there and afterwards utilised would be as easily traced to me. . . . After Tiree and Iona and Coll, and Arran in the South, I don't care just now for anywhere else — nearer: as for Eigg, which I loved so much of old, Rum or Canna and the

new Tauchnitz vol. (*The Sunset of Old Tales*) and expect to complete it (for May) to-night.

"*24th April.* . . . Yes, I was sorry to leave Lismore. It may be my last time in the Gaelic West. (I don't say this 'down-ly'—but because I think it likely. There is much I want to do, and now as much by W. S. as by F. M. and that I realise must be done abroad where alone can I keep well and mentally even more than physically (*How* I hope Fontainebleau may some day suit us.) Dear MacC. was sorry to part to. He shook hands (with both his) and when I said in Gaelic 'Good-bye, and Fare-well upon that, my friend,' he said, 'No—no'—and then suddenly said, 'My blessing on you—and good-bye now!' and turned away and went down the pier-side and hoisted the brown sail and went away across the water, waving a last farewell."

The cold proved so disastrous that my husband was ordered to Neuenahr for special treatment. Thence he wrote to the Hon. A. Nelson Hood:

June, 1905.

MY DEAR JULIAN,

Just a brief line, for I am still very re-

Outer Isles, they are too inaccessible just now and Skye is to remote and too wet and cold. However, it is isolation plus 'atmosphere' I want most of all — and I doubt if there is any place just now I could get so much good from as Lismore. I love that quiet isolated house on the rocks facing the Firth of Lorne, all Appin to Ben Naomhir, and the great mountains of Morven.

"It was on the sandy bindweed-held slope of the little bay near the house, facing Eilean-nan-Coarach, that F. wrote the prelude to *The Winged Destiny* — and also the first piece, the 'Treud-nan-Ron,' which describes that region, with Mr. MacC.'s seal legend, and the dear little island in the Sound of Morven (do you remember our row to it one day?) There one could be quiet and given over to dreams and to the endless fascination of outer nature. . . . And I have got much of what I want — the *in-touch* above all, the atmosphere: enough to strike the keynote throughout the coming year and more, for I absorb through the very pores of both mind and body like a veritable sponge. Wild-life and plant-life too extremely interesting here. There does seem some mystery about that cave, tho' I cannot fathom it.

"I've all but finished the preparation of the

stricted in permission as to writing, as so much depends on the rest-cure which is no small factor in my redemption here. . . .

It has been "a narrow squeak." Briefly, after a hard tussle at the brink of "Cape Fatal" and a stumble across "Swamp Perilous" I got into the merely "dangerous condition" stage — and now at last that's left behind, and I'll soon be as well in body as I'm happy and serene in mind.

It is at best, however, a *reprieve,* not a life-time-discharge. *N'importe.* Much can be done with a reprieve, and who is to know how long the furlough may be extended to. At any rate, I am well content.

To me he wrote — for I was unable to accompany him:

NEUENAHR,
16th June, 1905.

". . . . Here, at the Villa Usner, it is deliciously quiet and reposeful. I had not realised to the full how much nervous harm I've had for long. To live near trees is alone a joy and a restorative. The heat is very great but to me most welcome and strengthening. . . . In my room or in the garden I hear no noise, no sounds save the susurrus of leaves and the sweet monotony of the rushing Ahr, and the cries and broken songs of birds. . . .

"I could see that Dr. G. can't understand why I am not more depressed or, rather, more anxious. I explained to him that these physical troubles meant little to me, and that they were largely the bodily effect of other things, and might be healed far more by spiritual well-being than by anything else: also that nature and fresh air and serenity and light and warmth and nervous rest were worth far more to me than all else. 'But don't you know how serious your condition may become at any moment, if you got a bad chill or setback, or don't soon get better?' 'Certainly,' I said; 'but what then? Why would I bother about either living or dying? I shall not die before the hour of my unloosening comes.'

"I want to be helped all I may be — but all the waters in the world can only affect the external life, and even that only secondarily very often. . . ."

Monday evening.

". . . *How* I enjoyed my breakfast this morning! (in the lovely garden, in a vine-shadowed arbour or pergola, with great tall poplars and other trees billowing against the deep blue). Then a cigarette, a stroll in the lovely sunlit-dappled green shadowiness of an adjoining up-sloping avenue — and a seat

for a little on a deserted south-wall bench (because of the blazing heat) for a sun-bath, while I watched a nightingale helping its young to fly among the creaming elders and masses of wild-rose, while her mate swung on a beech-branch and called long sweet exquisite cries of a thrilling poignancy (which, however, might only be 'Now then, Jenny, look out, or Tommy will fall into that mass of syringa: — hillo! there's Bobby and Polly gone and got scratched pecking at these confounded white wild-rose!')

"Then I got up to come in and write to you (gladly in one way, reluctantly in another, for I seem to drink in life in the strong sunlight and heat), but first stopped to speak to a gorgeous solitary dandelion. I stroked it gently, and said 'Hullo, wee brother, isn't the world beautiful? Hold up your wee head and rejoice!' And it turned up its wee golden nose and said 'Keep your hair on, you old Skidamalink, I'm rejoicing as hard as ever I can. I'm *always* rejoicing. What else would I do? You *are* a rum old unshiny animal on two silly legs!' So we laughed, and parted — but he called me back, and said gently in a wee soft goldy-yellow voice, 'Don't think me rude, Brother of Joy. It's only my way. I love you because you

love me and don't despise me. Shake pinkies!'—so I gave him a pinkie and he gave me a wee golden-yellow pinkie-petal. . . .

"Tell Marjorie[1] the wee Dandelion was asking about her and sends her his love—also a milky daisy that says *Hooray!* every morning when it wakes, and then is so pleased and astonished that it remains silently smiling till next morning.

"This flower and bird talk doesn't bother you, does it? Don't think I don't realise how ill I have been and in a small way still am: but I don't think about it, and am quite glad and happy in this lovely June-glory. . . ."

He broke his return journey at Doorn with our friends M. and Mme. Grandmont and wrote to me:

July, 1905.

". . . How you'd love to be here!

"Nothing visible but green depths fading into green depths, and fringing the sky-lines the endless surf of boughs and branches. From the forest-glades the cooing of doves and the travelling-voice of a flowing cool sweet wind of this delicious morning. I always gain immensely in mind and body from

[1] The little daughter of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tomson.

nearness to woodlands and green growth — hence in no small part my feeling for Fontainebleau. I'd such a lot tell you about it — and of what we should strive to obtain for ourselves in restful, fine, dignified life, and much else, apropos and apart — as you lay happy and contented on the long luxurious lounge beside my chair on the deep balcony, half listening to me and half to the soft continuous susurrus of the pine-fragrant breeze — that more than an hour elapsed while I drank my tea and read your letter. . . .

"It is no exaggeration to say that, so greatly do I value and treasure afterwards certain aspects of beauty, I would quite willingly go through all the suffering again for the sake of the lovely impressions here last night and this morning. The beauty and charm of this house and its forest-environment, the young moon and the night-jar at dusk (and then to soothe and sleepify me still more, the soft, sweet, old-fashioned melodies of Haydn from 9 to 9.30) — one or two lovely peacocks trailing about in front — the swallows at corner of my great verandah — a thousandfold peace and beauty, and the goodness of these dear friends, have not only been, and are, a living continuous joy, but

have been like the Heralds of Spring to the return of gladness and energy into my mind. To-day I realise that too, for one thing, 'Fiona' has come back from afar off. It is peace and greenness she loves — not the physical and psychical perturbation and demoralisation of towns.

"Yes, we'll make 'green homes' for ourselves now. No more long needless months in London. . . ."

Despite his serenity of mind, London as usual wrought him harm, and as he explained to Dr. Goodchild:

30th July.

". . . August is always a 'dark' month for me — and not as a rule, I fancy a good one: at any rate an obscure and perhaps perilous one. But this time I fancy it is on other lines. I believe strong motives and influences are to be at work in it perhaps furtively only: but none the less potently and far reachingly. Between now and September-end (perhaps longer) many of the Dark Powers are going to make a great effort. We must all be on guard — for there will be individual as well as racial and general attack. But a Great Unloosening is at hand.

"Yours ever,

"W. S."

We therefore went to Scotland to say good-bye to his mother and sisters, and to see one or two friends, among others, Miss Mary Wilson, the pastellist, at Bantaskine, her home on the site of the battle of Falkirk; Mr. D. Y. Cameron, with whom my husband planned an unfulfilled wander among the Western Isles; and Mr. David Erskine of Linlathen.

While in the North he wrote to Mr. John Masefield:

KESSOCK COTTAGE,
NAIRN.

DEAR MR. MASEFIELD,

A brief word to tell you what pleasure I have had in your little book, *A Mainsail Haul*. It is not only that it is written with delicate art: but it is rich in atmosphere — a much rarer thing. The simplicity, the charm, the subtle implication of floating, evasive yet fluctuating romance, your own keen sense of the use of words and their veiled life and latent as well as obvious colour, combine to a winning and often compelling effect. I do not think anyone who has read Don Alfonso's drinking bout with the little red man and the strange homegoing of the weed and flower-grown brigantine with the Bible name, will forget it: and what dream charm also there

is in "Port of Many Ships," "Sea Superstition," "The Spanish Sailor's Yarn." In such a splendid and delightful colour fabric as "From the Spanish" "high words and rare" are of course apt — but is it not a mistake to introduce in "Sea Superstition" words such as "august" and "wrought" in a sailor's mouth? (In the text the effect seems to be enhanced, not lessened, by the omission of these words — "were like things in bronze," "the roof of which was of dim branches.")

In "From the Spanish" I would, as a matter of personal taste, prefer that the end came at the close of the penultimate paragraph, the shore-drift of the Italian lute. I think the strange dream-like effect would be much enhanced without (what seems to me) the superfluous "realistic" tag. Otherwise the piece is a gem of its kind.

But you will forgive the critic (and it shows he has read closely) in the admirer, I hope?

Let us have more work of the kind. There is much need of it, and you are of the few who can give it.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM SHARP.

Mr. Masefield — who had written con-

cerning Fiona Macleod to a friend: "I think the genius of a dead people has found reincarnation in her. Wherever the Celt is, thence come visions and tears"— replied:

GREENWICH,
Aug. 19, 1905.

DEAR MR. SHARP,

I was deeply touched by your kind letter about my little book [*A Mainsail Haul*]. If it should go to a second edition I will make use of your suggestion. I prepared the book rather hurriedly, and there is much in it that I very much dislike, now that it cannot be altered.

The mood in which I wrote the tales you like, has gone from me, and I am afraid I shall be unable to write others of the same kind. In youth the mind is an empty chamber; and the spirits fill it, and move and dance there, and colour it with their wings and raiment. In manhood one has familiars. But between those times (forgive me for echoing Keats) one has little save a tag or two of cynicism, a little crude experience, much weariness, much regret, and a vision blurred by all four faults. One is weakened, too, by one's hatreds.

I thank you again for your very kind and cordial letter. Yours very sincerely,

JOHN MASEFIELD.

To an unknown correspondent F. M. wrote:

Sept. 15, 1905.

". . . I have been away, in the isles, and for a time beyond the reach of letters. I wish there were Isles where one could also go at times, where no winged memories could follow. In a Gaelic folk-tale, told me by an old woman once, the woman of the story had only to burn a rose to ashes and to hold them in the palms of her hands and then to say seven times, *A Eileanain na Sith,* 'O Isles of Peace'! and at once she found herself in quiet isles beyond the foam where no memories could follow her and where old thoughts, if they came, were like phantoms on the wind, in a moment come, in a moment gone. I have failed to find these Isles, and so have you: but there are three which lie nearer, and may be reached, Dream, Forgetfulness, and Hope.

"And there, it may be, we can meet, you and I. . . .

"Yes, your insight is true. There is a personal sincerity, the direct autobiographical utterance, in even, as you say, the most remote

and phantastic of my legends as in the plainest of my words. But because they cover so much illusion as well as passion, so much love gone on the wind as well as love that not even the winds of life and death can break or uproot, so much more of deep sorrow (apart from the racial sorrow which breathes through all) than of joy save in the deeper spiritual sense, they were thus raimented in allegory and legend and all the illusion of the past, the remote, the obscure, or the still simpler if more audacious directness of the actual, the present, and the explicit. There is, perhaps, a greater safety, a greater illusion, in absolute simplicity than in the most subtly wrought of art. . . .

"But you will understand me when I say that you must not count on our meeting — at any rate not this year. I too stand under obscure wings.

"Your friend,

"F. M."

To the Duchess of Sutherland:

". . . I have the memory that recalls everything in proportion and sequence. I have often written that art is memory, is in great part memory, though not necessarily a recalling of mere personal experience: and the

more deeply I live the more I see that this is so. . . .

"When you write, I mean imaginatively, you must write more and more with concentrated vision. Some time ago I re-read your *Four Winds of the World;* much of it is finely done, and in some of it your self lives, your own accent speaks. But you have it in you to do work far more ambitious. The last is not a word I like, or affect; but here it is convenient and will translate to your mind what is in my mind. These stories are *yours* but they are not *you:* and though in a sense art is a wind above the small eddies of personality, there is a deeper sense in which it is nothing else than the signature of personality. Style (that is, the outer emotion that compels and the hidden life of the imagination that impels and the brooding thought that shapes and colours) should, spiritually, reflect a soul's lineaments as faithfully as the lens of the photographer reflects the physiognomy of a man or woman. It is because I feel in you a deep instinct for beauty, a deep longing for beautiful expression and because I believe you have it in you to achieve highly in worth and beauty, that I write to you thus. . . . There is that Lady of Silence, the Madonna of Enigma, who lives in the heart

of many women. Could you not shape something under *Her* eyes — shape it and colour it with your own inward life, and give it all the nobler help of austere discipline and control which is called art? I have not much to tell you of myself just now. At the moment I do not write to you from the beloved west where I spend much of each year and where my thoughts and dreams continually are. To-night I am tired, and sad, I hardly know why.

O wind, why break in idle foam
  This wave that swept the seas — . . .
Foam is the meed of barren dreams,
  And hearts that cry for peace.

Lift then, O wind, this heart of mine
  And swirl aside in foam —
No, wander on, unchanging heart,
  The undrowning deeps thy home.

Less than a billow of the sea
  That at the last doth no more roam
Less than a wave, less than a wave
  This thing that hath no home,
This thing that hath no grave!

"But I shall weary you. Well, forgive me. . . ."

The next letter is to Mrs. Helen Hopekirk,

the Scottish-American composer, who has set several of the F. M. poems to music:

18th Oct., 1905.

MY DEAR MRS. HOPEKIRK,

I was very pleased to hear from you again. I am busy with preparations for Italy, for the doctors say I should be away from our damp Scottish climate from October-end till Spring comes again. How far off it seems. . . . Spring! Do you long for it, do you love its advent, as I do? Wherever I am, St. Bride's Day is always for me the joy-festival of the year — the day when the real new year is born, and the three dark months are gone, and Spring leans across the often gray and wet, but often rainbow-lit, green-tremulous horizons of February. This year it seems a longer way off than hitherto, and yet it should not be so — for I go to Italy, and to friends, and to beautiful places in the sun, there and in Sicily, and perhaps in Algeria. But, somehow, I care less for these than I did a few years ago, than two or three years ago, than a year ago. I think outward change matters less and less as the imagination deepens and as the spirit more and more "turns westward." I love the South: and in much, and for much, am happy there: but

as the fatally swift months slip into the dark I realise more and more that it is better to live a briefer while at a high reach of the spirit and the uplifted if overwrought physical part of one than to save the body and soothe the mind by the illusions of physical indolence and mental leisure afforded by long sojourns in the sunlands of the South. . . .

How I wish I knew Loeffler and Debussy and others as you do: but then, though I love music, tho' it is one of the vital things in life for me, I am not a musician, alas. So, even if I had all their music beside me, it would be like a foreign language that must be read in translation. Do you realise — I suppose you do — how fortunate you are in being your own interpreter. Some day, however, I hope to know intimately all those wonderful settings of Verlaine and Baudelaire and Mallarmé and others. The verbal music of these is a ceaseless pleasure to me. I have a great love of and joy in all later French poetry, and can never understand common attitude to it here — either one of ignorance, or patronage, or complete misapprehension. Because of the obvious fact that French is not so poetic a language as English or German, in scale, sonority, or richness of vocabulary — it is, indeed, in the last respect the

poorest I believe of all European languages as English is by far the richest — people, and even those who should be better informed, jump to the conclusion that therefore all French poetry is artificial or monotonously alike, or, at best, far inferior to English. So far as I can judge, finer poetry has been produced in France of late years than in England, and very much finer than any I know in Germany. However, the habitual error of judgment is mainly due to ignorance: that, and the all but universal unfamiliarity with French save in its conventional usage, spoken or written. . . ."

"Fiona" received that summer, from Mr. Yoni Noguchi, a volume entitled *From the Eastern Sea* by that Japanese author, and sent acknowledgment:

ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

DEAR MR. NOGUCHI,

Your note and delightful little book reached me, after considerable delay, in southern Europe. I write this at sea, and will send it with other letters, etc., to be stamped and posted in Edinburgh — and the two reasons of delay will show you that it is not from indolence!

I have read your book with singular plea-

sure. What it lacks in form (an inevitable lack, in the circumstances) it offers in essential poetry. I find atmosphere and charm and colour and naïveté, and the true touch of the poet; and congratulate you on your "success of suggestion" in a language so different in all ways from that wherein (I am sure) you have already achieved the "success of finality."

Believe me, yours very truly,

FIONA MACLEOD.

Later, Mr. Noguchi sent his subsequent book *The Summer Cloud,* a collection of short prose-poems, which, as he explained in his note of presentation: "In fact, I had been reading your prose-poems, *The Silence of Amor,* and wished I could write such pieces myself. And here is the result!"

It was our habit, when talking to one another of the "F. M." writings, to speak of "Fiona" as a separate entity — so that we should not be taken unawares if suddenly spoken to about "her" books. It was William's habit also to write and post to himself two letters on his birthday — letters of admonition and of new resolutions. On the 12th Sep., 1905, he brought me the two birthday letters when they reached him, and gave them to me to read, saying, with a smile,

"Fiona is rather hard on me, but she is quite right." Both letters are in his handwriting and are as follows:

GU FIONAGHAL NIC LEOID
SLIABHEAN N'AN AISLING
Y-Breasil (NA TIR-FO-TUINN)

AN DOMHAIN UAINE,
12th Sept., 1905.

DEAREST FIONA,

A word of loving greeting to you on the morrow of our new year. All that is best in this past year is due to *you*, mo caraid dileas: and I hope and believe that seeds have been sown which will be reborn in flower and fruit and may be green grass in waste places and may even grow to forests. I have not always your serene faith and austere eyes, dear, but I come to much in and thro' my weakness as you through your strength. But in this past year I realise I have not helped you nearly as much as I could: in this coming year I pray, and hope, it may be otherwise. And this none the less tho' I have much else I want to do apart from *our* work. But we'll be one and the same *au fond* even then, shall we not, Fiona dear?

I am intensely interested in the fuller development of the Celtic Triology — and shall help in all ways. You say I can give

you what you have not: well, I am glad indeed. Together we shall be good *Sowers,* Fionaghal mo rùn: and let us work contentedly at *that.* I wish you Joy and Sorrow, Peace, and Unrest, and Leisure, Sun, and Wind, and Rain, all of Earth and Sea and Sky in this coming year. And inwardly dwell with me, so that less and less I may fall short of your need as well as your ideal. And may our "Mystic's Prayer" be true for us both, who are one.

Ever yours, dear, WILL.

HILLS OF DREAM,
Y-BREASIL.

MY DEAR WILL,

Another birthday has come, and I must frankly say that apart from the loss of another year, and from what the year has brought you in love and friendship and all that makes up life, it has not been to your credit. True, you have been in America and Italy and France and Scotland and England and Germany — and so have not been long settled anywhere — and true also that for a month or two you were seriously and for a few months partially ill or "down" — but still, after all allowances, I note not only an extraordinary indolence in effort as well as unmistakable laziness in achievement. Now,

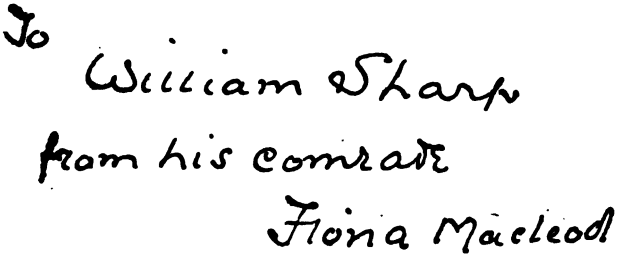
either you are growing old (in which case admit dotage, and be done with it) or else you are permitting yourself to remain weakly in futile havens of ignoble repose or fretful pseudo rest. You have much to do, or that you ought to do, yourself: and as to *our* collaboration I see no way for its continuance unless you will abrogate much of what is superfluous, curtail much that can quite well be curtailed, and generally serve me loyally as I in my turn allow for and serve *you*.

Let our New Year be a very different one from the last, dear friend: and let us not only beautifully dream but *achieve* in beauty. Let the ignoble pass, and the noble remain.

Lovingly yours, dear Will,

FIONA.

Some of his own copies of his "F. M." books have an inscription to "W. S." from his twin self. For instance, his specially bound copy of *The Winged Destiny* bears this inscription in his handwriting:



and is dated 12th Sept., 1904. But William did not write or sign his F. M. letters himself. When not typed by him, they were copied and signed for him by his sister Mary, in whose handwriting is the following signature — familiar to F. M.'s correspondents:

Sincerely yours
Fiona Macleod.

In the beginning of October we left London accompanied by Miss Mary Wilson and went to Venice by way of Zurich and Innsbruck. Then to Florence to stay with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hamilton, and finally, to Sicily.

Taormina was beautifully sunny and restful as of yore; and the delicate man rejoiced greatly in the beautiful gardens that the Duke of Bronte was designing and planting with flowers and trees, on the slopes of the hillside below the town.

A letter reached him there from Mr. Hichens:

ST. STEPHEN'S,
CANTERBURY.

OH, MY DEAR WILL,

I cannot help envying you. It is bitterly cold here, like winter, and neuralgia is flitting about my twitching face and shrinking

head. But I will not inflict my little woes upon you, and only write this word to say I am sending you my book, *The Black Spaniel.* It is a very slight and mixed affair this time — my last book of stories I think. The new novel I have some hopes of your liking, as I hope I have imprisoned something of our beloved Sicily in it. Now I am doing the last act — the last to be done, I mean, of my play for Wyndham. Yes, we will meet in Africa, if the gods are kind. I expect to leave England for Rome on Dec. 3. I am looking forward to Biskra immensely but must try to settle in there, as *must* be working then. . . . How are you both? Happy in the sun? All blessings upon you and your work.

Ever yours affectionately,

ROBERTO.

It had been planned that after the New Year Mr. Hood, Mr. Hichens, my husband and I should go together to Biskra. But as the autumn waned, we realised the unwisdom of making any such plans. On hearing of our reluctant decision Mr. Hichens wrote:

Nov., 1905.

MY DEAR WILL,

Your letter was really a blow, but of course I thoroughly understand that you must not

risk such a journey. I am grieved about your delicate health. You must take great care and stay in places where you can have your comforts. I wish Rome suited you both. I am suffering from London dyspepsia. To-day there is a thick fog and I envy you all tremendously. I am counting the days till I can start for Rome. How is Taormina? Alec describes it as warm and splendid, and pretends that he needs a sun umbrella and a straw hat! Perhaps you are all bathing in the sea! Oh, these travellers' tales! I am going out to bathe in the fog, so au revoir. Love to you both, kindest regards to Etna from

Yours ever affectionately,

ROBERTO.

During one of our visits to Maniace Mr. Hichens was also a guest; on a subsequent visit to that lava-strewn country, on the great western slope of the shoulder of Etna, he wrote to me, in 1906, about my husband: "I have had many walks here with Will. I think my last long walk with him here was towards Maletto. We sat on a rock for a long while, looking at the snow on Ætna and the wild country all around. We talked about death, and he said he loved life but he did

not fear death at all. I remember well how alive his eyes looked. He always had a very peculiar look of life in the eyes, an unquenchable vitality."

On reaching Maniace W. S. wrote to a friend:

Dec. 4, 1905.

". . . As my card of yesterday will have told you we arrived here all right on Monday afternoon, after a wonderful journey. We left Taormina in a glory of midsummerlike warmth and beauty — and we drove down the three miles of winding road from Taormina to the sea at Giardini; thence past the bay and promontory of Naxos, and at the site of the ancient famous fane of Apollo Archagêtês turned inland. Then through the myriad lemon-groves of Al Cantara, till we crossed the gorges of the Fiumefreddo, and then began the long ascent, in blazing heat, by the beautiful hill road to the picturesque mountain-town of Piedemonte. There we caught the little circum-Ætnean mountain loop-line, and ascended the wild and beautiful slopes of Etna. Last time we went we travelled mostly above the clouds, but this time there was not a vestige of vapour in the radiant air, save for the outriders' trail of white, oc-

casionally flame-coloured, smoke from the vast 4-mile wide mouth of snow-white and gigantically-looming cone of Etna. At the lofty mediæval and semi-barbaric town of Randazzo we were delayed by an excited crowd at the station, on account of the arrest and bringing in by the carabinieri of three chained and heavily manacled brigands, one of them a murderer, who evidently had the sympathy of the populace. A woman, the wife of one of the captured men, outdid any lamenting Irish woman I ever saw: her frenzy was terrible — and of course the poor soul was life-desolate and probably punished and would likely never see her man again. Finally she became distracted with despair and fury, and between her appeals and furious curses and almost maniacal lamentations, the small station was anything but an agreeable stopping place. The captive brigands were absolutely impassive: not a glance: only, as the small train puffed onward, one of them lifted a manacled arm behind one of the carabinieri and made a singular sign to some one.

"Thereafter we passed into the wild and terrible lava-lands of the last frightful eruption, between Randazzo and the frontier of the Duchy of Bronte: a region as wild and

fantastic as anything imagined by Doré, and almost terrifying in its sombre deathfulness. The great and broad and sweeping mountains, and a mighty strath — and we came under the peaked rocks of Maletto, a little town standing 3000 feet high. Then the carriage, and the armed escort, and we had that wonderful drive thro' wild and beautiful lands of which I have heretofore written you. Then about four we drove up to the gates of the Castle, and passed into the great court just within the gates, and had the cordial and affectionate welcome of our dear host.

"A few minutes later we were no longer at an ancient castle in the wilds of Sicily, but in a luxurious English country house at afternoon tea. . . ."

My husband had taken with him, as material for the winter's work, his notes for the *Greek Backgrounds,* and the finished drafts of two dramas. One, by W. S., was to be called *Persephonœia, or the Drama of the House of Ætna,* and of it one act and one scene had been written at Maniace two years before. It was to have been dedicated to the Duke of Bronte. The other drama was Fiona's projected play, *The Enchanted Valleys,* of which one scene only was writ-

ten. But he felt unable for steady work, as the following letter to the same friend, shows:

". . . A single long letter means no work for me that day, and the need of work terribly presses, and in every way, alas. My hope that I might be able for some writing in the late afternoon, and especially from 5 to 7:30 is at present futile. I simply can't. Yesterday I felt better and more mentally alert than I've done since I came, and immediately after afternoon tea, I came to my study and tried to work, but could not, though I had one of my nature articles begun and beside me: nor had I spirit to take up my reviews. Then I thought I could at least get some of that wearisome accumulated correspondence worked off, but a mental nausea seized me, so that even a written chat to a friend seemed to me too exhausting—'cette maladie poignante, ce degoût de la plume,' as Tourgenieff (or Flaubert?) said out of heart-weariness. So I collapsed, and dreamed over a strange and fascinating ancient-world book by Lichtenberger, and then dreamed idly, watching the flaming oak-logs."

In William's Diary for December there are the following entries:

1st, Friday. Wrote the short poem "When greenness comes again." Read Zola's wearisome "His Excellency Eugène Rougon," and

in the evening the "Jupiter" and "Saturn" chapters in Proctor's "Otherworlds Than Ours."

2nd, Saty. Read and took notes and thought out my *Country Life article* on "At the Turn of the Year." Also incidentally "The Clans of the Rush, the Reed, and the Fern," and one to be called "White Weather" (snow, the wild goose and the wild swan). Alec and I walked to the Boschetto. Began (about 1300 words) "At the Turn of the Year."

3rd, Sunday. A stormy and disagreeable day. Wrote long letters. In afternoon felt too tired and too sleepy to work or even to write letters: so sat before the fire in my study and partly over that fascinating book I love often to recur to for a few pages, Lichtenberger's *Centaures,* and partly in old dreams of my own, it was 7:30 and time to dress before I knew it. Heard to-day from Ernest Rhys about the production of his and Vincent Thomas' Opera *Guinevere.* Thought over an old world book to be called *Beyond the Foam.*

Dec. 4th. In the forenoon began again and wrote first thousand words of "At the Turn of the Year." At 3 went to drive with Elizabeth along the Balzo to near the Lake of Garrida.

Dec. 5, Tuesday. In forenoon wrote the

remaining and large half of "At the Turn of the Year"; revised the whole of it and posted it to Mary, with long letter.

In afternoon a drive, despite the wet and inclement weather, up to Maletto. I walked back. A lovely, if unsettled sunset of blue and gold, purple brown, amethyst, and delicate cinnamon. A marvellous light on the hills. Luminous mist instead of cloud as of late. For the first time have seen the Sicilian Highlands with the beauty of Scotland.

From 10 till 11:30 P. M. worked at notes for "White Weather" article.

Dec. 6, Wed. In the forenoon worked at Gaelic material partly for articles, partly for other things. But not up to writing. There is a sudden change to an April-like heat: damply-hot; though fine: very trying, all feel it. After lunch walked up the north heights with Alec, then joined E. and D. L. in carriage and drove up past Otaheite to the Saw-Mills. Lovely air, gorgeous windy sky in the west, and superb but thunderous clouds in S. and E. Another bad change I fear. Etna rose gigantic as we ascended Otaheite-way, and from Serraspina looked like an immense Phantom with a vast plume of white smoke.

In afternoon (from 5:30 till 7:30) wrote 1200 words of "White Weather."

Thursday, 7th. This morning fresh and bright and clear, a welcome change from these recent days — with the Beechwoods all frosted with snow. The Simeto swollen to a big rushing river.

Worked at and finished the latter part of "White Weather," and then revised and sent off to Mary to forward with note to *Country Life*. Also other letters. Turned out the wettest and worst afternoon we've had yet, and return of severe thunderstorm.

Dec. 8, Friday. A fine morning but very doubtful if yet settled. Went out and was taken by Beek to see the observatory instruments and wind-registers and seismographs. Then took the dogs for a walk, as "off" work to-day.

Wrote a long letter to Robert Hichens, also to R. L. S. Also, with poem, "When Greenness comes again," by W. S. to C. Morley, *Pall Mall Magazine*. In afternoon we had a lovely drive up above the Alcantara Valley along the mountain road toward Cesaro. . . .

And here the Diary ends, and here too ends the written work of a tired hand and brain, but of an eager outlooking spirit. Ever since we left London it was evident that his life

forces were on the ebb-tide slowly but surely; and he knew it, but concerned himself little, and believed he had at any rate a few months before him and possibly a whole year. Yet he seemed to have an inner knowledge of what was to be. In Scotland, in the summer, he told me it would be his last visit there; that he knew it, and had said farewell to his mother. On the afternoon when we drove up to the Saw-Mills in the oak-woods he got out of the carriage and wandered among the trees. When I urged him to come away, as the light was waning rapidly, he touched the trees again and again and said, "Ah, dear trees of the North, dear trees of the North, good-bye." The drive on the 8th, so beautiful, to him so full of fascination, was fatal to him. We drove far along a mountain pass and at the furthest point stopped to let him look at the superb sunset over against the hillset town of Cesaro.

He seemed wrapt in thought and looked long and steadfastly at the wonderful glowing light; it was with difficulty that I persuaded him to let us return. On the way back, a sudden turn of the road brought us in face to the snow covered cone of Ætna. The wind had changed and blew with cutting cold straight off the snow. It struck him, chilling him through and through. Half way

back he got out of the carriage to walk and get warm. But the harm was done. That evening, before dinner, he said to me: "I am going to talk as much as I can to-night. That dear fellow Alec is rather depressed. I've teased him a good deal to-day; now I am going to amuse him." He was as good as his word, anecdote, reminiscence, followed one another in the gayest of spirits, and in saying good-night to me our host declared, "I have never heard Will more brilliant than he has been to-night."

The next morning my husband complained of pain which grew rapidly more severe. The doctor was sent for, and remained in the house.

On the morning of the 12th — a day of wild storm, wind, thunder and rain — he recognised that nothing could avail. With characteristic swiftness he turned his eager mind from the life that was closing to the life of greater possibilities that he knew awaited him. About 3 o'clock, with his devoted friend Alec Hood by his side, he suddenly leant forward with shining eyes and exclaimed in a tone of joyous recognition, "Oh, the beautiful 'Green Life' again!" and the next moment sank back in my arms with the contented sigh, "Ah, all is well."

On the 14th, in an hour of lovely sunshine,

the body was laid to rest in a little woodland burial-ground on the hillside within sound of the Simeto: as part of the short service, his own "Invocation to Peace," from *The Dominion of Dreams,* was read over the grave by the Duke of Bronte. Later, an Iona cross, carved in lava, was placed there, and on it this inscription, chosen by himself:

> Farewell to the known and exhausted,
> Welcome the unknown and illimitable.
>
> W. S.

and

> Love is more great than we conceive, and Death is the keeper of unknown redemptions.
>
> F. M.

Now, truly, is Dreamland no longer a phantasy of sleep, but a loveliness so great that, like deep music, there could be no words wherewith to measure it, but only the breathless unspoken speech of the soul upon whom has fallen the secret dews:

F. M.

CHAPTER XIV

CONCLUSION

"How the man subdivided his soul is the mystery," wrote Mr. James Douglas. And in trying to suggest an answer I would say with "F. M."—"I write, not because I know a mystery and would reveal it, but because I have known a mystery, and am to-day as a child before it, and can neither reveal nor interpret it." For that mystery concerns the evolution of a human soul; and the part of it for which "the man" is consciously and personally responsible, is the method he used, the fiction he created and deliberately fostered, — rightly or wrongly — for the protection of his inner, compelling self.

This deliberate "blind"— which according to some critics "is William Sharp's most notable achievement in fiction rather than the creation of any of 'her' works"— is largely the cause of the sense of confusion that exists in the minds of certain of his friends, to whom he told the half but not the whole of

the facts. He purposely did not dispel the idea of a collaborator, an idea which grew out of the half veiled allusions he had made concerning the friend of whom I have written, whose vivid personality appealed so potently to a phase of his complex nature, and stirred his imagination as no one else had done.

In a letter to Mr. W. B. Yeats signed "Fiona Macleod," and written in 1899, about herself and her friend (namely himself) William tried "as far as is practicable in a strange and complex manner to be explicit." "She" stated that "all the formative and expressional as well as nearly all the visionary power is my friend's. In a sense only his is the passive part, but it is the allegory of the match, the wind, and the torch. Everything is in the torch in readiness, and as you know, there is nothing in the match itself. But there is a mysterious latency of fire between them . . . the little touch of silent igneous potency at the end of the match — and in what these symbolise, one adds spiritual affinity as a factor — and all at once the flame is born. The torch says all is due to the match. The match knows the flame is not hers. But beyond both is the wind, the spiritual air. Out of the unseen world it fans

the flame. In that mysterious air both the match and the flame hear strange voices. The air that came at the union of both is sometimes Art, sometimes Genius, sometimes Imagination, sometimes Life, sometimes the Spirit. It is all.

"But before that flame people wonder and admire. Most wonder only at the torch. A few look for the match beyond the torch, and finding her are apt to attribute to her that which is not hers, save as a spiritual dynamic agent. Now and then the match may have *in petto* the qualities of the torch — particularly memory and vision: and so can stimulate and amplify the imaginative life of the torch. But the torch is at once the passive, the formative, the mnemonic, and the artistically and imaginatively creative force. He knows that in one sense he would be flameless or at least without that ideal blend of the white and the red — without the match: and he knows that the flame is the offspring of both, that the wind has many airs in it, and that one of the most potent is that which blows from the life and mind and soul of 'the match' — but in his heart he knows that, to all others, he and he alone is the flame, his alone both the visionary, the formative, the expressional."

At the last, realising with deep regret that one or two of the friends he cared greatly for would probably feel hurt when they should know of the deception, he left the following note to be sent to each immediately on the disclosure of the secret:

This will reach you after my death. You will think I have wholly deceived you about Fiona Macleod. But, in an intimate sense this is not so: though (and inevitably) in certain details I have misled you. Only, it is a mystery. I cannot explain. Perhaps you will intuitively understand or may come to understand. "The rest is silence." Farewell.

WILLIAM SHARP.

It is only right, however, to add that I, and I only, was the author — in the literal and literary sense — of all written under the name of "Fiona Macleod."

In watching the development of the "Fiona Macleod" phase of expression it has seemed to me that the writer, in that work, lived a new sequent life, and passed through its successive phases of growth and development independently of the tenor of his ordinary life as "W. S." He passed from the youth in

Pharais and *The Mountain Lovers,* through the mature manhood of *The Barbaric Tales and Tragic Romances* to the greater serenity of later contemplative life in *The Divine Adventure, The Winged Destiny* and *Where the Forest Murmurs.*

In surveying the dual life as a whole I have seen how, from the early partially realised twin-ship, "W. S." was the first to go adventuring and find himself, while his twin, "F. M.," remained passive, or a separate self. When "she" awoke to active consciousness "she" became the deeper, the more impelling, the more essential factor. By reason of this severance, and of the acute conflict that at times resulted therefrom, the flaming of the dual life became so fierce that "Wilfion" — as I named the inner and third Self that lay behind that dual expression — realised the imperativeness of gaining control over his two separated selves and of bringing them into some kind of conscious harmony. This was what he meant when he wrote to Mrs. Janvier in 1899, "I am going through a new birth."

For, though the difference between the two literary expressions was so marked, there was, nevertheless, a special characteristic of "Wilfion" that linked the dual nature together —

the psychic quality of seership, if I may so call it. Not only did he, as F. M., "dream dreams" and "get in touch with the ancient memory of the race" as some of "her" critics have said; but as W. S. he also saw visions by means of that seership with which he had been dowered from childhood. And though, latterly, he gave expression to it only under shelter of the Fiona Macleod writings — as for instance in *The Divine Adventure,* because he was as sensitive about it as he was to the subtler, more imaginative side of his dual self — a few of his friends knew William Sharp as psychic and mystic, who knew nothing of him as Fiona Macleod.

I have said little concerning my husband as a psychic; a characteristic that is amply witnessed to in his writings. From time to time he interested himself in definite psychic experimentation, occasionally in collaboration with Mr. W. B. Yeats; experimentation that sometimes resulted in such serious physical disturbance that he desisted from it in later years.

In a lecture given by Mr. Yeats to the Aberdeen Centre of the Franco-Scottish Society in 1907 the Irish poet referred to his friend. He considered that "Sharp had in many ways an extraordinarily primitive mind.

He was fond of speaking of himself as the representative of the old bards," and the Irish poet thought there was really something in the claim. (In a letter Mr. Yeats had expressed his opinion that my husband was imaginative in "the old and literal sense of image-making; not like a man of this age at all.") He continued that W. S. "was the most extraordinary psychic he had ever encountered." He really believed that "Fiona Macleod was a secondary personality — as distinct a secondary personality as those one reads about in books of psychical research. At times he (W. S.) was really to all intents and purposes a different being." He would "come and sit down by my fireside and talk, and I believe that when 'Fiona Macleod' left the house he would have no recollection of what he had been saying to me."

It is true, as I have said, that William Sharp seemed a different person when the Fiona mood was on him; but that he had no recollection of what he said in that mood was not the case. That he did not understand it, is true. For that mood could not be commanded at will. Different influences awakened it, and its duration depended largely on environment. "W. S." could set himself deliberately to work normally, and

was, so far, master of his mind. But for the expression of the "F. M." self he had to wait upon mood, or seek conditions to induce it. But, as I have said, the psychic, visionary power belonged exclusively to neither; it influenced both, and was dictated by laws he did not fully understand. For instance, "Lilith," "The Whisperer," "Finis," by W. S. and "The Woman with the Net," "The Last Supper," "The Lynn of Dreams" by F. M., were equally the result of direct vision.

I remember from early days how he would speak of the momentary curious "dazzle in the brain" which preceded the falling away of all material things and preluded some inner vison of Great Beauty, or Great Presences, or of some symbolic import — that would pass as rapidly as it came. I have been beside him when he has been in trance and I have felt the room throb with heightened vibration. I regret now that I never wrote down such experiences at the time. They were not infrequent, and formed a definite feature in our life. There are, however, two or three dream-visions belonging to his last summer that I recollect. Two he had noted down in brief sentences for future use. One was:

"The Lily of the World, and its dark concave, dark with excess of light and the stars falling like slow rain."

The other is headed "Elemental Symbolism." "I saw Self, or Life, symbolised all about me as a limitless, fathomless and lonely sea. I took a handful and threw it into the grey silence of ocean air, and it returned at once as a swift and potent flame, a red fire crested with blown sunrise, rushing from between the lips of sky and sea to the sound as of innumerable trumpets."

One morning he told me that during sleep he had visited a city of psychic mechanism. In a huge building he had seen this silent mechanism at work; he had watched a force plunge into molten metal and produce a shaped vessel therefrom. He could see nothing that indicated by what power the machinery was driven. He asked his guide for explanation, and he was led along passages to a small room with many apertures in the walls, like speaking tubes. In the centre was a table, on a chair sat a man with his arm on the table, his head in his hand. Pointing to him the guide said, "His thought is the motive force."

In another dream he visited a land where there was no more war, where all men and

women were equal; where humans, birds and beasts were no longer at enmity, or preyed on one another. And he was told that the young men of the land had to serve two years as missionaries to those who lived at the uttermost boundaries. "To what end?" he asked. "To cast out fear, our last enemy." The dream is too long to quote in its entirety, for it spread over two nights, but one thing impressed him greatly. In the house of his host he was struck by the beauty of a framed painting that seemed to vibrate with rich colour. "Who painted that?" he asked. His host smiled. "We have long ceased to use brushes and paints. That is a thought projected from the artist's brain, and its duration will be proportionate with its truth."

Once again he saw in waking vision those Divine Forges he had sought in childhood. On the verge of the Great Immensity that is beyond the confines of space, he saw Great Spirits of Fire standing at flaming anvils. And they lifted up the flames and moulded them on the anvils into shapes and semblances of men, and the Great Spirits took these flaming shapes and cast them forth into space, so that they should become the souls of men.

He was, as Mrs. Mona Caird has truly said of him, "almost encumbered by the in-

finity of his perceptions; by the thronging interest, intuitions, glimpses of wonders, beauties and mysteries which made life for him a pageant and a splendour such as is only disclosed to the soul that has to bear the torment and the revelations of genius. He had much to suffer, but in spite of that — perhaps partly because of that — he was able to bring to all a great sense of sunshine and boyish freshness, of joy in life and nature and art, and in the adventure and romance of it all, for those who knew how to dare enough to go to meet it with open hands. He gave ever the sense of new power, new thresholds, new realms. His friendship was a spiritual possession." And though indeed, as Mr. Frank Rinder has written, "there may be those inclined to censure William Sharp for his silence about Fiona Macleod, yet, probably, had the world known, 'she' — for in thought it is always that — would have written no more. May we not remember Ossian and others who shrank from revealing to all their secret? . . . I can but bear testimony to the ever-ready and eager sympathy, to the sunny winsomeness, to the nobility of the soul that has passed. William Sharp was one of the most lovable, one of the most remarkable men of our time."

And, I would add,— to quote my husband's own words — ever, below all the stress and failure, below all the triumph of his toil, lay the beauty of his dream.

To live in beauty — which is to put into four words all the dream and spiritual effort of the soul of man.

F. M.

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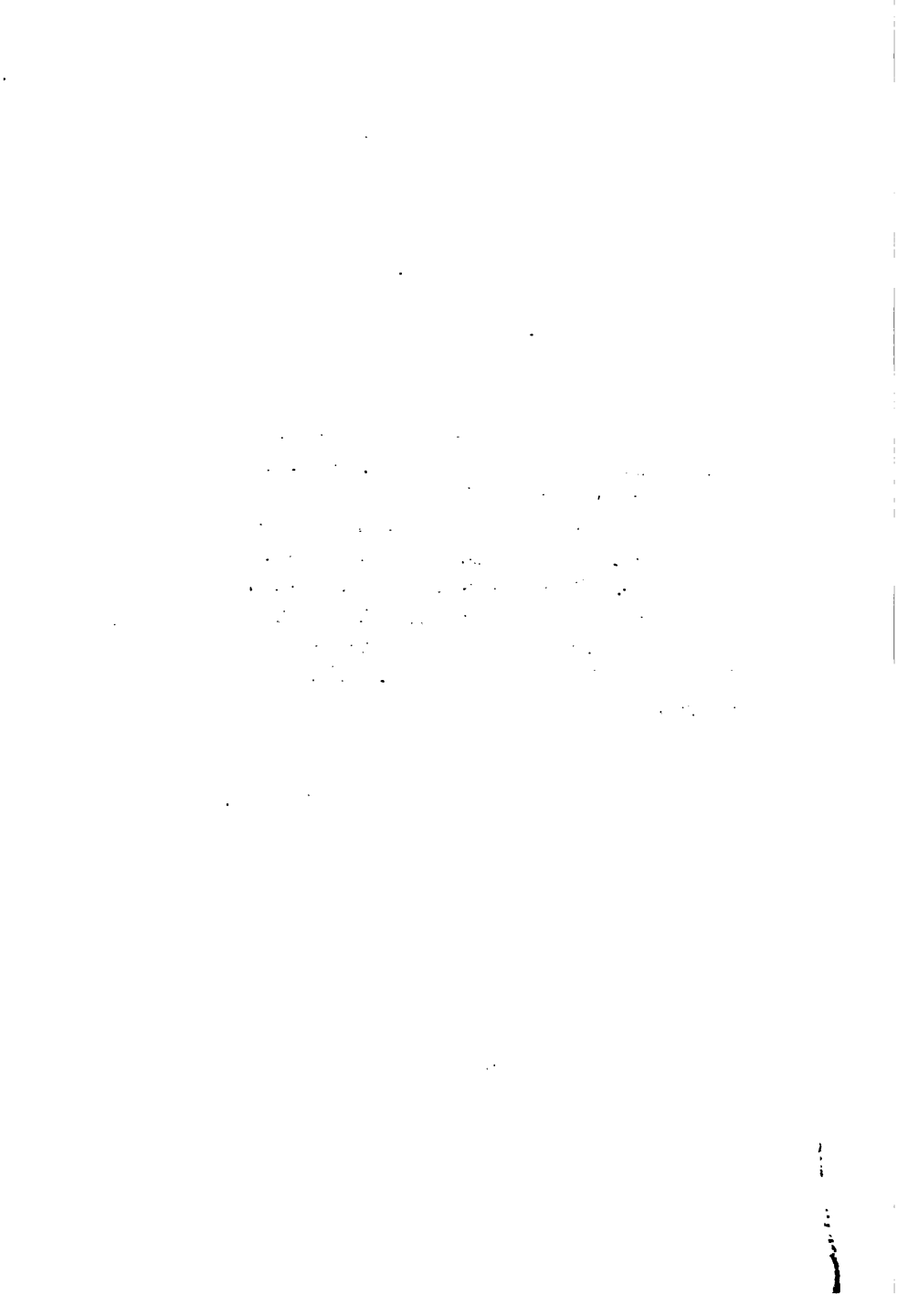

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5. Song of the Deserts.
6. Song of the Cornfields.
7. Song of the Winds.
8. Song of Flowers.
9. The Wild Bee.

10. The Field Mouse.
11. The Song of the Lark.
12. The Song of the Thrush.
13. The Song of the Nightingale.
14. The Rain Songs.
15. The Snow-Whispers.
16. Sigh of the Mists.
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19. The Cry of the Tiger.
20. The Chant of the Lion.
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I. *Frontispiece:* Portrait of Severn (1822) by Seymour Kirkup.
II. *Title Page:* Portrait of Keats from an unpublished Picture by Severn.
III. Silhouette of Keats.
IV. Facsimile of Page of Severn's Journal on board the *Maria Crowther.*
V. Facsimile of unfinished letter.
VI. Drawing of Keats in his last illness.
VII. Facsimile of letter from Leigh Hunt.
VIII. Mourning Figure (in an unfinished letter by Severn).

IX. Drawing of a Lady of Genzano.
X. Group from the Italian Fountain.
XI. Group for "A Pastoral."
XII. Study of central figure in "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn."
XIII. Mother and Child, from "the Roman *Ave Maria.*"
XIV. Earliest Study of "Ariel Aflight."
XV. Autograph Portrait of Severn.
XVI. The Graves of Severn and Keats.
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1904

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Dickens' Land.
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Scott-Land.
Illustrated by Muirhead Bone, etc.

The Country of George Eliot.
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Illustrated by W. Russell Flint, etc.
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1909

SONGS AND POEMS, OLD AND NEW. By William Sharp (Fiona Macleod). London. Elliot Stock. 8vo, pp. xii and 228.

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From The Human Inheritance: (1882)
Childhood's Inheritance.
Young Love.
Motherhood.

Poems: (1889-1893)
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- A Paris Nocturne.
- Robert Browning.
- The Man and the Centaur.
- Dionysos in India.

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- Written by the Sea.
- The Menace of Autumn.
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- The White Flowers of January.
- The Lute Player.
- White Violets.
- The Sun Lord.
- The Summer Woman.
- Sycamore in Bloom.
- The Norland Wind.
- Spring's Advent.
- The Summer Wind.
- The Hill Water.
- Rainbow Shimmer.
- The Yellow Hammer's Song.

Vesper.
The Song of the Sea Wind.
The Ballad of the Rain.
Capt'n Goldsack.
A Cavalry Catch.
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The Sea-born Vine.
Venilia.
On a Nightingale in April.
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The Hill Road to Ardmore.
White Rose.
Echoes of Joy.
When the Greenness Is Come Again.
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The Honeymoon Rose.
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The Dandelion.
The Dream Wind.
Triad.
In Memoriam.

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1912.

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Sharp. Wm. Heinemann. 1912. London. (*See also* American Publications.)

VOL. I. POEMS

Contents: Similar to those of SONGS AND POEMS, OLD AND NEW, 1909; with the following additions and deletions:

Additions:

Foreword.
From The Human Inheritance: (1882)
To E. A. S.
The Redeemer.
Lines.
From Earth's Voices: (1884)
The Song of Flowers.
Song of the Cornfields.
The Field Mouse.
The West Wind.
Hymn of the Forest.
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The Corobberee.
Justice.
Noon — Silence.
Australian Transcripts:
An Orange Grove.

Black Swans on the Murray Lagoon.
Breaking Billows at Sorrento.
Shea-Oak Trees on a Stormy Day.
Mid-noon in January.
In the Fern.
Sunset amid the Buffalo Mountains.
The Flying Mouse.
The Bell-Bird.
The Wood Swallow.
The Rock Lily.
The Flame-Tree.

From Sospiri di Roma: (1891)

High Noon on the Campagna at Mid-summer.
The Fountain of Acqua Paola.
A Dream at Ardca.
The Shepherd.
La Velia.
Spuma del Mare.
The Bather.
Epilogue: Il Bosco Sacro.

To Poems: (1889-1893)

Ballad of the Sea-Wind.

Deletions:

Song (1879).

From Poems: (1893-1905)

The Coming of Love.
White Violets.
Vesper.

The Ballad of the Ram.
Capt'n Goldsack.
A Cavalry Catch.
A Hazard of Love.
The Honeymoon Rose.

VOL. II. STUDIES AND APPRECIATIONS.

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The Sonnet: Its Characteristics and History.
Shakespeare's Sonnets.
Great Odes.
"La Jeune Belgique."
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The Modern Troubadours.
Some Dramas of Gabriele d'Annunzio.
Italian Poets of Today.
The Heroic and Legendary Literature of Brittany.
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VOL. III. PAPERS CRITICAL AND REMINISCENT.

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Matthew Arnold.
Robert Browning.
Rossetti in Prose and Verse.
Some Reminiscences of Christina Rossetti.
Philip Bourke Marston.

Sir Edward Burne Jones.
Personal Reminiscences of Walter Pater.
Swinburne.
Meredith.
Thomas Hardy.
Eugene Lee-Hamilton.
The Hotel of the Beautiful Star.
Bibliographical Note.

VOL. IV. LITERARY GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL SKETCHES. Contents the same as original edition of LITERARY GEOGRAPHY (1904) except for the deletion of:

Dickens Land.
Scott Land.
The Literary Geography of the English Lakes

and the addition of TRAVEL SKETCHES.

Through Nelson's Duchy.
The Land of Theocritus.
Rome in Africa.
Bibliographical Note.

VOL. V. VISTAS AND OTHER PROSE IMAGININGS.

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VISTAS

Finis.
The Passion of Père Hilarion.
The Birth of a Soul.

A Northern Night.
The Black Madonna.
The Last Quest.
The Fallen Goddess.
The Coming of the Prince.
The Passing of Lilith.
The Lute Player.
The Whisperer.

MADGE O' THE POOL

The Gipsy Christ.
Madge o' the Pool.
The Lady in Hosea.

ECCE PUELLA

Ecce Puella.
Fragments from the Lost Journal of Piero di Cosimo.
The Birth, Death and Resurrection of a Tear.
The Hill Wind.
Love in a Mist.
The Sister of Compassion.
The Merchant of Dreams.
Bibliographical Note.

INTRODUCTORY STUDIES, AND POEMS CONTRIBUTED TO VARIOUS PUBLICATIONS

1882

To SONNETS OF THREE CENTURIES, edited by T. Hall Caine. London. Elliot Stock. The Sonnet "Spring Wind."

Contributions to Anthologies and Reprints, published by Walter Scott, Ltd. London.

1885

Introduction to the POEMS of Sir Walter Scott. II Vols. (*Canterbury Series.*)

Introductory Study to the SONGS AND SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE. (*Canterbury Series.*)

Introduction to De Quincy's CONFESSION OF AN OPIUM EATER. (*Camelot Classics.*)

Introduction to Allan Cunningham's GREAT ENGLISH PAINTERS. (*Camelot Classics.*)

1886

Study on THE SONNET: ITS HISTORY AND CHARACTERISTICS, being the Preface to William Sharp's anthology, THE SONNETS of THIS CENTURY. (*Canterbury Series.*) The second edition contained two Sonnets by him: "Spring-Wind" and "A Midsummer Hour," which were withdrawn from

later editions. In 1900 the title was altered to "SONNETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

1887

Introduction to Alfred Austin's DAYS OF THE YEAR.

Memorial Introduction to FOR A SONG'S SAKE by Philip B. Marston. (*Canterbury Series*).

To BALLADS AND RONDEAUS, etc. (*Canterbury Series*) re-edited by Gleeson White, William Sharp contributed three poems.

The Ballad of Vain Hopes.
The Ballad of the Sea-Wind.
The Ballad of the Sea-Folk.

1888

Introduction to SONG-TIDE by Philip B. Marston. (*Canterbury Series.*)

1889

Critical Introduction to Anthology of AMERICAN SONNETS selected by William Sharp. (*Canterbury Series.*)

To SEA-MUSIC—anthology arranged by Mrs. William Sharp (*Canterbury Series*) W. S. contributed four poems:

"The Sea-Spell."
"Atlantic Combers."
"The Sea in Bondage."
"The Swimmer at Sunrise."

(*See also* SONGS AND POEMS, OLD AND NEW, 1909.)

1890

Critical Introduction to GREAT ODES selected by William Sharp. (*Canterbury Series.*)

Critical Memoir to an English Translation of ESSAYS ON MEN AND WOMEN by C. A. Sainte-Beuve. (Masterpieces of Foreign Authors.) London. David Scott.

1896

Introduction to selection of POEMS by Matthew Arnold. (*Canterbury Series.*)

Introduction and Notes to LYRA CETICA: AN ANTHOLOGY OF REPRESENTATIVE CELTIC POETRY. Edited by Elizabeth A. Sharp. Edinburgh. P. Geddes & Coll.

Introduction and Notes to THE POEMS OF OSSIAN translated by James Macpherson. Edinburgh. P. Geddes & Coll.

1901

Introduction to Selection of POEMS by C. A. Swinburne, arranged by William Sharp for the Tauchnitz *Collection of British Authors.* Leipzic.

1903

Introduction to POEMS by Eugene Lee-Hamilton. (*Canterbury Series.*)

PART II

ORIGINAL WORKS OF WILLIAM SHARP PUBLISHED UNDER THE PSEUDONYM "FIONA MACLEOD."

1894

PHARAIS: A ROMANCE OF THE ISLES. Issued in *The Regent Library.* Published by Frank Murray at the Moray Press, Derbyshire. 12mo, pp. 171. Re-issued in 1907 by T. N. Foulis. Edinburgh.

1895

THE MOUNTAIN LOVERS. London. John Lane. (Boston: Roberts Bros.) Issued in *The Keynote Series,* No. XVII. 8vo, pp. 241. A second edition was printed in 1906. John Lane. London and New York.

THE SIN-EATER AND OTHER TALES. Edinburgh. P. Geddes & Coll. 8vo, pp. 294. (*See also* American Publications.)

CONTENTS

Prologue. (From Iona.)
I. The Sin-Eater.
The Ninth Wave.
The Judgment of God.
II. The Harping of Cravetheen.

III. Tragic Landscapes. I-III.
IV. The Anointed Man.
The Dan-nan-Ron.
Green Branches.
V. The Daughter of the Sun.
The Birdeen.
Silk o' the Kine.

Re-issued in 1899 by David Nutt, London.

THE WASHER OF THE FORD AND OTHER LEGENDARY MORALITIES. Edinburgh. P. Geddes & Coll. (*See also* American Publications.) 8vo, pp. 320.

CONTENTS

Prologue.
Legendary Moralities:
I. The Washer of the Ford.
II. Muime Chriosd.
III. The Fisher of Men.
IV. The Last Supper.
V. The Dark Nameless One.
VI. The Three Marvels of Hy.
The Annir-Choille.
The Shadow-Seers.
Seanachas:
I. The Song of the Sword.
II. The Flight of the Culdees.
III. Mircath.
IV. The Laughter of Scathach the Queen.

Ula and Urla.

Re-issued in 1899 by David Nutt. London.

REISSUE OF THE SHORTER STORIES OF FIONA MACLEOD: re-arranged, with additional tales. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues. Edinburgh. 8vo.

VOL. I. SPIRITUAL TALES, pp. 208.

CONTENTS

St. Bride of the Isles.
The Three Marvels of Iona.
The Melancholy of Ulad.
Ula and Urla.
The Dark Nameless One.
The Smoothing of the Hand.
The Anointed Man.
The Hills of Ruel.
The Fisher of Men.
The Last Supper.
The Awakening of Augus Ogue.

VOL. II. BARBARIC TALES, pp. 202.

CONTENTS

The Song of the Sword.
The Flight of the Culdees.
Mircath.
The Laughter of the Queen.
The Harping of Cravetheen.
Ahez the Pale.
Silk o' the Kine.

Cathal of the Woods.
The Washer of the Ford.

Vol. III. TRAGIC ROMANCES, pp. 254.

CONTENTS

Morag of the Glen.
The Dan-nan-Ron.
The Sin-Eater.
The Ninth Wave.
The Judgment of God.
Green Branches.
The Archer.

Re-issued in 1899 by David Nutt. London.

GREEN FIRE: A ROMANCE. Westminster. Archibald, Constable & Co. 8vo, pp. 284.

FROM THE HILLS OF DREAM. Mountain Songs and Island Runes. Edinburgh. Patrick Geddes & Coll. Prefaced with a Dedication to Arthur Allhallow [Geddes]. 8vo, pp. 118. (*See also* American Publition.)

CONTENTS

From the Hills of Dream:
- From the Hills of Dream.
- The White Peace.
- Cathair Silt.
- The Love-Kiss of Dermid and Graime.
- The Burden of the Tide.
- The Moon-Child.

Day and Night.
An Old Tale of Three.
In the Shadow.
Morag of the Glen.
The Green Lady.
Sheiling Song.
A Milking Song. (Sweet St. Bride.)
A Milking Song. (Aillsha-Ban.)
Milking Sian.
St. Bride's Lullaby.
St. Bride's Warning.
The Bandruidh.
The Rainbow Bird.
The Bugles of Dreamland.
When the Dew Is Falling.
The Shepherd.
The Hills of Ruel.
A Summer Air.
The Soul's Armageddon.
The Voice among the Dunes.
The Summer Wind.
The Vision.
The Lost Star.
The Hollow Land.
Dream Fantasy.
The Sorrow of Delight.
The Rose of Flame.
The Stone of Sorrow.
The Mourners.

Foam of the Past:

The Song of Cormac Conlingas.
The Death-Faring of Cathal.
The Moon Song of Cathal.
The Sun Chant of Cathal.
The Chart of Ardan the Pict.
The Bird of Christ.
The Thanksgiving of Colum.
The War Song of the Vikings.
War Chant of the Islemen.
The Washer of the Ford.
The Laughter of the Sword.
The Death of Shadow.
The Ford of Death.
The Washer of Souls.
The Dance of Death.
The End of Aodh-of-the-Songs.

Lyric Runes:

The Rune of Age.
The Prayer of Women.
The Rune of the Sorrow of Women.
The Rune of the Passion of Women.
The Faring of the Tide.
The Rune of the Black Seal.
The Rune of Manus MacCodrum.
The Spell of the Sight.
The Rune of the Four Winds.

The Love Songs of Ian Mòr:

Alona.

Eilidh.
Silk o' the Kine.
Thy Dark Eyes to Mine.
Eilidh My Fawn.
Cor Cordium.
Love in Absence.
The Unborn Child.
The Closing Doors.
Home.
At the Last.

From the Heart of a Woman:
White Star of Time.
Green Branches.
Shule, Shule, Shule, Agrah!
Lord of My Life.
An Inscription.
Pulse of My Heart.
My Birdeen.
Isla.
Hushing Song.
Lullaby.
Mo-Lennav-a-Chree.
The Lonely Hunter.

The Silence of Amor:
The Shadowy Woodlands.
At the Rising of the Moon.
Nocturne.
Lances of Gold.
The Night Jar.

The Twilit-Waters.
Evoe!
Grey and Rose.
High Noon.
The White Merle.
The Immortals.
The Weaver of Hope.
The Golden Tides.
Nocturne.
The Reed Player.
Hy Brazil.
The Wild Bees.
Whirled Stars.
Orchel.
Fuit Ilium.
The Sea Shell.
The White Procession.
The Two Eternities.
The Hills of Dream.
Aerial Chimes.

THE LAUGHTER OF PETERKIN: a Retelling of Old Tales of the Celtic Wonderland. Drawings by Sunderland Rollinsons. London. Archibald, Constable & Co. 1897. 8vo, pp. 288. (*See also* American Publication.)

CONTENTS

Prologue: The Laughter of Peterkin.
The Four White Swans.

The Gate of the Sons of Turenn.
Darthool and the Sons of Usna.
Notes.

1899

THE DOMINION OF DREAMS. Westminster. Archibald, Constable & Co. 8vo, pp. 328.

CONTENTS

I. Dalua.
By the Yellow Moonrock.
The House of Sand and Foam.
Lost.
The White Heron.
Children of the White Star.
Alasdair the Proud.
The Amadan.
The Herdsman.
II. The Book of the Opal.
The Wells of Peace.
In the Shadow of the Hills.
The Distant Country.
A Memory of Beauty.
III. The Sad Queen.
The Woman with the Net.
Enya of the Dark Eyes.
Honey of the Wild Bees.
The Birds of Erin.
Ulad of the Dreams.
The Crying of Wind.
Epilogue.

The Wind Shadow and the Soul.
(*Bibliographical Note.*)

A Re-issue was published in 1909. Constable & Co.

THE DIVINE ADVENTURE: IONA: BY SUNDOWN SHORES: Studies in Spiritual History. London. Chapman and Hall, Ltd. 8vo, pp. 324. (*See also* American Publications.)

CONTENTS

The Divine Adventure.
Iona.
By Sundown Shores:
By Sundown Shores.
The Wind, Silence and Love.
Barabal: A Memory.
The Sea-Madness.
Earth, Fire and Water.
Celtic.
Notes.

1902

WIND AND WAVE: Selected Tales. Leipzig. Bernhard Tauchnitz. Issued in the "Collection of British Authors." Vol. 3609.

CONTENTS

Foreword.
Part I. Of the World That Is:—
The Dan-nan-Ron.
By the Yellow Moonrock.

The Judgment of God.
The Dark Nameless One.
The Fisher of Men.
Silis.
The Distant Country.
Sea-Madness.
Dalua.

Part II. Of the World That Was:
The Song of the Sword.
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The Daughter of Scathach the Queen.
The Melancholy of Ulad.
The Harping of Cravetheen.
Honey of the Wild Bees.
In Avalon.
The Washer of the Ford.
The Woman with the Net.
The Crying of the Wind.
The Sad Queen.
(*See also* Translations.)

1904

THE WINGED DESTINY: Studies in the Spiritual History of the Gael. London. Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 8vo, pp. 366. (*See also* American Publications.)

CONTENTS

Dedicatory Introduction.
The Sunset of Old Tales:
The Sunset of Old Tales.
The Treud nan Ron.
The Man on the Moor.
The Woman at the Crossways.
The Lords of Wisdom.
The Wayfarer.
Queens of Beauty.
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Children of Water:
Children of Water.
Cuilidh Mhoire.
Sea Magic.
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I. For the Beauty of an Idea.
Prelude.
Celtic.
The Gaelic Heart.
II. Anima Celtica:
The Gael and His Heritage.
Seumas: A Memory.
Aileen: A Memory.
The Four Winds of Eirinn.

"The Shadowy Waters."
A Triad.
The Ancient Beauty.
The Winged Destiny.

1905

THE SUNSET OF OLD TALES. Leipsig. Bernard Tauchnitz. Issued in the "Collection of British Authors," Vol. 3835, pp. 288.

CONTENTS

The Sunset of Old Tales.
I. The Treud nan Ron.
Orpheus and Oisin.
Cathal of the Woods.
Muime Chriosd.
The Three Marvels of Iona.
Queens of Beauty.
The Last Supper.
The Awakening of Augus Ogne.
II. The Children of Water.
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Sea-Magic.
Fara-Ghaol.
Sorrow on the Wind.
The Ninth Wave.
The Hills of Ruel.
The Amadan.
III. The Ancient Beauty.
Where the Forest Murmurs.
After Note.

1906

WHERE THE FOREST MURMURS: NATURE ESSAYS. London: George Newnes, Ltd. New York: Charles Scribner & Son. 8vo. pp. 352.

CONTENTS

Where the Forest Murmurs.
The Mountain Charm.
The Clans of the Grass.
The Tides.
The Hill Tarn.
At the Turn of the Year.
The Sons of the North Wind.
St. Brigit of the Shores.
The Heralds of March.
The Tribe of the Plover.
The Awakener of the Woods.
The Wild Apple.
Running Waters.
The Summer Heralds.
The Sea Spell.
Summer Clouds.
The Cuckoo's Silence.
The Coming of Dusk.
At the Rising of the Moon.
The Gardens of the Sea.
The Milky Way.
September.

The Children of the Wind and the Clans of Peace.
Still Waters.
The Pleiad-Month.
The Rainy Hyades.
Winter Stars, I and II.
Beyond the Blue Septentrions.
White Weather: A Mountain Reverie.
Rosa Mystica.
The Star of Rest: A Fragment.

1907

FROM THE HILLS OF DREAM: THRENODIES AND SONGS AND LATER POEMS. London. William Heinemann. 8vo, pp. 203. (*See* also American Publications.) (1901 and 1907.)

CONTENTS

Through the Ivory Gates:
The Secret Dews.
The Enchanted Valleys.
The Valley of White Poppies.
The Valley of Silence.
Dream Meadows.
Grey Pastures.
Longing.
The Singer in the Woods.
By the Grey Stone.
The Valley of Pale Blue Flowers.
Remembrance.

The Veiled Avenger.
The Bells of Sorrow.
The Unknown Wind.
Dead Love.
The Moon Child.
The Lords of Shadow.
Invocation to Peace.
Naoi Miannain.
Nine Desires.

Foam of the Past:

I. Dedication.
Leaves, Shadows and Dreams.
The Lament of Ian the Proud.
Deirdrê Is Dead.
Heart o' Beauty.
The Monody of Isla the Singer.
White Hands.
The Desire and Lamentation of Coel.
The Sorrow of the House of Lir.
The Chant of Ardan the Pict.
The Lamentation of Balva the Monk.
The Last Night of Ardan the Culdie.
Oona of the Dark Eyes and the Crying of Wind.
The Love-Song of Drostan.
The Cup.

The White Peace.
Day and Night.
The Lost Star.
The Under Song.
Prayer of Women.
The Sorrow of Women.
The Rune of Age.
The Rune of the Four Winds.

The Hour of Beauty:
Dim Face of Beauty.
Dreams within Dreams.
A Cry on the Wind.
Vale. Amor!
The Rose of Flame.
Flame on the Wind.
The Rose of Night.
I-Brazil.
Love and Sorrow.
Song in My Heart.
Mo Bròn!
Sorrow.
The Founts of Love.
The Bells of Youth.
Song of Apple Trees.
Ròseen-Dhu.
The Shrew Mouse.
The Last Fray.
The Dirge of Clan Suibhail.
The Exile.

The Shadow.
Oran Bhroin.
At the Coming of the Wild Swans.
The Weaver of Snow.
A Song of Dreams.
Easter.
When There Is Peace.
Time.
Invocation.
The Mystic's Prayer.

Note by Mrs. William Sharp.

1908

THE IMMORTAL HOUR: A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS. Edinburgh and London. T. N. Foulis. 8vo, pp. 53. (*See also* American Publications.)

1909

A LITTLE BOOK OF NATURE. Edinburgh and London. T. N. Foulis, pp. 67. Issued in the *Holyrood Series*. This Collection of Nature Thoughts was selected from the writings of "Fiona Macleod" by Mrs. William Sharp, and arranged with a signed Foreword by Mrs. R. L. Shields. (*See also* American Publications.)

1910

THE WORKS OF "FIONA MACLEOD." Uniform Edition, Arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. London. William Heinemann. 8vo.

Vol. I. "Pharais" and "The Mountain Lovers," pp. 401.

Vol. II. "The Sin-Eater" and "The Washer of the Ford," pp. 489.

THE SIN-EATER:

CONTENTS

Prologue — From Iona.
The Sin-Eater.
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Ula and Urla.

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4. The Sad Queen.
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6. Ahez the Pale.
7. The King of Is and Dahut the Red.

Bibliographical Note.

Vol. III. THE DOMINION OF DREAM: UNDER THE DARK STAR (pp. 428).

CONTENTS

The Dominion of Dreams:

I. Dalua.
By the Yellow Moonrock.
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Morag of the Glen.
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The Hills of Ruel.
The Archer.
The Birdeen.

II. The Book of Opal.
The Wells of Peace.
In the Shadow of the Hills.
The Distant Country.
A Memory of Beauty.

III. Enya of the Dark Eyes.
The Crying of Wind.
Honey of the Wild Bees.

The Birds of Ewar.
Ulad of the Dreams.
Epilogue:
The Wind, the Shadow and the Soul.
Under the Dark Star:
The Anointed Man.
The Dan-nan-Ròu.
Green Branches.
Children of the Dark Star.
Alasdair the Proud.
The Amadan.
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Bibliographical Note.
Vol. IV. THE DIVINE ADVENTURE: IONA. STUDIES IN SPIRITUAL HISTORY (pp. 434).
CONTENTS
The Divine Adventure.
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By Sundown Shores:
By Sundown Shores.
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Barabal: A Memory.
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The Smoothing of the Hand.
The White Fever.
The Sea Madness.
Earth, Fire and Water.

From "Green Fire":
The Herdsman.
Fragments.
A Dream.
Notes.
Bibliographical Note.

Vol. V. THE WINGED DESTINY: STUDIES IN THE SPIRITUAL HISTORY OF GAEL (pp. 392).

CONTENTS

The same as in original edition (1904) with the addition of Two Tales:
to The Sunset of Old Tales:
The Awakening of Angus Og.
to Anima Celtica:
Two Old Songs of May.

Vol. VI. THE SILENCE OF AMOR: WHERE THE FOREST MURMURS:

CONTENTS

The Silence of Amor.
The same as in From the Hills of Dream (1896).
Tragic Landscapes.
Where the Forest Murmurs.
The same as in the 1st Edition (1906).
Bibliographical Note.

Vol. VII. POEMS AND DRAMAS:
CONTENTS, pp. 455 and I.

POEMS

From the Hills of Dream:

From the Hills of Dream.
White Star of Time.
Eilidh My Fawn.
Thy Dark Eyes to Mine.
Green Branches.
Shule, Shule, Shule, Agrah!
Lord of My Life.
The Lonely Hunter.
Cor Cordium.
The Rose of Flame.
Isla.
An Immortal.
The Vision.
Pulse of My Heart.
Mo-Lennav-a-Chree.
My Birdeen.
Lullaby.
The Bugles of Dreamland.
Morag of the Glen.
The Hills of Ruel.
Shieling Song.
The Bandruidh.
The Moonchild.
The Rune of the Four Winds.
Dream Fantasy.
Mater Consolatrix.

Closing Doors:

At the Last.
In the Shadow.
The Star of Beauty.
An Old Tale of Three.
The Burden of the Tide.
When the Dew Is Falling.
The Voice Among the Dunes.
The Under Song.
Dead Love.
The Soul's Armageddon.
Day and Night.
The White Peace.
The Lost Star.
The Rune of Age.
Miann.
Desire.

From the Heart of a Woman:

The Prayer of Women.
The Rune of the Passion of Women.
The Rune of the Sorrow of Women.

Foam of the Past:

The same as in the Edition of 1907, with additions thereto of:

Dalua.
The Song of Fionala.
The Song of Æifa.
The Washer of the Ford.

Miann Desire (in the place of Naoi Miannain.)

Through the Ivory Gate:

The same as in the Edition of 1907, save for the deletion of Naoi Miannain.

The Dirge of the Four Cities.

The Hour of Beauty:

The same as in the Edition of 1907, with addition of one poem "On a Redbreast Singing at the Grave of Plato."

DRAMAS

Foreword.

The Immortal Hour.

The House of Usna.

Bibliographical Note.

To "Fiona Macleod," Sonnet. By ALFRED NOYES.

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS AND ISSUES OF WRITINGS SIGNED "WILLIAM SHARP."

1892

FLOWER O' THE VINE: Romantic Ballads and Sospiri di Roma. With an Introduction by Thomas A. Janvier. New York. Charles Webster & Co. 8vo, pp. xii and

188. Contents of ROMANTIC BALLADS the same as 2nd English Edition (1889) with addition of "The Last Voyage of Keir the Monk;" of SOSPIRI DI ROMA the same as Roman Edition (1891) with addition of "Epilogue."

A FELLOWE AND HIS WIFE. By Blanche Willis Howard and William Sharp. Harpers. New York. The same as English Edition, 1892.

1894

VISTAS. Chicago. Stone and Kimball (Green Tree Series). Same as English Edition (1894) with addition of "The Whisperer" and a Foreword. 8vo, pp. 182. A Second Edition was printed in 1894; and a new edition issued in 1906 by Duffield & Co. New York.

1895

THE GIPSY CHRIST AND OTHER TALES. Chicago. Stone and Kimball (Carnation Series). 8vo, pp. 282.

CONTENTS

The Gipsy Christ.
Madge o' the Pool.
The Coward.
A Venetian Idyl.
The Graven Image.
The Lady in Hosea.

Fröken Bergliöt.

1896

WIVES IN EXILE (a novel). Boston, Mass. Lamson and Wolffe.

1898

Critical Studies contributed to Charles Dudley Warner's LIBRARY OF BEST LITERATURE: ANCIENT AND MODERN. New York. The studies marked with * were written in collaboration with Ernest Rhys, and are signed by both authors:

To Vol. V.—* *On* Celtic Literature.

To Vol. VII.—*On* Henri Conscience.

To Vol. XIV.—*On* Icelandic Literature.

To Vol. XVI.—*On* Maarten Maartens.

To Vol. XVI.—*On* Maurice Maeterlinck.

To Vol. XVIII.—* *On* Myths and Folklore of Aryan People.

To Vol. XIX.—* *On* Ossian.

To Vol. XXVI.—*On* Hersart de la Villemarqué.

1902

PROGRESS OF ART IN THE XIX CENTURY: being the XXVI Volume of the Nineteenth Century Series, edited by Justin McCarthy and others. Philadelphia. Toronto: The

Linscott Publishing Co. 8vo, pp. 456. Edinburgh.

1907

FAIR WOMEN IN PAINTING AND POETRY. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. Same as English edition issued as a Miniature Portfolio Monograph (1907).

1909

SONGS AND POEMS, OLD AND NEW. Issued by Messrs. Duffield. New York. Same as English edition.

1912, etc.

SELECTED WRITINGS OF WILLIAM SHARP in V volumes arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. New York. Duffield & Co. For CONTENTS *see* English edition (1912).

AMERICAN EDITIONS OF WORKS SIGNED "FIONA MACLEOD."

1895

PHARAIS: (A ROMANCE OF THE ISLES. Chicago. Stone & Kimball. (Green Tree Series). A second edition was published by Duffield & Co, New York, 1907.

MOUNTAIN LOVERS. Boston, Mass. Roberts Bros. 2nd edition, 1906. New York and London. John Lane.

THE SIN-EATER: AND OTHER TALES AND EPISODES. Chicago. Stone & Kimball. A

2nd edition was printed in 1907 by Duffield & Co., New York. For CONTENTS *see* English edition of 1895.

1896

GREEN FIRE: A ROMANCE. New York.

THE WASHER OF THE FORD: LEGENDARY MORALITIES AND BARBARIC TALES. Chicago. Stone & Kimball. The 2nd edition was issued by Duffield & Co. in 1907. For CONTENTS *see* English edition 1896.

1899

THE DOMINION OF DREAMS. Issued by Frederick Stokes & Co., New York. For CONTENTS *see* English edition 1899.

Publications issued by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.

1901

CELTIC: A STUDY IN SPIRITUAL HISTORY; afterwards incorporated in THE WINGED DESTINY, 1904.

1902

THE SILENCE OF AMOR. Similar to the English version in FROM THE HILLS OF DREAM, 1896; with the addition of "When Dalua Was Prince of This World," "Of Blossom and Wind," "The Enchanted Book" and "Foreword."

BY SUNDOWN SHORES (in the Brocade Se-

ries). Similar to the version in the English edition of THE DIVINE ADVENTURE: IONA, etc, 1900; with the addition of "The Lynn of Dreams" of "Sheumas: a Memory" (incorporated later in THE WINGED DESTINY), and of Prologue.

1903

THE DIVINE ADVENTURE. (In the Old World Series.) The same as the titular section in the English edition THE DIVINE ADVENTURE: IONA, etc., 1900, with an added Foreword and Explanatory Notes.

1903

DEIRDRE AND THE SONS OF USNA. (The *Old World Series.* Reprinted from THE LAUGHTER OF PETERKIN (London), with added Notes and Dedicatory Preface.

THE HOUSE OF USNA: A DRAMA. Reprinted from *The Fortnightly Review,* 1900, with Foreword added.

1904

ULAD OF THE DREAMS. (The Brocade Series.) Reprinted from THE DOMINION OF DREAMS.

THE TALE OF THE FOUR WHITE SWANS. (*The Brocade Series.*) Reprinted from THE LAUGHTER OF PETERKIN, with added Dedication.

1901 and 1904

FROM THE HILLS OF DREAM: THRENODIES, SONGS AND OTHER POEMS. (*The Old World Series.*) pp. 148.

CONTENTS

Through the Ivory Gates:
Under the Evening Star.
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The Valley of White Poppies.
The Valley of Silence.
Dream Meadows.
Grey Pastures.
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The Rune of the Passion of Women.
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When the Dew Is Falling.
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The Soul's Armageddon.
Cantilena Mundi.
The Bugle's Dreamland.
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II. The Love-chaunt of Cormac Conlingas.
The Washer of the Ford.
The Death Dirge for Cathal.
The Moon-Song of Cathal.
The Song of Fionula.
The Chant of Ardan the Pict.
The Song of Deirdre.
The Sun-chant of Cathal.
The Death-Shadow.
The Meditation of Colum.
The Lamentation of Balva the Monk.
The Last Night of Artan the Culdee.
The Death-Dance.
The Song of Ahèz the Pale.
Closing Doors:
Closing Doors.

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The Rune of Age.
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The Voice Among the Dunes.
The Veiled Avenger.
The Three Evils of the Night.
The Burden of the Tide.
The Bells of Sorrow.
{ Miann.
{ Desires.

A second edition was published in 1904.

1905

THE ISLE OF DREAMS. (*Old World Series.*) A reprint of the section "Iona" in THE DIVINE ADVENTURE: IONA, etc. London, 1900, with contents rearranged and augmented.

1906

THE WAYFARER. (*The Ideal Series.*) Re-

Leipsig, 1905. Authoriserte Ausgabe aus dem Englishen übersitzt und eingeleiten von Winnibald Mey. 8vo, pp. 254. This volume is translated in exact order from WIND AND WAVE (1902), with the addition of four pages of notes and eleven pages of Foreword by W. M. The English Foreword is not translated.

DAS REICH DER TRAUME. Autoriserte Ausgabe aus dem Englischen übersetzt von Winnibald Mey. 8vo, pp. 311.

Inhalt.

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Landschaftstragik.
Die Schattenseher.
Der Gesalbte.
Im Schalten der Zügel.
Das Haus aus Sand und Schaum.
Verloren.
Die Neunte Woge.
Der Sündenesser.
Die Tochter der Sonne.
Das Vöglein.
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Muime Chriosd.
Die Annir-Choille.
Seidenhaar.
Ula und Urla.
Ulad der Träumer.

Enya mit den dunklen Augen.
Epilog.
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1910

VIND OCH VÅG: Kettiska Sägner. Valda och I Auktoriserad Öfversättning Utgifna af Karin Hirn. Stockholm. Wahlström & Widstrand. De poetiska öfvesaltningarma äro utförde af pröken Aline Pipping. 8vo, pp. 239.

Innehall

Fiona Macleod — William Sharp.
Dan-nan-Ron.
Dalua.
Fara Ghaol.
Silis.
Ahez-der-Bleka.
Silkeshår.
Cathal från Skogarme.
St. Bride fran Oarna.
Ett Hus af Sand och Skum.
Det Tjärran Landet.
Den sista Måltiden.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN, SIGNED "WILLIAM SHARP"

(exclusive of Book Reviewing and Art Criticism, etc., signed and unsigned, printed in

the *Athenæum*, the *Academy*, *The Literary World*, *The Glasgow Herald*, etc., etc.)

1879

THE SECULAR REVIEW. *May 17.*—*on* Reverence.

GOOD WORDS. *Feb.*—"Night" (*poem*).

THE EXAMINER. *July.*—"Because Life Is Filled with Sorrow and Tears" (*sonnet*).

THE EXAMINER. *July.*—"Lo, in That Shadowy Place" (*poem*).

THE EXAMINER. *Sept.*—"Religion" (*sonnet*).

CHAMBERS' JOURNAL. *Dec.*—"Through the Fern."

1880

MODERN THOUGHT. *Jan.*—"Retrospect" (*sonnet*).

MODERN THOUGHT. *Feb.*—On a passage in the Koran.

GOOD WORDS. *May.*—"Am Meer" (*Two sonnets*).

1881

MODERN THOUGHT. *Nov.*—*on* "Victor Hugo."

MODERN THOUGHT. *June.*—A Note on Climate and Art.

1882

ATHENÆUM. *Feb.*—"Spring Wind" (*sonnet*).

ATHENAEUM. *Feb.*— Four "Transcripts from Nature."

ACADEMY. *June.*—"Sleepy Hollow" (*poem*).

ACADEMY. *Sept.*—"Mnemosyne" (*sonnet*).

ACADEMY. *Sept.*—"La Pia" (*sonnet*).

HARPER. *Oct.*—"Birchington Revisited" (*poem*).

PORTFOLIO. *Nov.*—*on* D. G. Rossetti and Pictorialism in Verse.

ART JOURNAL. *Dec.*—*on* Paolo Toschi and Corregio.

1883

FORTNIGHTLY. *Feb.*—*on* The Rossettis.

CASSELL'S MAG. *March.*—"The Last Aboriginal (*poem*).

LITERARY WORLD. *May 18.*—*on* Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

1884

ART JOURNAL. 1884, pp. 101 and 133.—*on* Monte Oliveto and the Frescoes of Sodona.

1885

ATHENAEUM. *Feb.*—*on* "Marius the Epicurean."

GOOD WORDS. *May.*— The City of Beautiful Towers (*ill.*).

GOOD WORDS. *Nov.*—*on* Chelsea Hospital and Its Inhabitants (*ill.*).

GOOD WORDS. *Dec.*—"A Ballad of Tennis" (*poem*).

ART JOURNAL. *p. 205.*—"The Isle of Arran."

1886

GOOD WORDS. *May.*—"May in Surrey" (*poem*).

YOUNG FOLKS' PAPER.—"Jack Noel's Legacy." A Story for Boys.

YOUNG FOLKS' PAPER.—"Under the Banner of St. James." A Story for Boys, see p. 3.

1887

NATIONAL REVIEW. *March.—on* "Rossetti in Prose and Verse."

NATIONAL REVIEW. *June.—on* The Royal Academy and the Salons.

ECLECTIC MAG. *May.—on* The Art of Rossetti.

GOOD WORDS.—"The Yellow Hammer's Song" (*poem*).

1888

GOOD WORDS. *June.*—A Venetian Idyll (*ill.*).

SCOTTISH ART REVIEW.—Vol. I. Criticism on George Meredith's "Reading of Earth."

Vol. I. Random Impressions from an Author's Notebook.

Vol. I. "Love in My Heart" (*poem*).

Vol. II. A Note on the Æsthetic Development of America.

YOUNG FOLKS' PAPER.—"The Secret of the

Seven Fountains." A Story for Boys, see p. 3.

1889

HARPER'S. *Dec.*— Through Bush and Fern (*ill.*).

NEW YORK INDEPENDENT. *Dec. 12.*— "To Gladstone" (*sonnet*).

NATIONAL REVIEW. *April.*— *on* The Sonnet in America.

GOOD WORDS, *p. 382.*— A Memory of Verona (*ill.*).

1890

HARPER'S. *June.*— "Sycamores in Bloom" (*poem*).

ART REVIEW. *June.*— Fragments from the Lost Journal of Piero di Cosimo.

ART REVIEW.. *June.*— "On Robert Browning" (*poem*).

NEW YORK INDEPENDENT. *March.*— "Goldenhead" (*poem*).

BELFORD'S MAGAZINE. *Jan.*— "In Memoriam: Robert Browning" (*ill.*) (*poem*).

GOOD WORDS, *p. 617.*— Reminiscences of the Marble Quarries of Carrara (*ill.*).

1891

CENTURY. *Dec.*— "Remembrance" (*poem*).

NATIONAL REVIEW. *March.*— *on* American Literature.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. *Dec.*— *on* Joseph Severn and His Correspondents.

1892

NEW YORK INDEPENDENT. *Aug. 25.*— "The Second Shadow: Being the Narrative of Jose Maria Santos y Bazan, Spanish Physician in Rome.

THE WEEKLY BUDGET.—"The Red Rider." A serial story, see p. 3.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. *May.*— *on* Severn's Roman Journals.

GOOD WORDS. *June.*— "Primavera di Capri" (*poem*) (*ill.*).

FORUM. *July.*— on Thomas Hardy.

ACADEMY. *March.*— *on* Maeterlinck.

HARPER. *May.*— "The Three Infinities" (*poem*).

1893

OLD AND YOUNG.—"The Last of the Vikings."

NINETEENTH CENTURY. *June.*— "La Jeune Belgique."

NINETEENTH CENTURY. *Dec.*— French-African Health Resorts.

NATIONAL REVIEW. *June.*— *on* The Art of the Year.

GOOD WORDS, *p. 196.*—"Into the Silence" (*poem*).

GOOD WORDS, *p. 709.*—"Fröcken Bergliot" (*story*).

GOOD WORDS, *p. 845.*—"Love in a Mist" (*story*).

NEW YORK INDEPENDENT. *Jan.*—"The White Flowers of January" (*poem*).

NEW YORK INDEPENDENT. *May.*—"The Return to Nature."

NEW YORK INDEPENDENT. *July.*—"Innismore and London (*poem*).

1894

NINETEENTH CENTURY. *Jan.*—*on* The New Winter-land of French Africa.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. *Aug.*—*on* Cardinal Lavigerie's Work in North Africa.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. *Dec.*—Some Personal Reminiscences of Walter Pater.

PORTFOLIO. *July.*—*on* Fair Women in Painting and Poetry (*ill.*).

HARPER. *March.*—"The Weaver of Snow" (*poem*).

REALM. *Dec.*—*on* The Child in Art.

ART JOURNAL. *Jan.*—"Flora in January" (*sonnet*) (*ill.*).

ART JOURNAL. *Feb.*—"*on* Tlemçen and Its Vicinage (*ill.*).

ART JOURNAL. *April.*—"Vesper" (*sonnet*) (*ill.*)

ART JOURNAL. *July.*— "The Peace of Summer" (*sonnet*) (*ill.*).

ART JOURNAL. *Oct.*— "Aftermath" (*sonnet*) (*ill.*).

LITERATURE. *May 24.*— *on* The Return to Nature.

CHAPBOOK (Chicago). *Sept. 15.*— "To Edmund Clarence Stedman (*poem*).

CHAPBOOK (Chicago). *Sept. 15.*— "The Birth of a Soul" (*dramatic poem*).

1895

EVERGREEN I. *Spring No.*— "The Norland Wind" (*poem*).

EVERGREEN II. *Autumn No.*— "The Hill-Water" (*poem*).

GOOD WORDS. *Jan.*— Through Northern Tunesia (*ill.*).

HARPER. *June.*— Rome in Africa (*ill.*).

HARPER. *Dec.*— The Hebrid Isles (*ill.*).

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. *June.*— Some Reminiscences of Christina Rossetti.

CHAPBOOK (Chicago). *Dec. 15.*— Note on Belgian Renassence.

1896

EVERGREEN III. *Summer No.*— "Oceanus" (*Two poems*).

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. *Dec.*— *on* William Morris: the Man and His Work.

1898

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. *Sept.*— *on* Sir Edward Burne Jones.

FORTNIGHTLY LXIV. *Aug.*— *on* Sir Edward Burne Jones.

NINETEENTH CENTURY. *Sept. and Oct.*— *on* The Art Treasures of America (*in two parts*).

CENTURY. *Nov.*— "A Hazard of Love" (*poem*).

COSMOPOLITAN. *Nov.*— *on* Rembrandt.

GOOD WORDS. *Dec.*— The Eternal City.

ART JOURNAL, *p. 377.*— Puvis de Chavannes: an Appreciation.

LITERATURE. *July 2.*— Among My Books (No. 39).

1899

GOOD WORDS. *June.*— *on* Alfred Austin.

GOOD WORDS. *July.*— *on* George Meredith.

NEW YORK INDEPENDENT. *July.*— *on* George Meredith.

LITERATURE. *July.*— "The Ballad of the Ram" (*poem*).

LITERATURE. *July.*— The Café of the Blind.

1900

FORTNIGHTLY, CXV. *Sept.*— *on* Some Dramas of Gabriele d'Annunzio.

1901

QUARTERLY REVIEW No. 387. *Oct.*—Modern Troubadours.

NEW LIBRARY REV. I. *April.*—The Impressionist in Art.

HARPER. *Oct.*—The Houseless: The Hotel of the Beautiful Star (*ill.*).

ART JOURNAL XVII. *Aug.* (*ill.*).—Taormina Sicily: a Suburb of the Sun (*ill.*).

PALL MALL MAG. XXV. *Dec.* (*ill.*).—A Literary Friendship: Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton at The Pines (*ill.*).

M. A. P. CXVII (Chapters of Autobiography).—"In the Days of My Youth" (*ill.*).

1902

HARPER'S. *June, Vol. XLIV.*—Sir Walter Scott's Land (*ill.*).

HARPER'S.—*July, Vol. XLIV.*—Capt'n Goldsack (*poem*).

HARPER'S. *Sept.*—*Vol. XLIV.*—R. L. Stevenson's Country (*ill.*).

QUARTERLY REVIEW No. 389. *July.*—*on* Italian Poets of Today.

1903

HARPER. *April, Vol. XLV.* Sicily: Land of Theocritus.

PAL MALL MAG. *Vol. XXIX.*—The Country of Charles Dickens. (*ill.*).

PALL MALL MAG. *Vol. XXIX.*— The Country of George Eliot (*ill.*).
PALL MALL MAG. *Vol. XXIX.*— The Country of Sir Walter Scott, I (*ill.*).
PALL MALL MAG. *Vol. XXX.*— The Country of Sir Walter Scott, II (*ill.*).
PALL MALL MAG. *Vol. XXX.* Through Nelson's Duchy (*ill.*).
PALL MALL MAG. *Vol. XXX.*— The Lake of Geneva (*ill.*).
PALL MALL MAG. *Vol. XXX.*— The English Lakes (*ill.*).
PALL MALL MAG. *Vol. XXXII.*— The Carlyle Country (*ill.*).

1904

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. *April.* The Sicilian Highlands.

1905

PALL MALL MAG. New Series No. I.—Modern Athens (*ill.*).
PALL MALL MAG. New Series No. I.— Dream Wind.
PALL MALL MAG. New Series No. I.— Honeymoon Rose.
PALL MALL MAG. New Series No. I.— Echoes of Joy.
PALL MALL MAG. New Series No. II.— Blossoms of Snow.

1906

PALL MALL MAG. *May.*— It Happened in May (*poem*).

CENTURY LXXI. *March I, April II.*— The Gardens of the Sun.

CENTURY *LXXI.*— Route-Notes in Sicily (*ill.*)

CENTURY, p. 535.— The Portraits of Keats: with special reference to those by Severn (*ill.*).

1907

HARPER. *April.*— Nightingale Lane (*poem*).

PALL MALL MAG. *Feb.*— Content (*poem*).

PALL MALL MAG. *June.*— Things in General (*poem*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *April 27.*— Rainbow Shimmer (*poem*).

1908

THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW XLI. *Feb.*— The Whisperer (*poem*).

1909

HARPER. *Oct.*, p. 747.— *on* Titus Andronicus (*ill.*).

1910

CAMERA WORK (New York) XXXI.— Thoughts from a Note-Book.

1912

THE POETRY REVIEW. *Vol. I, Jan.*— The Sevenfold Need in Literature.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS,
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN,
Signed "Fiona Macleod."

1895

EVERGREEN I. *Spring.*— *The Bandruidh* (*poem*).

EVERGREEN I. *Spring.*— Day and Night (*poem*).

EVERGREEN I. *Spring.*— The Anointed Man.

EVERGREEN II. *Autumn.*—*Mary of the Gael.*

1896

EVERGREEN III. *Summer.*— A Summer Air (*poem*).

EVERGREEN III. *Summer.*— Under the Rowans (*poem*).

EVERGREEN IV. *Winter.*— The Love-Kiss of Dermid and Graime."

EVERGREEN IV. *Winter.*— The Awakening of Augus Ogue (*poem*).

EVERGREEN IV. *Winter.*— When the Dew Is Falling (*poem*).

SAVOY. *Nov.*— Morag of the Glen.

1897

HARPER. *April.*— Beneath the Rainbow (*poem*).

TO SONGS AND TALES OF ST. COLUMBIA AND HIS AGE. Edinburgh. P. Geddes & Coll.
13th Century. Iona.
The Festival of the Birds.

The Sabbath of the Fishes and Flies.
The Moon-Child.
The Flight of the Culdees.

1898

DOME. *May.*— Children of the Dark Star.
DOME. *Oct.*— Monody of Isla the Singer (*poem*).
DOME. *Dec.*— The Last Night of Artan the Culdee.
ENGLISH ILL. MAG. *Dec.*— The Lords of Shadow (*poem*).
GOOD WORDS, *p. 245.*— The Four Winds of Desire.
GOOD WORDS, *p. 595.*— The Wells of Peace.
HARPER. *Dec.*— The White Heron.
LITERATURE *Sept. No. 47.* Enya of the Dark Eyes."
COSMOPOLIS. *June.*— The Wayfarer.
L'HUMAMTE NOUVELLE. *Nov.*— La Tristesse d'Ulad (translation).
L'ERMITAGE.— Cravetheen the Harper. (Translated into French by Henri Davrai.)

1899

DOME. *Jan.*— The Secrets of the Night (*poem*).
DOME. *Mar.*— A Field for Modern Verse.
DOME. *Dec.*— Balva the Monk (*poem*).
DOME. *Dec.*— The Lament of Ian the Proud (*poem*).

FORTNIGHTLY. *June.*— A Group of Celtic Writers.

FORTNIGHTLY. *Nov. 1, Dec. 11.*— The Divine Adventure.

1900

NINETEENTH CENTURY. *Nov.*— *on* Carmina Godelica.

NINETEENTH CENTURY, *p. 825.*— *on* The Gael and His Heritage."

FORTNIGHTLY. *March 1, April 11.*— Iona.

FORTNIGHTLY. *Nov.*— The Immortal Hour (*drama*).

NATIONAL REVIEW. *July.*— The House of Usna (*drama*).

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. *May,* p. 669.— Celtic: an Essay.

1901

FORTNIGHTLY. *Oct.*— Through the Ivory Gate (10 poems). *See* American Edition 1901 of From the Hills of Dream.

1902

CONTEMPORARY. *Oct.*— Sea Magic and Running Water.

CONTEMPORARY. *Oct.*— Culidh Mhoire.

CONTEMPORARY. *Dec.*— The Lynn of Dreams.

LIVING AGE. *Jan. 11.*— Singer in the Woods (*poem*).

1903

FORTNIGHTLY. *Feb.*— The Four Winds of Eirinn.

FORTNIGHTLY. *June.*— The Sunset of Old Tales.

FORTNIGHTLY. *Nov.*— The Woman at the Crossways.

MONTHLY REV. *Jan.*— The Magic Kingdoms.

COUNTRY LIFE. *July 4.*— Deidrê Is Dead (*poem*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *July 15.*— Song in My Heart (*poem*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *July 25.*— Aileen the Happy.

COUNTRY LIFE. *Aug. 29.*—Leaves, Shadow and Dreams (*poem*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *Oct. 10.*—At the Coming of the White Swans (*poem*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *Oct. 24.*— Sorrow (*poem*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *Dec. 5.*— The Weaver of Snow (*poem*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *Dec. 5.*— The Cross of the Dumb (*poem*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *Dec. 26.*— A Cry on the Wind (*poem*).

1904

COUNTRY LIFE. *Jan. 23.*— Invocation to Sleep (*poem*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *Feb. 13.*— I-Brazil (*poem*).

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COUNTRY LIFE. *March 12.*— Song of the Apple Trees (*poem*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *April 2.*— Flame on the Wind (*poem*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *April 9.*— Fatality in the Magic Drama, afterwards incorporated into the Foreword to the Dramas in Vol. VII of the Collected Edition (1911).

COUNTRY LIFE. *May 28.*— Dreams Within Dreams (*poem*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *June 11.*— The Mountain Charm (*ill.*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *July 4.* Summer Clouds (*ill.*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *Sept. 10.*— The Sea-Spell (*ill.*).

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COUNTRY LIFE. *Oct. 1.*— The Tides (*ill.*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *Oct. 15.*— Still Waters.

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COUNTRY LIFE. *Nov. 19.* The Pleiad Month.

COUNTRY LIFE. *Nov. 26.* Running Waters.

COUNTRY LIFE. *Dec. 17.*— The Milky Way.

COUNTRY LIFE. *Dec. 24.*— St. Christopher of the Gael (*poem*).

HARPER. *April.*— The Cup (*poem*).

HARPER. *April.*— "The Cup" (*poem*).

ACADEMY. *March 11.*— On a Redbreast Singing at the Grave of Plato (*poem*).

NORTH AMERICAN REV.— *I, p. 685; II, p. 900.* — The Irish Muse.

PALL MALL MAG. *Jan.*— The Dirge of the Four Cities (*poem*).

PALL MALL MAG. *May-June.*— The King's Ring (*Tale*).

THEOSOPHICAL REV. *XXXV Sept.*— A Dream.

FORTNIGHTLY. *Dec.*— The Winged Destiny.

1905

THEOSOPHICAL REV. *XXXVI.*— The Secret Gate (*poem*).

ACADEMY.— Two Old Songs of May.

PALL MALL MAG. *Vol. II.*— Children of Wind and Clan of Peace.

COUNTRY LIFE. *Jan. 21.*—Where the Forest Murmurs.

COUNTRY LIFE. *Feb. 4.*— The Sons of the North Wind.

COUNTRY LIFE. *Feb. 11-18.*— Winter Stars I and II.

COUNTRY LIFE. *Feb. 25.* St. Bridget of the Shores.

COUNTRY LIFE. *March 18.*— The Shadow (*poem*).
COUNTRY LIFE. *March 28.*— The Heralds of March.
COUNTRY LIFE. *April 15.* The Bells of Youth (*poem*).
COUNTRY LIFE. *April 15.* The Tribe of the Plover.
COUNTRY LIFE. *April 29.*— The Wild Apple.
COUNTRY LIFE. *May 20.*— Mo Brōn (*poem*).
COUNTRY LIFE. *June 10.*— Roseen Dhu (*poem*).
COUNTRY LIFE. *June 17.*— The Clans of the Grass.
COUNTRY LIFE. *July 8.*— The Rearguard of Spring.
COUNTRY LIFE. *Aug. 5.* The Coming of Dusk.
COUNTRY LIFE. *Aug. 19.*— The Dirge of the Clan Subhail (*poem*).
COUNTRY LIFE. *Aug. 25.*— At the Rising of Moon.
COUNTRY LIFE. *Oct. 21.*— Peace (*poem*).
COUNTRY LIFE. *Nov. 4.*— The Gardens of the Sea.
COUNTRY LIFE. *Nov. 11.*— The Shrew Mouse (*poem*).
COUNTRY LIFE. *Nov. 18.*— The Rose of Night (*poem*).

COUNTRY LIFE. *Dec. 23.*— Beyond the Blue Septentrion.

1906

FORTNIGHTLY.— The Turn of the Tide.

PALL MALL MAG. *May.*— Dahut the Red.

COUNTRY LIFE. *April 21.*— The Awakener of the Woods.

COUNTRY LIFE. Xmas No.— The Death Fairy.

CURRENT LIT.— Fount of Joy (*poem*).

CURRENT LIT.— Prayer of Women (*poem*).

LIVING AGE.— Time.

1907

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1910

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